UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

THE EPIGRAMS OF SIR JOHN HARINGTON

Edited with Introduction and Notes

by

NORMAN EGBERT McCLURE

A THESIS

PRESENTED TO THE FACULTY OF THE GRADUATE SCHOOL IN
PARTIAL FULFILLMENTS OF THE REQUIREMENT FOR
THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

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PREFACE

THE first account of the life of Sir John Harington was written by Thomas Fuller for his *History of the Worthies of England.* This fragmentary sketch was improved only slightly by subsequent writers until Creighton prepared his article on Harington for *The Dictionary of National Biography.* Creighton's biography is incomplete and, in many details, inaccurate. The best account of Harington is the late Professor Raleigh's article, "Sir John Harington," which appeared in *The New Review*, XV (September, 1896), and which was reprinted in *Some Authors*, (Oxford, 1923). Raleigh's article, although it is a popular essay on the subject, is generally accurate so far as it goes. The following study of Harington, which is based in part upon evidence unknown to previous writers, considers his life and work in greater detail than any earlier account. No edition of Harington's epigrams has appeared since 1633. The present edition, which includes eighty-two epigrams hitherto unpublished, offers an accurate text and critical apparatus that will perhaps be of service to students of Elizabethan literature.

The present edition of Sir John Harington's *Epigrams* was presented to the faculty of the Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania, in 1925, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge here the many obligations incurred in preparing this edition. To Mr. George Watson Cole, formerly of the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Gabriel, California, and to Professor Andrew Keogh, of Yale University, I am especially grateful. I have been under constant obligation to the members of the English department at the University of Pennsylvania. To Professor Albert Croll Baugh I am especially indebted for his generous advice and encouragement. My greatest debt is to my teacher, Professor Felix E. Schelling, who suggested the work, and whose stimulating and friendly counsel has made possible its completion.

N. E. McCLURE.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 1, 1925.

"I marvell to thynk what strange humors do
conspire to patch up the natures of some myndes."

(Sir John Harington, *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 355).

SIR JOHN HARINGTON

INTRODUCTION

I

The name John Harington[1] was well known in Elizabethan and Jacobean England. During the period five men of that name attained prominence: (1) John Harington (1520?–1582) of Cheshunt and Stepney was the friend of both King Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth; (2) his son was Sir John Harington (1561?–1612) of Kelston, the epigrammatist and translator of Ariosto; (3) the latter's son was John Harington (1589–1654), known as "The Parliamentarian"; (4) Sir John Harington, first Lord Harington of Exton (d.1613), the son of Sir James Harington of Exton, and a cousin of Sir John Harington of Kelston, was guardian and tutor of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King James; (5) his son, Sir John Harington, second Lord Harington of Exton (1592–1614), was a friend and correspondent of Henry, Prince of Wales. The inevitable confusion of names that has resulted has been increased by the fact that several of these men had similar interests. Both John Harington of Stepney and his son, Sir John Harington of Kelston, were poets. Both Sir John Harington of Kelston and his cousin, the first Lord Harington of Exton, were familiar figures at the Court of Elizabeth and of James. Both Sir John Harington of Kelston and the second Lord Harington of Exton were friends and correspondents of Henry, Prince of Wales. Not only do the five John Haringtons perplex posterity; two other members of the family are still remembered. Lucy Harington, Countess of Bedford, who lives in the verses of many poets, was the daughter of the first Lord Harington of Exton. James Harington, author of *Oceana*, was the grandson of a younger brother of the first

[1] It is less frequently spelled Harrington, Haryngton, Harrynton.

Lord Harington of Exton. The annoying similarity of names had led many writers into error.[1]

Sir John Harington—scholar, poet, translator, courtier, soldier, letter-writer, and epigrammatist—came of an old and distinguished family. The name is derived from Haverington, in Cumberland, where the Haringtons were barons from the earliest days. Their chief seat was at Aldingham, in Lancashire, where they resided from Edward I's time. The last Baron Harington fell at the battle of Wakefield (1460.)[2] Two representatives of the family, Sir Robert and Sir James Harington, for bearing arms at the battle of Towton (1461) and for taking Henry VI prisoner, were attainted by Henry VII, and twenty-five large manors were forfeited to the crown.[3] Sir James Harington, of Brierly, in Felkirk, Yorkshire, subsequently entered the Church, and died Dean of York. John Harington, father of the epigrammatist, was the son of Alexander Harington, and grandson of Sir James Harington, of Brierly.[4] Large estates in Rutland and Lincolnshire were owned by another branch of the family, from which was descended John Lord Harington of Exton.[5]

John Harington, father of our writer, restored the fortunes of his branch of the family. He held, under Henry VIII, several important offices. In 1542, he was referred to as "treasurer of

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[1] Space permits the mention of only a few instances of such confusion. In the index to *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, IV, the works of John Harington of Stepney and of Sir John Harington of Kelston are attributed to Sir John Harington, second baron of Exton. In *Reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, Salisbury Manuscripts* (1910), 187–188, 199, letters from Sir John Harington of Kelston to Sir Robert Cecil are attributed to Sir John Harington of Exton. Even so careful a writer as J. B. Mullinger, in a detailed account of the founding of Sidney Sussex College, assigns to Sir John Harington of Kelston the important services to Cambridge rendered by Sir John Harington of Exton. *The University of Cambridge from the Royal Injunctions of 1535 to the Accession of Charles I*, 1884, 357–360.

[2] William Dugdale, *The Baronage of England*, 2 vols., 1675-1676, II, 99–100; 416. *Nugae Antiquae*, 1779, III, 306-312.

[3] *Harleian MSS.* 1549; John Collinson, *The History of Somersetshire*, 3 vols., Bath, 1791, I, 128.

[4] *Grants of Arms named in Docquets and Patents to the End of the Seventeenth Century*, ed. W. H. Rylands. Harleian Society, LXVI (London, 1915), 115. See also *Somerset and Dorset Notes and Queries*, IV, 155. Sir James Harington is mentioned by the epigrammatist as his great-grandfather. *Nugae Antiquae*, 1779, II, 143–144.

[5] Collinson, *op.cit.*, I, 128.

the wars."[1] There is preserved, under date of June 5, 1544, a warrant issued to him, as "vice-treasurer of the vanguard of the army in France," for payment of troops.[2] In 1548, he was "Treasurer of the King's Camps and Buildings."[3] He was, for a time, one of the Lord Admiral Thomas Seymour's "men,"[4] and in 1549 at Seymour's trial he testified that "there was never conference of any love or marriage between the Lady Elizabeth and my Lord Admiral that ever he knew of or suspected."[5] About 1546 Harington married Ethelred Malte, King Henry VIII's illegitimate daughter. Ethelred soon died, leaving to her husband several large estates that had been granted her by the king. Among these was the manor of Kelston, in Somersetshire, which became the chief residence of the family.[6]

Harington showed his gratitude to King Henry by devoting himself to the service of the Princess Elizabeth. He was a cultivated man and a poet.[7] In his visits to the Princess Elizabeth at Hatfield he wrote verses in praise of her six gentlewomen, but soon singled out among them Isabella Markham, daughter of Sir John Markham, of Cotham, Lieutenant of the Tower.[8]

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[1] *Historical Manuscripts Commission, The MSS. of the Duke of Rutland* IV (1905), 329–332; 334–335.

[2] British Museum, Addit. MSS. 27632, f. 3. This is a commonplace book used by several members of the family.

[3] Strype, *Memorials*, III, Part 1, 366.

[4] Harington's translation of *Orlando Furioso*, ed. 1634, p. 151.

[5] *Historical Manuscripts Commission, Salisbury MSS.*, Part I (1883) pp. 63, 65, 66; *Salisbury MSS.*, Part XIII, Addenda (1915), p. 26. Seymour was executed March 20, 1549.

[6] Collinson, *op. cit.*, I, 128. In 1591, his son, Sir John, mentions the generosity of Henry VIII, "whose bounty and magnificence can never be forgotten while this realme shall be peopled, or any histories read." *Orlando Furioso*, ed. 1634, 213. Ethelred Malte was known also as Audrey and Esther. *Nugae Antiquae*, ed. 1804, I, 184.

[7] He translated Cicero's *De Amicitia*. *The booke of freendeship of Marcus Tullie Cicero*, 1550; reprinted, London, Essex House Press, 1904. Several of his poems are included in *Nugae Antiquae*, and a stanza that he composed is inserted by his son in *Orlando Furioso*, Book XIX, stanza 1. See also notes following Book XIX.

[8] "The prayse of six Gentle-Women attending of the Ladye Elizabeth her Grace at Hatfield," *Nugae Antique*, ed. 1804, II, 390. "Verses made on Isabella Markhame, when I firste thought her fayer, as she stood at the Princess's Windowe in goodlye attyre, and talkede to dyvers in the Courte-Yarde," *Nugae Antiquae*, ed. 1804, II, 324.

John Harrington and Isabella Markham were married in 1554, and in the same year were imprisoned for eleven months in the Tower with the Princess Elizabeth.[1] Their zealous attachment to her during this period established them so firmly in her favor that she retained them in her service when she became queen, and stood god-mother to their eldest son, the epigrammatist.[2]

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[1] *Nugae Antiquae*, ed. 1804, I, 63–66; ed. 1779, I, 52; II, 70–71.
[2] *Nugae Antiquae*, ed. 1804, I, 127.

II

Neither the date nor the place of Sir John Harington's birth is known. It is difficult even to conjecture where his parents resided after the accession of Elizabeth. Collinson states that John Harington, the elder, took up his residence at Kelston about 1546,[1] but this is almost certainly too early a date. The children of Thomas Harington, who was rector at Kelston from 1565 to 1616, and who was presented to the living by John Harington, his brother or uncle, are the first Haringtons mentioned in the Kelston parish registers. None of the children of John Harington are entered there in the Baptismal Roll.[2] Although the grant of arms made to him in 1568 names Kelston as his residence,[3] he probably lived in Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, in 1567, when he purchased the estate known as Cheshunt Park. In the indenture the property is described as "now or late in the tenure of Harington."[4] It is probable that he was tenant there as early as 1561, for one "Danyel, Horsekeeper with Mr. Harrington," was buried there September 15 of that year.[5] Sir John's earliest memories, however, go back, not to Cheshunt, but to Stepney: "To speake of the furthest of my memorye, I remember how the Lo. Haistinges of Loughborrowe came to dynner to my father's, who lay then at Stepney, and while prayers were saieng he walked out into the garden, which my mother taking ill, for she was ever zealous in her faith, said to

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[1] John Collinson, *The History of Somersetshire*, 3v., Bath, 1791, I, 128. "Where born I know not," wrote Fuller, *Worthies of England*, 1840, III, 103.

[2] *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, II (1878), 361. The Kelston Registers have not been printed in full; A. M. Burke, *Key to the Ancient Parish Registers of England and Wales*, London, 1908.

[3] *Grants of Arms named in Docquets and Patents to the End of the Seventeenth Century*, Harleian Society, LXVI, 115.

[4] The indenture is in *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, IV (1884), 191.

[5] *Op. cit.*, IV (1884), 207. The Cheshunt Registers have not been printed; A. M. Burke, *Key to the Ancient Parish Registers of England and Wales*, London, 1908. The first entry in the Cheshunt Registers is dated 1559. The Rev. Charles B. Law, of Cheshunt Vicarage, writes me that the name of Harington does not occur in the Baptismal Register from 1559 to 1566.

brother Mr. Thomas Marckham (who brought the same Lord Haistings thither) that if he brought guestes thither that scorned to pray with her, she would scorne they should eate with her."[1] It seems probable, therefore, that he was born either at Cheshunt or at Stepney.

The date of his birth is equally uncertain, although biographers and historians name, without positive proof, the year 1561. It is certain that he was born after 1554. On this point we have his own testimony: "I may truly say this Prelate [Bishop Gardiner] did persecute me before I was born; for my father was by his command imprison'd in the Tower for eleven months, for only carrying a letter to the Princess Elizabeth."[2] In the inquisition following the death of his father in 1582, he is mentioned as aged "twenty-one and upwards."[3] A third bit of evidence is to be found on the title-page of his translation of *Orlando Furioso*. Here an engraved portrait of the translator bears the caption, "Primo Augusti anno Domini 1591 aetatis suae 30." In the lack of more positive evidence, it may be assumed that the traditional date, 1561, is approximately correct.

John Harington found distinguished godparents for his son. The queen herself stood godmother,[4] and William, Earl of Pembroke, was his godfather.[5] It appears that the family con-

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[1] Sir John Harington, *A Tract on the Succession to the Crown*, written 1602, Roxburghe Club, 1880, 102–103. Since Baron Hastings of Loughborough died soon after Elizabeth's accession, Sir John can scarcely have remembered him. He probably remembered hearing the story told. The Baptismal Register of St. Gregory's by St. Paul's, where his parents were buried, contains no mention of Harington from 1559, the date of the first entry, to 1566. For this information I am indebted to the Rev. Lewis Gilbertson, Rector of St. Martin's, Ludgate, to which St. Gregory's is now conjoined.

[2] *Nugae Antiquae*, ed. 1779, II, 70. This occurred in 1554.

[3] *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, IV (1884), 207.

[4] When John was a student at Eton, Queen Elizabeth sent him a copy of her address to Parliament, 1575, together with the following letter: "Boye Jacke, I have made a clerke wryte faire my poore wordes for thyne use, as it cannot be suche striplinges have entrance into parliamente assemblye as yet. Ponder theme in thy howres of leysure, and plaie wythe theme tyll they enter thyne understandinge; so shallt thou hereafter, perchance, fynde some goode frutes hereof when thy Godmother is oute of remembrance; and I do thys, because thy father was readye to sarve and love us in trouble and thrall." *Nugae Antiquae*, ed. 1804, I, 127–128.

[5] *Nugae Antiquae*, ed. 1779, II, 194.

tinued to live at the "Prebende howse neere the Bushops Pallace of London."[1] The father's later career was one of moderate prosperity, and there is a grant of arms to him in 1568.[2] He died at Lambeth in 1582, and was buried in the Parish Church of St. Gregory by St. Paul's.[3] The mother was of the queen's privy chamber until her death in 1579.[4]

In the meantime, John Harington, the younger, was educated at Eton and Cambridge. Reminiscences of these years are found in many of his works. "About the yeare 1570, he [William Wickham, later Bishop of Winchester] was vice-provost of Eaton, and (as the manner was in the schoolemaisters absence) would teache the schoole himselfe, and dyrect the boyes for their exercises, (of which my self was one) of whom he shewed as fatherly a care, as if he had bene a second tutor to me."[5] He tells how William Day, the Provost, broke his leg by falling from a horse, "whereupon some waggish schollers, of which I thinke my selfe was in the *quorum*, would say it was a just punishment, because the horse was given hym by a gentleman to place his sonne in Eaton, which at that tyme we thought had bene a kinde of sacriledge, but I may say, *Cum eram parvulus, sapiebam ut parvulus*."[6] He writes that one of his earliest tasks was to translate into Latin Foxe's account of Elizabeth's trials during the reign of Mary, "as M. Thomas Arundell and Sir Edward Hobby can tell, who had their parts in the same taske, being then schollers in Eaton as I was."[7]

At Cambridge he became a fellow-commoner of King's College in 1576, and remained in residence until 1581.[8] He informs us that he was "a truantly scholar," and had "as good a conscience

[1] Harington, *A Tract on the Succession to the Crown*, 102–103.

[2] *Grants of Arms*, etc., Harleian Society, LXVI, 115.

[3] The funeral certificate is to be found in *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, IV (1884), 195.

[4] Harington, *A Tract on the Succession to the Crown*, 40–41. The funeral certificate is to be found in *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, IV (1884), 195.

[5] *Nugae Antiquae*, ed. 1804, II, 92.

[6] *Nugae Antiquae*, ed. 1804, II, 96.

[7] *Orlando Furioso*, notes following Book XLV; ed. 1634, 393. He adds in a marginal note, "This little book was given to her Majestie."

[8] Venn, John and J. A., *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, 2 v., Cambridge, 1922, I, 310. Creighton, in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, repeats the usual error of supposing that Harington was of Christ's College. Most of the Eton boys entered St. John's, which was at this time the foremost of the Cambridge colleges.

as other of my pew-fellows, to take but a little learning for my money."[1] He was perhaps not unlike "that old school-fellow of mine in Cambridge, that having lost five shillings abroad at cards, would boast he had saved two candles at home by being out of his chamber."[2] Years later he recalls plays that he saw presented at St. John's,[3] and he explains the methods of "our stage-keepers in Cambridge, that for fear lest they should want company to see their comedies, go up and down with vizors and lights, puffing and thrusting, and keeping out all men so precisely, till all the town is drawn by this revel to the place; and at last, tag and rag, fresh men and sub-sizers, and all be packed in together so thick, as now is scant left room for the prologue to come upon the stage."[4] His more serious interests, too, hold their place in his memory. In the preface to his translation of *Orlando Furioso* he recalls the teaching of Doctor Samuel Fleming, who, though a defender of classical learning against the attacks of the more bigoted Protestants, deprecated the influence of Italian literature. "I began to think, that my Tutor, a grave and learned man, and one of a very austere life, might say to me . . ., Was it for this, that I read *Aristotle* and *Plato* to you and instructed you so carefully both in Greeke and Latin? to have you now become a translator of Italian toyes."[5] Doctor William Chatterton, later Bishop of London, he remembers as "a learned and grave Doctor" at Cambridge, who "was beloved amonge the schollers, and the rather, for he did not affect any sowre and austere fashion, either in teaching or goverment, as some use to do; but well tempered both with courage and curtesie."[6] And of Doctor John Still, Master of St. John's from 1574 to 1577, and later Bishop of Bath and Wells, he writes with real affection and respect: "When my selfe came to him to sue for my grace as bachelor, [he] first examind me strictly, and

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[1] *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596; ed. 1814, 23.
[2] *Ajax*, ed. 1814, p. x. He later wrote "A Treatise on Play," which is included in *Nugae Antiquae*, ed. 1804, I, 186–232.
[3] *Orlando Furioso*, ed. 1634, Sig. ¶ 6. See also G. Gregory Smith, *Elizabethan Critical Essays*, II, 424.
[4] *An Apology*, ed. 1814, 21.
[5] *Orlando Furioso*, ed. 1634. Sig. ¶ 8v. A marginal note adds, "Samuel Flemming of King's Colledge in Cambridge."
[6] *Nugae Antiquae*, ed. 1804, II, 113–114.

after answerd me kyndly, that 'the grace he graunted me was not of grace, but of merit'; who was often content to grace my young exercises with his venerable presence; who, from that time to this [1607], hath given me some helpes, more hopes, all encouragements in my best studies; to whom I never came, but I grew more religious; from whom I never went, but I parted better instructed."[1]

His Cambridge career did not meet with the entire approval of his father and others interested in his welfare. The great Lord Burleigh wrote him, in 1578, a charming letter of kindly admonition, urging him to apply himself to his studies, and to become "a fytte servaunte for the Queene and your countrey, for which you weare born, and to which, next God, you are moste bounde."[2] His conduct appears to have displeased his father, and in a letter addressed in 1580 to Sir Edward Dyer he seeks reconciliation. He has, he points out, been misunderstood, and he promises that he will obey his father, and that he will not marry against the will of his advisers.[3] On November 2 of the same year, he wrote Sir Francis Walsingham from King's College, saying that he had begun the study of law[4] under Doctor Thomas Byng, Regius Professor of Civil Law.[5]

In the following year, 1581, Harington took his M. A. degree, and proceeded to the Inns of Court. He was admitted to Lincoln's Inn, November 27, 1581,[6] where Thomas Egerton, later Lord High Chancellor, was a Reader.[7] There he remained for a short time, and, as he wrote years after, "studied Littleton but to the title of discontinuance."[8]

Upon the death of his father in 1582,[9] he changed his plans. He was his father's heir,[10] and came into possession of his lands June

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[1] *Nugae Antiquae*, ed. 1804, II, 157. Boswell, in eulogizing Johnson, quotes the latter part of this passage. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, ed. G. B. Hill, IV, 484, note 4.

[2] *Nugae Antiquae*, ed. 1804, I, 131–135.

[3] MS. Tanner 169, f. 62. A commonplace book kept by Sir Stephen Powle. The letter is not in Harington's autograph.

[4] *Calender of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1547–1580*, 685.

[5] MS. Rawlinson, B. 162, f. 9.

[6] Venn, *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, I, 310.

[7] MS. Rawlinson, B. 162, f. 9.

[8] *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, ed. 1814, 62, 109.

[9] Funeral certificate, *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, IV (1884), 195.

[10] *Abstracts of Somersetshire Wills*, ed. Frederick Brown, V, 25.

26, 1583.[1] Two months later he married Mary Rogers,[2] daughter of Lady Jane Rogers, of Cannington, Somersetshire, widow of Sir George Rogers,[3] who had died the year before.[4] Harington forthwith gave up the study of law, and sought preferment at Court. He was now a landed proprietor and rich in influential friends. The friendship of men like Burleigh, Walsingham, Mildmay, and Egerton, the Queen's regard for his parents, and her interest in her promising godson, led him to expect a bright future at Court.

Immediately after his marriage he established his residence in Kelston, Somersetshire, three miles from Bath. This estate, which his father had acquired about 1546, and which remained in the possession of his descendents until the latter part of the eighteenth century, was his home until his death in 1612. There in 1587 he erected a handsome manor-house after a plan of the celebrated architect, James Barozzi, of Vignola.[5] There he reared a large family,[6] and there in 1592 he entertained the Queen, and they "dined right royally under the fountains which played in the Court."[7] He accompanied her Majesty to Oxford in the same year,[8] and wrote verses for the Second Woodstock Entertainment.[9]

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[1] *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, IV (1884), 207.

[2] September 6, 1583. *Somerset Parish Registers*, ed. W. P. W. Phillimore, VI (1905), 94.

[3] *The Visitation of the County of Somerset in the Year 1623*, ed F. T. Colby, Harleian Society, XI (London, 1876), 99.

[4] *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, III (1880), 219.

[5] Collinson, *History of Somersetshire*, I, xiii and 128.

[6] There were eleven children. *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, IV (1884), 191. The Kelston Registers are deficient in burials and marriages, 1575–1595; *Parish Registers Abstract*, 277; *Somersetshire Parishes. A Handbook of Historical Reference*, ed. A. L. Humphreys, London, 1905, 403. Records of his family at Kelston date from 1582.

[7] John Nichols, *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, 1823, III, 250–251.

[8] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1779, I, 156 ff.; 173. See also Epigram 13.

[9] Inner Temple Petyt MS. 53843, ff. 284–363. This is a collection of verses by Lady Pembroke, Sir John Harington, Francis Bacon, and others. E. K. Chambers, *Elizabethan Stage*, III, 404.

III

The years from 1583 to 1590 Harington spent on his Somersetshire estate. In 1586, however, he was a few months in Ireland,[1] as one of the "undertakers" for the repeopling of the province of Munster. During this visit he showed himself inquisitive of popular superstitions regarding St. Patrick,[2] witchcraft, and charms.[3] The expedition was a failure, and upon his return to England he settled down at Kelston. In 1584 he was named among those qualified to serve her Majesty as Justice of the Peace;[4] in 1588 he assisted in the defence against the expected Spanish invasion;[5] in the following year he and twelve other residents of Somersetshire contributed £50 each toward defraying the expense incurred in repulsing the Spanish Armada;[6] and in 1590 he was made Sheriff of Somersetshire.[7] Much of his time during these years he spent at Court, despite the complaints of his wife and his mother-in-law.[8] According to a doubtful tradition, his translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* was the result of one of these visits. To entertain the ladies of the Court he translated the twenty-eighth book of this poem. When the Queen discovered this, she thought it proper to affect indignation at some indelicate passages, and banished him from Court, until he should have finished the translation of the entire

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[1] MS. Rawlinson, B. 162, f. 3; see also note in *Orlando Furioso*, ed. 1634, 80; *Cambridge Modern History*, III, 599.

[2] "At my being in Ireland, where I taried a few months, I was inquisitive of their opinion of this Saint, and I could learne nothing, other then a reverent conceit they had of him, as becomes all Christians to have of devout men and chiefly of those by whom they are first instructed in the Christian Faith: but for his Purgatory, I found neither any that affirmed it or beleeved it." Note in *Orlando Furioso*, ed, 1634, 80.

[3] Note in *Orlando Furioso*, ed. 1634, 94.

[4] Lansdowne MS. 737 contains a list of persons qualified to serve as Justice of the Peace in every county. The Somersetshire list, consisting of forty-four names, includes that of John Harington. See also *Notes and Queries for Somerset and Dorset*, II, 59.

[5] The nature of his service is not clear. In a letter to Sir Robert Cecil, dated 1601, he writes, "In the year '88, my country can witness my forwardness." *Historical Manuscripts Commission, Salisbury MSS.*, Part XI(1906), 385.

[6] *Notes and Queries for Somerset and Dorset*, I, 38. See also Epigram 185.

[7] Collinson, *History of Somersetshire*, I, xxxvii.

[8] Epigrams 369, 382.

poem.[1] The task was eventually completed, and the book appeared in 1591 with a dedication to the Queen.[2]

Harington's translation preserved the *ottava rima* of the original and much of its spirit. It is, however, notable for fluency rather than for poetic power. The work is of most uneven merit. At times he attains to real distinction of phrase, as in the following description of the region in the moon where Astolfo sought the lost wits of Orlando:

> The precious time that fooles mis-spend in play,
> The vaine attempts that never take effect,
> The vows that sinners make, and never pay,
> The counsels wise that carelesse men neglect,
> The fond desires that lead us oft astray,
> The praises that with pride the heart infect,
> And all we lose with folly and mis-spending,
> May there be found unto this place ascending.[3]

At other times the phrasing is less felicitous; even slang and proverbial expressions find their way into his verse:

> If one death did unto my fault belong,
> One hundred deaths were fit to thine to give,
> And though my selfe am in this place so strong,
> That if I list, thou shouldst no longer live,
> Yet will I do to thee no further wrong,
> But pardon thee, and thou shalt me forgive,
> And quite each other, all old debts and driblets,
> And set the hares head against the goose gyblets.[4]

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[1] Thomas Park, in his edition of *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, states (p. x) that this story was told him by "Mr. Walker," who heard it told by "the late Earl of Charlemont." It is recorded also in *Nugae Antiquae*, ed. 1779, III, iii. A casual remark made in a letter to his wife lends credence to this tradition. He mentions the Queen's admiration of his "little learninge and poesy," which he "did so much cultivate on her commande." *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 321. Fuller, in his account of Harington, makes no mention of this tradition. *Worthies of England*, 1840, III, 103 ff. In the notes following the twenty-eighth book of *Orlando Furioso*, Harington writes, "History nor allegory, nor scant anything that is good, can be picked out of this bad booke." Ed. 1634, 232.

[2] Not, as Fuller states, to "Lady Elizabeth, since queen of Bohemia," *Worthies of England*, 1840, III, 103.

[3] Book XXXIII, stanza 74; edition 1634, 286.

[4] Book XLIII, stanza 136; edition 1634, 369.

Harington has altered the original by compressing or expanding some passages and by entirely omitting others. It was probably this fondness for paraphrase that evoked the condemnation of that staunch advocate of literal translation, Ben Jonson, who declared "that John Harrington's *Ariosto*, under all translations, was the worst."[1] This judgment, however, was not shared by Jonson's contemporaries, for Harington's work was hailed as a real achievement. A second edition appeared in 1607, and a third in 1634. His translation of *Orlando Furioso* is preceded by *A Preface, or rather a Briefe Apologie of Poetrie, and of the author and Translator*, which is, like everything he has written, both witty and interesting. It owes much to Sidney's *Apology*, which Harington read in manuscript, and is notable chiefly for its defense of trisyllabic rime.

Orlando Furioso brought Harington fame, but no promotion at Court.[2] Accordingly, he returned to Kelston and spent several years as a country gentleman, improving his estate and waiting for an opportunity to serve the Queen. "I came home to Kelstone, and founde my Mall, my childrene, and my cattle, all well fedde, well taughte, and well belovede. 'Tis not so at Cowrte; ill breeding with ill feedinge and no love but that of the lustie god of gallantrie, Asmodeus."[3] His many friends at Court remained active, and, in 1593, by Act of the Privy Council a letter was sent to the "Maiour and Aldermen of Bath to elect Mr. John Harington of —— in the countie of Sommerset, esquire, Steward of that towne, the place being presentlie void and in their gift."[4] His desire for a more active life led him again to Court, where his next attempt to advance himself brought him temporary disgrace and rustication. In 1596, under the pseudonym Misacmos, he wrote a pamphlet entitled *A New Discourse of a Stale Subject; called the Metamorphosis of Ajax*.[5] With the pamphlet appeared its supplement, *An Anatomy of the*

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[1] *Conversations with Drummond*, Shakespeare Society, 1842, 3.

[2] He writes of his "thankelesse paines and fruitlesse cost." Epigram 74.

[3] "Breefe Notes and Remembraunces," *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 166.

[4] *Acts of the Privy Council*, N. S., XXIV (1901), 266. His place of residence was for some reason not mentioned.

[5] Ajax is a meiosis for "a jakes."

Metamorphosed Ajax. Wherein by a Tripartite Method, is plainly, openly, and demonstratively declared, explained, and eliquidated, by Pen, Plot, and Precept, how unsavoury Places may be made sweet, noisome Places made wholesome, filthy Places made cleanly. The Metamorphosis is a Rabelaisian blend of far-fetched erudition, volatile wit, and telling satire. It created a storm at Court, not because of the humble topic that it discussed, but because of its allusions, now obscure, to contemporary persons and events. Though the Queen may have been pleased by the humor of the work, she "did conceive much disquiet on being tolde" that the author "had aimed a shafte at Leicester."[1] An anonymous writer, probably of Brasenose College, Oxford, answered Harington with a scurrilous pamphlet entitled *Ulysses upon Ajax*.[2] Harington answered his critics in several epigrams[3] and in an *Apology* which did little to allay unfavorable comment. "For some that may seem secretly touched, and be not openly named, if they will say nothing, I will say nothing. But, as my good friend M. Davies said of his epigrams, that they were made like doublets in Birchin-lane, for every one whom they will serve: so if any man find in these my lines any raiment that suits him so fit, as if it were made for him, let him wear it and spare not: and for my part, I would he could wear it out."[4]

Harington's reason for writing *The Metamorphosis* is obvious: he hoped that it would attract favorable attention at Court. "Some," he wrote in his *Apology*, "surmised against me, that because the time is so toying, that wholesome meats cannot be

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[1] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 240.

[2] This is included in S. W. Singer's edition of *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, *The Anatomy*, and *An Apology*, Chiswick, 1814. Singer attributes this pamphlet to Harington, but a consideration of the style shows this ascription to be incorrect. The following passage suggests that it may have come from the pen of an Oxford man: "I could tell you more as he hath done (out of that most learned author, the book of Merry Tales, from whence his best jests are derived), but that as the old *Manciple* of *Brazen-nose College* in *Oxford* was wont to say; There are more fools to meet with." (Edition of 1814, 22.) Furthermore, John Davies of Hereford, in an epigram addressed to Harington, definitely assigns the pamphlet to another writer. (*Wit's Bedlem*, 1617, Epigram 233.) Davies' epigram was probably written about 1610.

[3] Epigrams 44, 45, 46, 52, 53, 109, 227.

[4] *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, ed. S. W. Singer, 1814, 133.

digested without wanton sauce; and that even at wise men's tables, fools have most of the talk, therefore I came in with a bable [bauble] to have my tale heard: I must needs confess it."[1] In a letter to Lady Russell, asking her to intercede to avert the wrath that *The Metamorphosis* had stirred up at Court, he wrote, "I was the willinger to wryte such a toye as this, because I had layne me thought allmost buryed in the country these three or foure yeares, and I thought this would give some occasion to have me thought of and talked of . . . My education hath bin suche, and I truste my limmes and spirit both are suche, as neither shall be defective to the service of my prince and country, whether it be with wryting or weapon; only my desyre is my service may be accepted, and I doubt not, but yt shall be acceptable"[2]

The result of this ill-advised display of his talents was a threatened Star-Chamber suit and banishment to Kelston. A year later his cousin wrote him from Court: "Since your departure hence, you have been spoke of, and with no ill will, both by the nobles and the Queene herself. Your book is almoste forgiven, and I may say forgotten; but not for its lacke of wit or satyr. . . . Tho' her Highnesse signified displeasure in outwarde sorte, yet did she like the marrowe of your booke. Your great enemye, Sir James,[3] did once mention the Star-Chamber, but your good esteeme in better mindes outdid his endeavors, and all is silente again. The Queen is minded to take you to her favour, but she sweareth that she believes you will make epigrams and write *misacmos* again on her and all the courte; she hath been heard to say, 'that merry poet, her godson, must not come to Greenwich, till he hath grown sober, and leaveth the ladies sportes and frolicks.' "[4] The translator of *Ariosto* and the disciple of Rabelais had earned little from his labors. "I have spente my time, my fortune, and almoste my honestie, to buy false hope, false friends, and shallow

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[1] *An Apology*, ed. 1814, 9–10.

[2] *Op. cit.*, pp. xiii-xv. Lady Russell, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, was widow of Sir Thomas Hoby and later of Lord John Russell.

[3] I cannot identify this man.

[4] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 239–240.

praise;—and be it remembered that he who castethe up this reckoning of a cowrtlie minion, will sett his summe like a foole at the ende, for not beinge a knave at the beginninge."[1] A courtier and a politician by birth and opportunity, he lacked those qualities essential to success in Elizabeth's Court. Of that "incorrigible and losing honesty" which Sir Thomas Hoby in his translation of Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano* mentions as befitting a true courtier, Harington had too abundant a store. "I doubte not your valor nor your labor," wrote his cousin, Robert Markham, "but that damnable uncoverd honestie will marr your fortunes."[2] Coupled with this was an equally incorrigible and losing gaiety. His candor, his loquacity, and his irrepressible spirits were impediments to one who aspired to hold positions of trust in the state. Having gained the reputation of a wit, the Queen's "saucy godson" was considered merely a "merry poet" and a privileged jester. He had elected to play the clown, and neither his friends nor his enemies could forget that he had worn the motley.

In 1599 Harington was called from Kelston to accompany the Essex expedition to Ireland to subdue the rebellious Tyrone. Essex informed him by letter of his appointment, and added, "Be nowe assurede of my love for hir sake who byds it, and accounte youre happynesse in hir favor, and hys whom she favorethe, even myselfe, who wyshethe youre advauncemente."[3] His cousin, Robert Markham, wrote him from Court, urging caution: "Observe the man who commandeth, and yet is commanded himselfe; he goeth not forthe to serve the Queenes realme, but to humour his owne revenge [probably against Robert Cecil, who advised the appointment of Lord Montjoy].[4] Be heedful of your bearinges; speake not your minde to all you meete. . . . You are to take accounte of all that passes in your expedition, and keepe journal thereof, unknown to any in the company . . . Do not meddle in any sorte nor give your jesting too freely among those you know not: obey the Lord

[1] "Breefe Notes and Remembraunces," *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 168.
[2] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 240.
[3] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 245.
[4] Thomas Birch, *Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, 1754, II, 394.

Deputy in all thinges, but give not your opinion; it may be heard in England."[1] The expedition left England in April, 1599, and Harington, as captain of horse under the Earl of Southampton, played an honorable, though inconspicuous, part in the campaign.[2] Essex, after desultory and indecisive fighting, made a premature and impermanent peace with Tyrone. During the course of his inglorious campaign he created some three score knights, among them Harington.[3]

In the subsequent events, culminating in the disgrace and rebellion of Essex, Harington played an interesting rôle. The Lord Deputy's unsuccessful campaign, his early peace, his liberality in making knights, his return contrary to the Queen's orders, and his unannounced appearance at Court, displeased Elizabeth. He was tried, deprived of office, and sentenced to remain a prisoner in his house. Harington had accompanied Essex on his return to England in September, and incurred the temporary displeasure of the Queen. "I enterd her chamber, but she frownede and saiede, 'What, did the foole brynge *you* too? Go backe to your businesse.' "[4] In another letter he wrote, "She chaffed muche, walkede fastly to and fro, looked with discomposure in her visage; and, I remember she catched my girdle when I kneelede to hir, and swore, 'By God's Son I am no Queen; that man is above me;—Who gave him commande to come here so soon? I did sende hym on other busynesse.' It was longe before more gracious discourse did fall to my hearynge; but I was then put oute of my trouble, and bid 'Go home.' I did not stay to be bidden twise; if all the Iryshe rebels had been at my heels, I shoude not have had better speede, for I did now flee from one whom I both lovede and fearede too."[5] In a third letter Harington gives a different account of the incident. "I came to court in the very heat and height of all displeasures: after I had been there but an hour, I was threatened with the Fleet; I answered poetically, 'that coming so late from the land-service, I hoped that I should not be

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[1] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 241–242.
[2] *Op. cit.*, I, 253–293.
[3] July 30, 1599. Venn, *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, I, 310.
[4] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 341.
[5] *Op cit.*, I, 356–357.

prest to serve in her Majesty's fleet in Fleet-street.' After three days every man wondered to see me at liberty . . . But I had this good fortune, that, after four or five days, the Queen had talked of me, and twice talked to me, though very briefly. At last she gave me a full and gracious audience in the withdrawing chamber at Whitehall, where herself being accuser, judge, and witness, I was cleared, and graciously dismissed."[1] The Queen's forgiveness was partly the result of her recognition of Harington's innocence in obeying Essex's orders, and partly the result of her examination of Harington's account of the Irish campaign, written at the suggestion of his cousin, Robert Markham, who, like many others, doubted the loyalty of Essex.[2] The "Queen did so aske, and I may saye, demande my accounte, that I coude not withholde shewing it; and I, even nowe, almost tremble to rehearse hir Highnesse displeasure hereat. She swore, by God's Son, we were all idle knaves, and the Lord Deputy worse, for wasting our time and hir commandes, in such wyse as my Journale doth write of."[3] The journal served the double purpose of clearing Harington of all suspicion of disloyalty, and of inflaming the Queen's rage against Essex.

After this narrow escape from "shipwreck on the Essex coast,"[4] Harington returned to the quiet of his Somersetshire estate. "Thank heaven! I am safe at home, and if I go in suche troubles againe, I deserve the gallows for a meddlynge foole."[5] Elsewhere he writes, "In December [1599] I came hither, but since, I hear little and do nothing but sit by a good fire, and feed my lean horses, and hearken for good news . . . Let this suffice from a private country knight, that lives among clouted shoes, in his frize jacket and galloshes, and who envies not the great commanders of Ireland."[6]

He had been unfortunate in his efforts to serve the Queen; he had unwisely accepted a knighthood from Essex; his reward had been censure and neglect. "Essex tooke me to

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[1] *Op cit.*, I, 309–310.
[2] *Op cit.*, I, 241, 268–293.
[3] *Op. cit.*, I, 354–355.
[4] *Op cit.*, I, 178.
[5] *Op. cit.*, I, 179.
[6] *Op cit.*, I, 310–311.

Ireland; I had scante tyme to putte on my bootes; I followed withe good wyll, and did returne wyth the Lorde Leiutenante to meet ill wyll; I did beare the frownes of hir that sente me; and, were it not for hir good lyking, rather than my good deservynges, I had been sore discountenancede indeede. I obeyede in goinge wythe the Earle to Irelande, and I obeyede in comynge wythe him to Englande. But what did I encounter thereon? Not his wrathe, but my gracious Soveraigns ill humour. What did I advantage? Why, trulie, a knighthood; whych had been better sparede by him that gave it."[1] In the trial of Essex, June 5, 1600, "his making so many knights" was one of the "five special crimes charged on the earl."[2] In this matter Elizabeth herself was active. "The great number of knights made by the earl in Ireland having given great offence to the queen, she had an intention of degrading them from that dignity by a proclamation, and commanding that no antient gentleman of the kingdom should give them place. But secretary *Cecil*, by his interest stop'd the warrant sign'd for this proclamation."[3] Harington wrote Cecil, commending his action, and discussing the matter in characteristic fashion. He drew a parallel between knighthood and baptism, with illustrations from cases in which St. Ambrose and King Edward were concerned, concluding that the rite cannot be annulled. He pointed out further that such a proclamation would be at that time impolitic, and—"to omit many more serious considerations—" would be "accompanied with the secret and most bitter curses of divers and some very fair ladies, who are not yet so good philosophers as to neglect honour and embrace patience."[4]

During the troublesome and doubtful days that followed the rebellion and execution of Essex, Harington was seldom at Court. He was, however, in London at the time of Essex's outbreak, February 8, 1601, and was one of those who protected the Queen.[5] Again in the following summer Sir John made a short

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[1] *Op. cit.*, I, 340–341.
[2] Birch, *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, II, 448.
[3] *Op. cit.*, II, 455–456.
[4] June 25, 1600. *Historical Manuscripts Commission, Salisbury MSS.*, Part X (1904), 199.
[5] *Historical Manuscripts Commission, Salisbury MSS.*, Part XI (1906), 385.

and unsatisfactory visit to Court. "I had," he wrote his friend, Sir Hugh Portman, "a sharp message from her [the Queen] brought by my Lord Buckhurst, namely thus, 'Go tell that witty fellow, my godson, to get home; it is no season now to foole it here.' I . . . will not leave my poor castle of Kelston, for fear of finding a worse elsewhere, as other have done. I will eat Aldborne rabbits, and get fish (as you recommend) from the man at Curry-Rival; and get partridge and hares when I can, and my venison where I can; and leave all great matters to those that like them better than myself."[1]

Sir John determined to employ his leisure in the building up of his dwindling patrimony. He made an unsuccessful attempt—begun before he left for Ireland—to recover by lawsuit the lands that had been in the possession of Sir James Harington of Briarley, Yorkshire, who had been attainted during the reign of Henry VII.[2] In this suit he sought and gained the help of Sir Robert Sidney and Sir Robert Cecil.[3] In 1601 he applied to Sir Robert Cecil for the commission of colonel in the County of Somerset.[4] Having failed in both these endeavors, he set out to secure, by persuasion and cajolery, the inheritance of his mother-in-law's property to his children. To Lady Rogers he addressed many epigrams, and in the copy of his *Orlando Furioso* that he sent her, December 19, 1600, he copied fifty-two epigrams from his "scattered papers" to remind her of "the kind and sometimes unkind occasions on which some of them were written."[5] Her personal peculiarities, her fondness for pet dogs, her dislike of the odor of garlic, her parsimony, her love of flattery, the proper hour for dinner, the management and the ultimate disposition of her property—all are recorded in these epigrams. In his legacy-hunting Sir John found a resolute rival in his brother-in-law, Edward Rogers. Their relations had for years been far from amicable. As early as 1594, Harington preferred charges against Rogers, alleging that he had used intemperate

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[1] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 317–319.
[2] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 313, 386.
[3] *Op. cit.*, I, 313; *Historical Manuscripts Commission, Salisbury MSS.*, Part XI (1906), 25.
[4] *Salisbury MSS.*, Part XI, 385.
[5] University Library Cambridge, Addit. MS., 337.

language, had attempted to stir up strife between Harington and his wife, and had made threats against his life. He further alleged that "coming out of Westminster Hall together in the Court of the Hall he offered to have stricken the said John Harington in the face with his hand, but he putting by his hand, and offering no other violence in regard of the place, the said Edward Rogers hath boasted since that he pulled out a handful of hair from the said John Harington's beard at the same time."[1] When Lady Rogers died in January, 1601, the family feud came to a head. Acting as the representative of his wife, who was one of the executors of the will, Sir John took possession of the Lady Rogers' house, and refused admittance to her son. Rogers forced an entrance, and locked up Sir John without light or food for several hours. Later Rogers brought an action in the Star Chamber without success.[2]

Despite his earlier disappointments Sir John continued to seek preferment at Court. He had influential friends and Elizabeth's regard, but the old Queen was now in no mood to enjoy the company of scholars and wits. To Sir Robert Cecil, who in June, 1602, had stood godfather at the baptism of Sir John's son, Robert,[3] he turned for help: "If you shall proceed to second me with your good word, when I shall get her Highness moved for such a place as nature, breeding, and my earnest desire make me think myself fit, you shall see I count no vice more foul than ingratitude."[4] In December of the same year, when he was again at Court, he wrote Lady Harington of the Queen's failing health and of her kindness to him: "Her Majestie enquirede of some matters which I had written; and as she was pleasede to note my fancifulle braine, I was not unheedfull to feede her humoure, and reade some verses, whereat she smilede once, and was pleasede to saie;—'When thou doste feele creepinge tyme at thye gate, these fooleries will please thee lesse; I am paste my relishe for such matters.' "[5]

[1] *Historical Manuscripts Commission, Salisbury MSS.*, Part IV (1892), 472.
[2] *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, IV (1884), 261; *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, xv–xvi.
[3] *Historical Manuscripts Commission, Salisbury MSS.*, Part XII (1910,) 187–188, 219.
[4] *Historical Manuscripts Commission, Salisbury MSS.*, Part XI (1906), 25.
[5] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 322–323.

Sir John, even before the death of Elizabeth, sought to win the favor of her probable successor. That Harington loved the old Queen there can be not the slightest doubt: his affection shines through everything he writes about her. But he was a courtier, and with the others he had to prepare for the future. In a letter to his wife telling of the last days of Elizabeth he writes: "I cannot blote from my memorie's table the goodnesse of our Sovereigne Ladie to me, even (I will saie) before borne; her affectione to my mother who waited in privie chamber, her bettering the state of my father's fortune (which I have, alass! so much worsted), her watchings over my youthe, her likinge to my free speech, and admiration of my little learninge and poesy, which I did so muche cultivate on her commande, have rootede such love, suche dutyfull remembraunce of her princelie virtues, that to turne askante from her condition wythe tearlesse eyes, woud staine and foule the springe and founte of gratitude"[1] Nor was he, after her death, less generous in his praise. In 1606 he wrote, "As I did bear so much love toward hir Majestie, I know not well how to stop my tales of hir virtues. . . I never did fynde greater show of understandinge and lerninge, than she was bleste wyth . . . I write from wonder and affection."[2] With this genuine regard for the old Queen, he turned, as her death approached, to the North to welcome the "orient king."

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[1] *Op. cit.*, I, 321.
[2] *Op. cit.*, I, 362.

IV

Before the accession of James, Harington set out to establish for himself the reputation of a sober politician. He had finally learned that he at least could not "wisely . . . mix serious things with jests."[1] In a letter to Richard Langley, "Schoolmaster of Eaton," where his son was a student, he wrote, "I find him apt enough to verses, and I desire not hee should bee much addicted to them least yt hinder him (as yt hath done mee) of better studies."[2] To James he sent a curiously wrought lantern, symbolic of the fading light of Elizabeth and the full splendor of her successor.[3] It was accompanied by explanatory verses in Latin and in English.[4] The right of James to the throne he defended by epigram[5] and by a prose tract, the publication of which the undisputed accession of James rendered unnecessary.[6] To King James and to Queen Anne he addressed laudatory poems, which

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[1] Cf. Epigram 419.

[2] December 3, 1602. British Museum Addit. MSS., 12049, f. 194.

[3] This is described in *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, 1, 325-327 and in British Museum Addit. MSS. 12049, f. 207.

[4] *Ibidem.*

[5] Epigrams 349, 375, 399.

[6] *The Tract on the Succession to the Crown*, ed. Clements Markham, Roxburghe Club, 1880. It is written in Harington's most pleasant style. His discussion of the civil and ecclesiastical policy of England is enlivened with anecdotes of all kinds. The right of James to succeed to the throne he maintains by appealing in turn to Protestants, Puritans, and Papists, and by quoting the view of an accepted authority of each group. For the Protestant he cites the letter of the Protector Somerset to the Scots, for the Puritans the writings of Peter Wentworth, and for the Papists a book by the Jesuit Dolman or Parsons. The undisputed accession of James having rendered publication unnecessary, Harington probably loaned the manuscript to his friend, Bishop Toby Matthew, of York (Cf. *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, II, 255-266), who added the tract to the chapter library. There it was found, in 1880, by Clements Markham, who edited it.

Although the manuscript is anonymous, internal evidence proves that it is Harington's. The author says his mother's brother is Thomas Markham, that he has a brother named Francis, that his father wrote some lines upon Bishop Gardner and translated Cicero's *De Amicitia* while he was a prisoner in the Tower, that he was a friend of Essex, that he served in Ireland, and that his mother was of the Queen's bedchamber. He speaks of being from the West, he tells stories of the Somersetshire justices, he reads cantos of Ariosto to several people, and he complains of the destruction of a Harington tomb. There is at the beginning a letter from King James, thanking him for a copy

were presented to the new monarchs at Burleigh.[1] In Latin and in English verses, written in April, 1603, he bade farewell to his "wanton Muse." His soul aspires now to more serious thoughts; he will serve James as soldier, counsellor, scholar, architect, engineer; he awaits the King's commands.[2]

Sir John was doomed to disappointment; he had grown Scottish in vain.[3] The new King rewarded the ambitious poet only with an interview, which Sir John, in a letter to Sir Amias Pawlett, has described with inimitable wit.[4] Again he returned discouraged to Kelston. "Here now wyll I reste my troublede mynde," he wrote in his diary, "and tende my sheepe like an Arcadian swayne, that hathe loste his faire mistresse; for in soothe, I have loste the beste and faireste love that ever shepherde knew, even my gracious Queene; and sith my goode mistresse is gone, I shall not hastily put forthe for a new master. . . . I wyll keepe companie with none but my *oves* and *boves*, and go to Bathe and drinke sacke, and wash awaie remembraunces of paste times in the streams of Lethe."[5] And he adds in a letter to Dr. John Still, who had been his teacher at St. John's, and who was now Bishop of Bath and Wells: "He that thryvethe in a courte muste put halfe of his honestie under his bonnet; and manie do we know that never parte that commoditie at all, and sleepe wyth it all in a bag."[6]

During the next year or two Harington's fortunes reached their lowest ebb. In 1604 he was compelled by the press of

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of the translation of Ariosto. Furthermore, the author quotes one of Harington's epigrams:

> My verses oft displease you, what's the matter?
> You love not to hear truth, nor I to flatter.

External evidence, too, is not lacking. Some notes on the tract, included among the Salisbury manuscripts, attribute it to Harington. "Some notes for remembrance out of Sir Jo. Harington's book on the behalf of the K. of Sc. succession. The three sorts of Religion in England—Protestant, Papist, Puritan," in *Historical MSS. Commission, Salisbury MSS.*, Part XIV, Addenda (1923), 245.

[1] Epigrams 425, 426.
[2] Epigram 427.
[3] Cf. Epigram 420.
[4] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 366-371.
[5] *Op. cit.*, I, 180.
[6] *Op. cit.*, I 343

poverty to part with some of his lands at Lenton, and was at the same time involved in a suit against Sir John Skinner.[1] In two letters to the Earl of Shrewsbury he writes of imprisonment, apparently for debt.[2] In a letter written in 1605 he mentions poverty, imprisonment, and sickness.[3] As early as 1603 he speaks of himself as "strycken with yeares and infirmyties,"[4] and in 1606 his cousin, Lord Harington of Exton, alluded to his poor health.[5]

He remained, nevertheless, undaunted by his misfortunes, and in 1605 he made a final and amazing effort to obtain honorable preferment. He addressed to Sir Robert Cecil, now Viscount Cranborne, and to Charles Blount, Earl of Devonshire, a highly characteristic letter, requesting that they urge the King to appoint him Archbishop of Dublin and Lord High Chancellor of Ireland.[6] He has learned that men that "obskure themselves shall not bee sought for with torchlyght, but rather this age ys aptest to thinke better of them that thinke best of themselves." He has twice visited Ireland, and has learned that the Irish "suspect all strawngers and specially a lawyer." He has studied law, and has "in nature a disposycion and some dexterytye to deal in soche cawses." He understands the Irish people: "I thinke my very *genius* doth in a sort lead me to that cowntry." He is, moreover, "somewhat more than ordinarily acquainted with all the Erls and great men thear." He wrote two years before "a kynde of farewell to all poetry and lyght studyes,"[7] which for the edification of their Lordships he includes in his letter. He has had, furthermore, "a kynde of purpose to studye wholly dyvinytye," and his many troubles "have not only quickned my understanding and encreased my experyence and knowledg in matters of the starchamber and chawncery, . . . but allso mortyfyed my vayn and ydle affections, and made mee

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[1] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 347.
[2] Dated 1604; *ibidem.*
[3] *View of the State of Ireland in 1605*, ed. W. D. Macray, Oxford, 1879, 13, 24.
[4] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I. 343.
[5] *Op. cit.*, I, 375.
[6] Printed as *View of the State of Ireland in 1605*, ed. W. D. Macray, Oxford, 1879.
[7] Epigram 427.

apt for a more holly vocacion." The Holy Scripture teaches that if a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work, and he points out that he can fulfil the conditions laid down by St. Paul in his epistle to Timothy: he is "unreproovable, husband of one wyfe, watching, sober, modest, harberows, apt to teach, not gevn to wyne, no quarrellor," and especially, "not gevn to fillthy lucre." He cites examples to prove that it is "not new or strawnge" for "a knight, a Layman, and one moche conversant in lyght studyes and poetry to bee made a Byshop," and points out that "a poet hathe one step unto a prophet," and that no one is a prophet in his own country. He adds that "his Majesties often and admirable discowrses in theology have stird and confyrmed this godly desyre." He has served as a captain in the late Queen's army; he now desires similar rank in the Church Militant. He concludes "that the world is a stage and we that lyve in yt are all stage players . . . I playd my chyldes part happily, the schollar and students part to neglygently, the sowldyer and cowrtyer faythfully, the husband lovingly, the contryman not basely nor corruptly. . . Now I desyre to act a Chawncellors part hollyly, that my last act may equall my fyrst, and that I may not *in extremo actu deficere.*" There is no record of the reception given to this extraordinary request. Harington's letter is dated April 20, 1605; in the following October, Thomas Jones, Bishop of Meath, was appointed to the offices that Sir John had sought.

During the remaining seven years of his life, Harington lived quietly at Kelston with his wife and his seven surviving children.[1] "I have now passed my storms," he writes in 1606, "and wishe for a quiet harbor to laye up my bark; for I growe olde and infirme."[2] His visits to Court, however, were not wholly discontinued. He was present during the visit of King Christian of Denmark, July, 1606, and wrote a most interesting account of the festivities.[3] He attached himself to the service of young Prince Henry, and undertook some part of his education. Before 1605 he wrote for Henry "a comment on the sixt booke of

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[1] *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heralaica*, IV (1884), 191.
[2] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 362.
[3] *Op. cit.*, I, 348-354.

Vergill."[1] About 1606 he copied out and presented to the young prince more than four hundred of his epigrams.[2] In 1608 he wrote for Henry a supplement to Bishop Godwin's *Catalogue of the Bishops*.[3] From Kelston he wrote the Prince a charming letter about his dog, Bungay, and in the following year sent him a copy of his translation of *Orlando Furioso*, the second edition of which had appeared in 1607.[4]

It was probably for Prince Henry that Harington translated into verse the *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum*. The *Regimen* is a Latin poem written in the twelfth century as a domestic manual of health by physicians of Salerno. Throughout the Middle Ages and even in Tudor times it was highly esteemed. In 1607 Harington's translation appeared anonymously under the title *The Englishman's Doctor*. In a preface the publisher states: "It [the manuscript] came to me by chance, as a Jewell that is found, whereof notwithstanding I am not covetous, but part the Treasure amongst my Country-men. The author of the paines, is to be unknowne, and I put this Childe of his into the open world without his consent."[5] Harington's version, which is the first of the rimed translations, is fluent and spirited. The following excerpt illustrates his method:

> Si tibi deficiant Medici, medici tibi fiant
> Haec tria: mens laeta, requies, moderata diaeta.
>
> Use three physicians still, first doctor Quiet,
> Next fellow Mery-man, and doctor Diet.

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[1] *View of the State of Ireland in 1605*, ed. W. D. Macray, Oxford, 1879, 20. Harington's commentary is lost.

[2] British Museum Addit. MSS. 12049.

[3] Harington's supplement was printed in 1653 by his grandson, Doctor John Chetwind, under the title of *A Briefe View of the State of the Church of England as it stood in Q. Elizabeths and King James his Reigne to the yeere 1608*. Chetwind's text was reprinted in *Nugae Antiquae* (1779). Thomas Park, editor of *Nugae Antiquae* (1804), used Harington's manuscript to correct the errors in the earlier editions. He used Harington's title: *A Supplie or Addicion to the Catalogue of Bishops to the Year 1608*. The original manuscript is now in the British Museum (Royal MSS. 17 B xxii). Harington's avowed purpose is to instruct the young prince, but he includes in his account of the bishop his usual witty observations and anecdotes. His book is the most diverting of church histories.

[4] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 380, 387.

[5] *The School of Salernum, Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum*, New York, P. B. Hoeber, 1920. This assertion may be entirely true. It is, however, more likely that Harington, a courtier, was unwilling to publish this work in the usual manner of "professional" writers, whom he so much despised. Cf. Epigram 424.

Here, as in everything he wrote, he found material for jest

> Canary and Modera, both are like
> To make one lean indeede (but wot you what)
> Who say they make one leane wold make one laffe.
> They meane, they make one leane upon a staffe.

The book went through seven editions between 1607 and 1624.

Harington's last years were uneventful. He interested himself and others in making certain repairs to the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, Bath.[1] In 1611 Lord Thomas Howard by letter invited him to Court. "The King hath often enquired after you, and would readily see and converse again with the 'merry blade,' as he hath often called you, since you was here."[2] There is, however, no means of knowing whether the invitation was accepted. On May 18, 1612, Sir Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, was visited at Bath by Sir John Harington, "whoe dwelles neare the Bathe & whoe is sicke of a dead palsie."[3] On December 1, 1612, Sir John was buried at Kelston.[4]

Harington was survived by his wife until 1634,[5] and by his only brother, Francis, until 1639.[6] Of the latter little is known. He was a student at Christ Church, Oxford.[7] He translated the first fifty stanzas of Book XXXII of *Orlando Furioso*.[8] In 1599 he married Mary Weeks,[9] and in 1606 he married Joane Baylie, of Kelston.[10] His son, Thomas, was baptized at Kelston in the following year.[11] In 1609 he borrowed from Sir John the sum of £15[12]. A son, Ralph, was buried at Kelston in 1622.[13] In 1637 he received a bequest, made by Lady Mary Harington, the

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[1] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1779, III, xii-xxi; 1804, I, 378-379; II, 142-143; James Peller Malcolm, *London Redivivum*, I, 399.

[2] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 391.

[3] Francis Peck, *Desiderata Curiosa*, 1779, 209; *Historical Manuscripts Commission, Tenth Report, Part IV, Manuscripts of the Earl of Westmorland* (1885), 14-15.

[4] Venn, *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, I, 310.

[5] Collinson, *History of Somersetshire*, I, 129.

[6] *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, III (1880), 219.

[7] Sir John Harington's *Tract on the Succession to the Crwon*, 1880, 113; "A Supply, or Addicion," *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, II, 208.

[8] *Orlando Furioso*, 1634, 265-266.

[9] *The Registers of the Abbey Church of SS. Peter and Paul, Bath*, 2 vols., Harleian Society, 1900, I, 204.

[10] *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, IV (1884), 191.

[11] *Op. cit.*, III (1880), 194.

[12] British Museum Addit. MSS. 27632, f. 41.

[13] *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, III (1880), 195.

widow of Sir John, of all her "interest in a Lease of Fieldgrove in the Parish of Bitten," in Gloucestershire.[1] There two years later he died.[2]

Of the eleven children of Sir John, seven were living at the time of his death.[3] His eldest son, John, an Eton boy,[4] matriculated from Trinity College, Oxford, in 1604, aged fifteen. He migrated to Cambridge and was incorporated there in 1607. In 1608 he was admitted to Lincoln's Inn, and in 1615 he became a barrister-at-law.[5] Contrary to the tenets of his father, he supported Puritan principles, and adhered to the Parliament. He sat for Somerset in the Long Parliament, 1646-1648, and in 1654 he died.[6]

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[1] *Op cit.*, III (1880), 228.
[2] *Op. cit.*, III (1880), 219.
[3] *Op. cit.*, IV (1884), 191; see also III (1880), 316.
[4] British Museum Addit. MSS. 12049, f. 194.
[5] Venn, *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, I, 310.
[6] This brief account is here introduced because he is so often confused with his father, Sir John. Venn states that he was probably M.P. for Somerset in 1656 (*Alumni Cantabrigienses*, I, 310). The same erroneous statement appears in Collinson, *History of Somersetshire*, I, xxxii, and in *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, III (1880), 399. Cf. *Notes and Queries for Somerset and Dorset*, I, 42.

V

Among Elizabethan writers Harington holds an interesting place. By birth and training a courtier, he belonged always to the Court circle, and despised the professional men of letters like Nashe.[1] Master Samuel Daniel and Master Henry Constable he called his "very good friends."[2] In an age when the writing of verse was a gentleman's pastime, he employed his talents for the entertainment of himself and his friends.

> I near desearvd that gloriows name of Poet;
> No Maker I, nor do I care who know it.
> Occasion oft my penn doth entertayn
> With trew discourse. Let others Muses fayn;
> Myne never sought to set to sale her wryting.
> In part her frends, in all her selfe delighting,
> She cannot beg applause of vulgar sort,
> Free born and bred, more free for noble sport.
> My Muse hath one still bids her in her eare;
> Yf well disposd, to write; yf not, forbear.[3]

To the Queen, to Essex, to Bishop John Still, to his wife, to his mother-in-law, and to a score of others, he addressed epigrams. These were circulated in manuscript, and were not given to the public while he lived.

During his lifetime only three of his works were published: *Orlando Furioso*, *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, and the *Englishman's Doctor*. His *Tract on the Succession*, *State of Ireland in 1605*, *Supply or Addition to the Catalogue of Bishops*, and his various letters were published long after his death. Two works mentioned in *Ulysses upon Ajax*—the *Succinct Collection of History* and the *Compendious Observations on the Emperors' Lives*— are lost. In addition to the works already considered, there are preserved an interesting "Treatise on Playe," written about 1597, and a brief diary that contains scattered entries from 1594 to 1603.[4] In the former he discusses forms of "playe" as varied as psalm-

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[1] Cf. Epigram 132.
[2] Epigram 126 and *Orlando Furioso*, notes following Book XXXIV; edition 1634, 288.
[3] Epigram 424.
[4] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 186-232, 165-182.

singing and dicing. The following defence of "dissimulation" illustrates the style and tone of the work: "Wee goe brave in apparell that wee may be taken for better men than wee bee; we use much bumbastings and quiltings to seeme better formed, better showlderd, smaller wasted, and fuller thyght, then wee are; wee barbe and shave ofte, to seeme yownger than wee are; we use perfumes both inward and outward to seeme sweeter then wee bee; corkt shooes to seeme taller then wee bee; wee use cowrtuous salutations to seem kinder then wee bee; lowly obaysances to seeme humbler then we bee; and somtyme grave and godly communication to seem wyser or devowter then wee bee. And infynit such thinges wee may observe in ourselves, which are some of them commendable in this respect, that, by good and trew endevour to seeme to bee, we may obtayne at last the habyt and grade to become to bee such indeed, according to the excellent cownsell, *Labour to bee as you would bee thought.*"[1]

From his diary, which he calls "Breefe Notes and Remembraunces," several passages have already been quoted. Many of his comments are illuminating. "The Queene loveth to see me in my last frize jerkin, and saith '*tis well enough cutte.* I will have another made liken to it. I do remember she spit on Sir Mathew's fringed clothe, and said *the fooles wit was gone to ragges.*"[2] Another entry follows: "Yesterday I was near drunkene, and to daye am neare sicke, and perchance to-morrowe may be bothe sicke and sorrie; my cosin did chide me, and saide, 'I bade my man lighte his taper at the moone.' It may be so, Horace saithe *Coelum ipsum petimus stultitia.*"[3] Of Essex in his disgrace he writes, "The Queene well knowethe how to humble the haughtie spirit; the haughtie spirit knoweth not how to yield, and the man's soule seemethe tossede to and fro, like the waves of a troubled sea."[4]

Though Harington is known chiefly as an epigrammatist, as the author of *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, and as the translator of Ariosto, he deserves consideration as one of the most inter-

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[1] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 209-210.
[2] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 167.
[3] *Op. cit.*, I, 169-170.
[4] *Op. cit.*, I, 179-180.

esting of letter-writers. The charm of Harington's personality, his witty and agreeable accounts of happenings at the Court of Elizabeth and of James, his penetrating characterizations of the men he knew, make these letters the best of their day. To his wife, to Lord Thomas Howard, to Bishop John Still, to Justice Barlow, to Robert Markham, to Sir Amias Pawlett, and to Prince Henry, he addressed letters that display his keen wit and his mastery of phrase.[1] Of especial interest are his accounts of the Queen's last years, of festivities at the Court of James, and of his interview with that monarch,[2] but whether he writes of himself or his dog, of the Earl of Essex or Ireland, or of the fatuous King James, he is witty and entertaining.

Throughout all of Harington's work are digressions and irrelevances which serve as commentary not so much on the context as on the man himself. "Prose," he points out, "is like a faire greene way, wherin a man may travel a great jorney and not be weary; but verse is a miry lane, in which a mans horse puls out one leg after another with much ado, and often drives his master to light to helpe him out."[3] Accordingly, he dismounts from his Pegasus at the end of each canto of *Orlando Furioso* and writes a page or more of notes, into which he introduces not merely explanation of Ariosto's meaning but all manner of reminiscence and autobiographical data. His reasons for so doing he explains in his Preface: "Wheras I make mention here and there of some of mine owne friends and kin, I did it the rather, because *Plutarke* in one place speaking of *Homer*, partly lamenteth, and partly blameth him, that writing so much as he did, yet in none of his works there was any mention made, or so much as inkling to be gathered of what stock he was, of what kindred, of what towne, nor save for his language, of what country. Excuse me then, if in a worke that may perhaps last longer then a better thing, and being not ashamed of my kindred, name them here and there to no mans offence."[4] This solicitude for posterity, combined with his habitual predilection for the humor-

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[1] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 320-324, 336-343, 348-363, 366-371, 380-384, *et passim.*

[2] *Op. cit.*, I, 320-324, 348-354, 366-371.

[3] Notes following Book XXXII of *Orlando Furioso;* edition 1634, 266.

[4] *Orlando Furioso*, ed. 1634, Sig. ¶ 8v.

ous, makes these comments more than ordinarily interesting. His parents, his brother, and his friends are remembered in his notes. Inkhorn annotation he avoids, and draws his comparisons from the life about him. "In *Pinabello* and his wife, that thought to revenge the scorne they received, with doing the like scorne to others, we may see, how base and dunghill dispositions follow not any course of value or true reputation, but onely to wreake their malice on some body, not caring whom: as they are wont to tell of *Will Sommer* (though otherwise a harmlesse foole) that would evermore if one had angerd him, strike him that was next him."[1] He can never forgo a jest. To his translation of Ariosto's criticism of the Amazons' laws, he adds in a marginal note: "There were too many speakers (belike) in their Parliament when they made such a law as they were driven to change so soone after."[2] All his works contain similar witticisms; he cannot long remain solemn. Even his *Tract on the Succession to the Crown* and *Supply or Addition to the Catalogue of Bishops* are crowded with anecdotes and reminiscence.

Harington's interests were scholarly. Varied as his activities were, he found much time for study and reading. The range of his reading was wide. In a single book, *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, he quotes Rabelais, Ovid, Augustine, Lodovico Vives, Martial, Suetonius, Pliny, Homer, Aristotle, Plutarch, Cicero, Livy, Tertullian, and many others. Like all of the cultivated men of his day, he knew the classics. Vergil, Horace, Ovid, and Martial are his favorite writers among the ancients. With the Renaissance Latin writers he is less familiar. Among the French and Italian, Rabelais, Ariosto, and Petrarch he mentions most frequently. He and his father collected in manuscript a large number of poems by Wyatt, Surrey, Sir Thomas Chaloner, Thomas Phaer, Campion, and others.[3] English drama, too, he collected. About 1610 he compiled a list of the plays that he owned.[4] He had 129 distinct plays in eleven bound volumes. During the years 1600–1610 he obtained ninety out of 105 plays

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[1] Notes following Book XXII of *Orlando Furioso;* edition 1634, 175.
[2] *Orlando Furioso*, 1634, 155.
[3] British Museum Addit. MS. 36529 and Egerton MS. 2711.
[4] British Museum Addit. MS. 27632, f. 43. See also F. J. Furnivall in 7 *Notes and Queries*, IX (1890), 382.

that were printed in London in that decade.[1] There were in the collection eighteen quartos of fifteen of Shakespeare's plays, three being duplicates of *Pericles*, *Lear*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Oddly enough, he makes no mention of Shakespeare or of the London theatre in any of his extant writings. In his account of a dramatic "entertainment and show" at the Court of James, he writes, "I have much marvalled at these strange pageantries, and they do bring to my remembrance what passed of this sort in our Queens days; of which I was sometime an humble presenter and assistant."[2] His part in these plays was probably slight.[3]

Of all Harington's writings, his epigrams are perhaps the most interesting. The word, epigram, was used in Elizabethan England to designate almost any short poem. Ben Jonson, in dedicating his *Epigrams* to William Earl of Pembroke, points out that epigrams "carry danger in the sound," and he adds in Epigram 2 that the reader will expect them to be

> bold, licentious, full of gall,
> Wormwood, and sulphur, sharp, and tooth'd withal.

Jonson, however, included in his *Epigrams* many kinds of poems: distichs translated from Martial, several satirical poems thirty or forty lines in length, poems of a lyric quality ("Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy," "Epitaph on Elizabeth," "Follow a shadow, it still flies you")[4], and a burlesque narrative poem, "On the Famous Voyage," which is 196 lines in length. Few of his epigrams terminate in a point, and few are satirical. Despite the fact that Jonson employed the term somewhat loosely, he was quick to censure his rivals when they took similar liberties and widened the province of the epigram. John Owen, he told Drummond, "hath no thinge good in him, his Epigrammes being bare narrations,"[5] and "that when Sir John Harrington desyred

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[1] E. K. Chambers, *The Elizabethan Stage*, III, 183.

[2] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 351-352.

[3] He is not mentioned, even as "an humble presenter and assistant," in Nichols' *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth* or in Robert Withington's *English Pageantry*.

[4] This last Jonson terms an epigram in *Conversations*, Shakespeare Society, 1842, 25.

[5] *Op. cit.*, 17.

him to the truth of his Epigrammes, he answered him, that he loved not the truth, for they were Narrations, and not Epigrames."[1] On the whole, Jonson's conception of the epigram approximates the Greek rather than the Roman, and in this respect he departs from the practice of his age.

It was Martial's influence—direct and indirect—that determined the form and matter of the Elizabethan epigram. "It is certain," writes Harington, "that of all poems the epigram is the wittiest; and of all that write epigrams, Martial is counted the pleasantest."[2] An examination of the extant collections, which certainly represent only a small part of the mass of epigrams that were circulated in manuscript, and a consideration of the many contemporary allusions to the epigram, reveal the fact that the Elizabethan epigram was essentially a satire in little. Harington points out that Thomas Bastard's epigrams are designed "to make in men's ill manners, good amendment."[3] "Epigrams," writes Robert Hayman, "are like Satyrs, rouhg without."[4] Edward Guilpin emphasizes the same point:

> The Satyre onely and Epigramatist
> (Concisde Epigrame, and sharpe Satyrist)
> Keep diet from this surfet of excesse,
> Tempring themselves from such licenciousness.
> The bitter censures of their critticke spleenes
> Are antidotes to pestilentiall sinnes;
> They heale with lashing, seare luxuriousness:
> They are philosophicke true Cantharidés
> To vanities dead flesh. An Epigrame
> Is papish displing rebell flesh to tame;
> A plaine dealing lad that is not afraid
> To speak the truth, but calls a jade a jade.
> And Mounsieur Guulard was not much to blame,
> When he for meat mistooke an Epigrame;
> For though it be no cates, sharpe sauce it is
> To lickerous vanitie, youths sweet amisse.
> But oh! the Satyre hath a nobler vaine:
> He's the stappado, rack, and some such paine
> To base lewd vice: the Epigram's Bridewell,
> Some whipping cheere; but this is follies hell.[5]

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[1] *Op. cit.*, 3.

[2] *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, ed. S. W. Singer, 37. See also T. K. Whipple, "Martial and the English Epigram from Sir Thomas Wyatt to Ben Jonson," *University of California Publications in Modern Philology*, X (1925), 279-414.

[3] Epigram 160.

[4] *Quodlibets*, 1628, 61.

[5] "Satyre Preludium," *Skialetheia. Or a shadowe of truth in certaine epigrams and satyres*, 1598; edited by A. B. Grosart, 1878.

Nicholas Breton alludes to the satirical intent of epigrammatists in general, and of Guilpin in particular:

> Tis strange to see the humors of these daies:
> How first the Satyre bites at imperfections:
> The Epigrammist in his quips displaies
> A wicked course in shadowes of corrections:
> The Humorist hee strictly makes collections
> Of loth'd behauiours both in youthe and age:
> And makes them plaie their parts vpon a stage.[1]

From 1590 to 1620 the epigram passed current among the wits in the universities, in the taverns, and at the Court. To this popularity, the many printed collections and the numerous references bear witness. Marston, in *The Scourge of Villanie*, writes of Tuscus, a retailer of wit:

> But roome for Tuscus, that iest-moungering youth,
> Who neer did ope his apish gerning mouth,
> But to retaile and broke another's wit.
> Discourse of what you will, he straight can fit
> Your present talke, with, *Sir, I'll tell a iest,*—
> Of some sweet ladie, or grand lord at least.
> Then on he goes, and neer his tongue shall lie,
> Till his ingrossed iests are all drawne dry:
> But then as dumbe as Maurus, when at play,
> Hath lost his crownes, and paun'd his trim array.
> He doth nought but retaile iests: breake but one,
> Out flies his table-booke, let him alone,
> He'll haue it i' faith: Lad, hast an Epigram,
> Wil't haue it put into the chaps of Fame?
> Giue Tuscus copies; sooth, as his own wit,
> His proper issue, he will father it.[2]

The custom of employing epigrams for personal satire, and of circulating them in manuscript, is shown in *Satiromastix:*

> Crispinus. They're bitter epigrams compos'd on you
> By Horace.
> Demetrius. And disperst amongst the gallants
> In several coppies, by Asinius Bubo.[3]

And in the same play, the sentence pronounced on Horace, who is Jonson, is illuminating: "In brieflynes, when you sup in tavernes amongst your betters, you shall sweare not to dippe your manners in too much sawce, nor at table to fling epigrams,

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[1] *No Whipping, nor Tripping: but a kinde friendly Snipping*, 1601; Isham Reprints, 1895, stanza one.

[2] *The Scourge of Villanie, 1598.*

[3] "*Poetaster*" *and* "*Satiromastix*," ed. J. H. Penniman, Belle Lettres Series, 1913, III, 1, 329-331.

embleams, or play-speeches about you (lyke hayle-stones) to keepe you out of the terrible daunger of the shot."[1] Dekker, in *Guls Horn-Booke*, tells how to attract attention at a tavern: "After a turne or two in the roome, take occasion (pulling out youer gloues) to haue some *Epigrams*, or *Satyre*, or *Sonnet* fastned in one of them that may (as it were vnwittingly to you) offer itselfe to the Gentlemen: but without much coniuration from them, and a pretty kind of counterfet loathnes in yourselfe, do not read it; and though it be none of your owne, sweare you made it."[2] Harington's fame as a wit obviated the necessity of employing any such ruse to obtain an audience. Thomas Fuller tells the following story: "It happened that, while the said Sir John repaired often to an ordinary in Bath, a female attendress at the table, neglecting other gentlemen who sat higher, and were of great estates, applied herself wholly to him, accommodating him with all necessaries, and preventing his asking any thing with her officiousness. She being demanded by him the reason of her so careful waiting on him? 'I understand,' said she, 'you are a very witty man; and if I should displease you in any thing, I fear you would make an epigram of me.'"[3]

Harington was most at home, however, not in the tavern, or the university, but at the Court, where he was a privileged jester. The old Queen indulgently called him "that merry poet, my godson," and her successor alluded to him as "the merry blade."[4] Elizabeth liked his witty verses, and read them aloud to the Court.[5] Even when the Queen had but a few months to live, he read her "some verses, whereat she smilede once, and was pleasede to saie;—'When thou doste feele creepinge tyme at thye gate, these fooleries will please thee lesse.' "[6]

Harington's epigrams, unlike those of Ben Jonson, follow the

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[1] "The shot" was the tavern bill. *Op. cit.*, V, ii, 381-386.
[2] *Guls Horn-Booke*, 1609; *The Non-Dramatic Works of Thomas Dekker*, edited by A. B. Grosart, 5 vols., 1884–1886, II, 240.
[3] Thomas Fuller, *Worthies of England*, 3 vols., London, 1840, III, 103-104.
[4] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 240, 391.
[5] He writes his wife of the Queen's "likinge to my free speech"; *op. cit.*, I, 321. See also Epigram 267 and note.
[6] *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, I, 323.

Latin model rather than the Greek. Some of them are drawn directly from Martial; a few come from the Renaissance Latin epigrammatists; but most of them are suggested by his every-day experiences and conversations.[1] Although most of the epigrams are satires in little, Harington's attitude is not that of the professional satirist. He has none of Marston's misanthropy or of Hall's cynicism. Instead of savage indignation one finds urbanity.

> Treason doth neuer prosper, what's the reason?
> For if it prosper, none dare call it Treason.[2]

Often he borrows an idea from Martial and makes it completely his own.[3] Many of his epigrams are versified "merry tales." Very few of his epigrams are encomiastic, though he is capable of framing graceful compliments.[4] He is, for his age, surprisingly temperate in his laudation of the mighty; he could not, like Jonson, address James as "best of kings" and "best of poets."[5] His dislike of flattery appears in his reproof of Thomas Bastard, who found it possible to "magnify Magistrates, yet taunt the times."[6] His satire is not infrequently personal, and many of his readers were doubtless able to identify those for whom his shafts were intended. Accordingly, it is not his custom to mention names:

> My Lorde, though I by yow am often prest
> To know the secret drift of my entent
> In these my pleasent lynes, and who are meant
> By Cinna, Lynus, Lesbia, and the rest,
> Yet pardon though I graunte not your request;
> Tis such as I thereto may not assent. . .[7]

No one will contend that Harington's epigrams have any great literary merit; that they are extremely interesting for the light that they throw upon the customs and manners of the time, no one can deny. Harington was well acquainted with the many-sided life of the age, he was witty, and he was skilful in

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[1] His sources are indicated in the notes that follow the text.
[2] Epigram 259.
[3] Notable examples are Epigrams 12 and 76.
[4] Epigram 43.
[5] Jonson, *Epigrams*, 4.
[6] Epigram 180.
[7] Epigram 423.

the manipulation of phrase. He was, with the probable exception of Ben Jonson, the most important of Elizabethan epigrammatists. His epigrams are more thoroughly English and less classical in tone and matter than Jonson's. They were, furthermore, much earlier than Jonson's, and were more influential in establishing the vogue of the epigram in the Court circle.[1] They are, in every respect, superior to the feeble efforts of Bastard and Weever, and even to the better work of Sir John Davies and Guilpin. What they did to establish the English satirical epigram as a literary form, and what they did to popularize epigrammatic terseness and vigor of expression, are matters solely of conjecture. That Harington was considered one of the greatest wits of his day, and that his epigrams were widely read and admired both before and after publication, there is not the slightest doubt. That belated Elizabethan, Charles Lamb, searching for superlatives wherewith to praise some of Coleridge's epigrams, concluded triumphantly: "Take 'em all together, they are as good as Harrington's."[2]

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[1] Harington's epigrams date from about 1585 to 1603. The dates are assigned, whenever possible, in the notes that follow the text. Jonson's epigrams were entered S. R. in 1612 and published in 1616. Though he wrote of them as "the ripest" of his studies, it is evident that some of them were written several years earlier, but certainly not as early as Harington's.

[2] *The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb*, ed. E. V. Lucas, 258.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

I. A. Orlando | Furioso | in English | Heroical verse, | By | *Iohn Harington*, [Richard Field, London, 1591].

Folio. Elaborate title-page engraved by Thomas Coxon. Forty-five full-page plates by an unknown engraver. As a preface Harington wrote his *Apologie of Poetrie*, which was reprinted in Joseph Haslewood's *Ancient Critical Essays*, London, 1811–1815, 2 vols., and in G. Gregory Smith's *Elizabethan Critical Essays*, Oxford, 1904, 2 vols.

B. Orlando | Furioso | in English | Heroical verse, By *Sir Iohn Harington* | *of Bathe Knight.* Now | secondly imprinted the yeere. 1607. [Richard Field for Iohn Norton and Simon Waterson].

A line-for-line reprint of the edition of 1591.

C. Orlando | Furioso | in | English Heroical | verse. By | *Sr Iohn Harington* | of Bathe Knight. Now thirdly revised and | amended with the Addition | of the Authors Epigrams. | London printed by G. Miller | for J. Parker 1634.

A line-for-line reprint of the edition of 1607.

II. The Englishmans Doctor. . . 1607.

W. C. Hazlitt enumerates six editions: 1607, two in 1608, 1609, 1617, 1624. The Henry E. Huntington Library contains a copy of an edition printed in Edinburgh, 1613. The 1608 edition, printed for John Helme and John Busby, was reprinted by P. B. Hoeber, New York, 1920.

III. A. Epigrammes by Sir J. H. and others. . .

Appended to "Alcilia, Philoparthens loving folly" by J. C., 1613. Printed by R. Hawkins. Of this edition only two copies are known. The British Museum copy lacks two of the three leaves containing epigrams by Harington and others. The Folger copy is not available for examination.

B. Epigrams | Both | Pleasant and Seriovs, | Written by that Allworthy Knight, | Sir Iohn Harrington: | and neuer before Printed.

| *Pro captu Lectoris habent sua fata libelli.* | [Device] | London | Imprinted for Iohn Budge, and are to be sold at his |shoppe at the South dore of Pauls, and | at Britaines Burse.| 1615.

4°. A-F4. Without pagination.

This edition contains 116 epigrams, all of which are included in the edition of 1618. All but sixteen of these (numbered, in the present edition, 279, 284, 289, 301, 302, 306, 309, 310, 312, 315, 321, 322, 327, 329, 342, 343) are to be found in Harington's autograph in British Museum Addit. MS. 12049. Two of these sixteen (Epigrams 289, 302,) appear in Harington's autograph in University Library Cambridge Addit. MS. 337. This edition is to be found in the Henry E. Huntington Library and in the Elizabethan Club Library, Yale University.

C. The | most elegant | and | witty epigrams | of Sir *Iohn Harrington, Knight,* | digested into fovre | Bookes: Three whereof neuer | *before published.* | Fama bonum quo non foelicius vllum. | [Device] | London | Printed by G. P. for *Iohn Budge:* and are to be | sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard at the signe | of the *Greene Dragon.* 1618.|

8°. A3; B-M8; N1. Without pagination.

This edition contains 346 epigrams, of which 116 are included in the edition of 1615. The ninety-two epigrams that comprise Book Four of the edition of 1618 are included in the 1615 edition with the single exception of Epigram 92. Despite the different arrangement of the epigrams and various phraseological changes it is probable that the same manuscript or manuscripts were used by the printer. A comparison of the two editions by forms proves that the earlier edition was not used by the type-setter in preparing the larger edition. Of the 346 epigrams in the 1618 edition, 329 appear in Harington's autograph in British Museum Addit. MS. 12049, and two others in University Library Cambridge Addit. MS. 337. This edition is to be found in the Henry E. Huntington Library. The present editor owns the copy formerly in the possession of Marsden J. Perry.

D. The | Most Elegant | *and* | Witty Epigrams | of | Sir *Iohn Harrington, Knight.* | Digested into Fovre | *Bookes.* | Fama bonum

quo non foelicius vllum. | [Device] | London | Printed by *T. S.* for *Iohn Budge:* and are to be | sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard at the | *signe of the Greene Dragon*, | 1625.

8°. A-L8; M4. Without pagination. This edition is a hurried and careless resetting from the 1618 edition. It is page-for-page and line-for-line reprint, except (1) for variations in the title page and preliminary matter; (2) that the last line on M4 recto is printed as the first line on the corresponding page (N verso) of the 1618 edition; and (3) that the last epigram (Book IV, number 92) is omitted. There are ten mistakes in catchwords in the 1618 edition; six of these are corrected in the 1625 edition; four were left uncorrected in the 1625 edition; and three new errors were made. The 1618 edition made two errors in the numbering of the epigrams; in the 1625 edition these errors remain uncorrected and numerous others were made. This edition is to be found in the Henry E. Huntington Library.

E. The | Most Elegant | and | Wittie Epigrams | of Sir Iohn Harington, Knight, | Digested into foure Bookes. |*Fama bonum quo non foelicius ullum.* | [Device] | London, | Printed by George Miller. | M D C XXXIII.

Folio. Oo4—Ss2. In sixes.

This edition is appended to the 1634 edition of *Orlando Furioso* and the signatures are continued throughout. It is a careful reprint of the 1625 edition.

IV. A. A | new Discourse | of a | stale subject | called the | Metamorphosis of Aiax. | Written by Misacmos, | to his friend and cousin Philostilpnos. | [Device]. At London: | Printed by Richard Field, dwelling in the Blackfriars | 1596.

8°. A-H8; I2.

Despite the fact that a licence for it had been refused, three editions appeared within the year; the first two were printed by Richard Field, and the third had no printer's and bookseller's name attached. (J. P. Collier, *The History of English Dramatic Poetry*, 1831, I, 305; see also Steevens, *Shakespeare*, 1793, V, 354). Edited by S. W. Singer, Chiswick Press, 1814.

B. The same with name of printer omitted.

C. The same.

V. An Anatomy of the Metamorphosed Ajax. Wherein by a Tripartite Method, is plainly, openly, and demonstratively declared, explained, and eliquidated, by Pen, Plot, and Precept, how unsavory Places can be made sweet, noisome Places made wholesome, filthy Places made cleanly. Published for the common benefit of builders, housekeepers, and house-owners. By T. C. Traveller, apprentice in poetry, practiser in music, professor of painting; the mother, daughter, and handmaid of all the muses, arts, and sciences.

Printed with IV, B and C, with continuous signatures. Edited by S. W. Singer, Chiswick Press, 1814.

VI. An Apologie; 1. Or rather a Retraction; 2. Or rather a Recantation; 3. Or rather a Recapitulation; 4. Or rather a Replication; 5. Or rather an Examination; 6. Or rather an Accusation; 7. Or rather an Explication; 8. Or rather an Exhortation; 9. Or rather a Consideration; 10. Or rather a Confirmation; 11. Or rather all of them; 12. Or rather none of them.

Since it was published without title-page, and commences on signature A a, it was intended to be bound with IV and V. Edited by S. W. Singer, Chiswick Press, 1814.

VII. Ulysses upon Ajax. Written by Misodiaboles to his friend Philaretes. [Device]. At London: Printed for Thomas Gubbins. 1596.

There are two editions of the same date bearing the name of Thomas Gubbins as publisher, but differing in the number of pages, in the typographical arrangement, and a few other trifling particulars. This pamphlet is not by Harington, but often attributed to him. Edited by S. W. Singer, Chiswick Press, 1814.

VIII. A. A Briefe View of the State of the Church of England as it stood in Q. Elizabeth's and King James his Reigne to the yeere 1608; being a character and history of the bishops of those times, and may serve as an additional supply to Doctor Goodwin's Catalogue of Bishops, 1653. Published by one of Harington's grandsons, John Chetwind.

B. Reprinted in *Nugae Antiquae*, edited by Henry Harington, Bath, 1779, 3 vols. Second edition, 1792.

C. Reprinted, with corrections, in *Nugae Antiquae*, edited by Thomas Park, London, 1804, 2 vols. Harington's autograph copy (British Museum, Royal MSS. 17 B xxii) was used in preparing this edition.

IX. A. Nugae Antiquae: being a Miscellaneous Collection of Original papers in Prose and Verse: Written in the Reigns of Henry VIII. Queen Mary, Elizabeth, King James, &c. By Sir John Harington, the Translator of Ariosto, and others who lived in those Times. Selected from Authentic Remains. By the Rev. Hen. Harington. A.M. of Queen's College, Oxon. and Minor Canon of the Cathedral Church of Norwich. London and Bath, 1779, 3 vols.

A first volume appeared in 1769, without the editor's name; a second volume, issued in 1775, bore Henry Harington's name on the title-page.

B. Reprint of A, 1792.

C. Edited and revised by Thomas Park, London, 1804, 2 vols.

X. View of the State of Ireland in 1605.
Edited by W. D. Macray, Oxford, 1879. From MS. Rawlinson B. 162, part 1.

XI. A Tract on the Succession to the Crown (A.D. 1602). By Sir John Harington, Kt., of Kelston. Printed for the first time from a manuscript in the chapter library at York, and edited with notes and introduction by Clements R. Markham. Printed for the Roxburghe Club. London, 1880.

The Text

The epigrams appear in four editions and two manuscripts. The first edition (1615) contains 116 epigrams, all of which are included in the first complete edition (1618) of 346 epigrams. All of these, with the exception of the last epigram, are included in the third edition (1625), which is a careless page-for-page and line-for-line reprint of the 1618 edition. The fourth edition (1633), which is a reprint of the 1625 edition, corrects a few of the more obvious errors. The two manuscripts, both in Harington's autograph, are British Museum Addit. MS. 12049 (herein designated A), which was written about 1606, and which contains 414 epigrams, and Cambridge University Library Addit. MS. 337 (herein designated B), which was written in 1600, and which contains 52 epigrams. MS. A contains all the epigrams in B, 329 of the 346 epigrams in 1618, and 85 epigrams not included in 1618. The text of both A and B is so different from that of 1615 and 1618 as to preclude the supposition that either manuscript was used in the preparation of either edition. Both 1615 and 1618 appear to be derived ultimately from the same manuscript.

The present text is based upon that of 1618. Since the two extant manuscripts, though both are in Harington's autograph, exhibit variant readings, and since A is apparently a careless transcript of various shorter manuscripts, one may assume that the 1618 edition, derived from a lost manuscript or manuscripts, presents a text which is as trustworthy as that of A and B, and which, moreover, possesses additional interest in that it offers a third version of many of the epigrams. Furthermore, to change the arrangement of the epigrams, which in the editions and the manuscripts is haphazard, would invalidate the many references to specific epigrams made in such works as Warton's *History of English Poetry*. Accordingly, the arrangement and numbering of the epigrams are unchanged, and, for convenience

of reference, independent numbers (1-428) have been added. The text of 1618 has been collated with the manuscripts, and variant readings are indicated in footnotes. The punctuation and spelling of the 1618 edition are retained except when the manuscripts offer necessary corrections. Epigrams 347-426 are here printed for the first time.

Sir John Haringtons Epigrams

THE EPISTLE TO ALL

Readers, that Epigrams must bee read attentiuely, that *Legere & non intellegere, est negligere*

1 *When in your hand you had this Pamphlet caught,*
Your purpose was to post it ouer speedie,
But change your minde, and feede not ouer-greedy:
Till in what sort, to feede you first be taught.
Suppose both first and second course be done,
No Goose, Porke, Capon, Snites, nor such as these,
But looke for fruit, as Nuts, and Parma-cheese,
And Comfets, Conserues, Raisons of the Sunne.
Then taste but few at once, feede not too fickle,
So shall you finde some coole, some warme, some biting,
Some sweet in taste, some sharpe, all so delighting,
As may your inward taste, and fancie tickle.
But though I wish Readers, with stomacks full,
Yet fast or come not, if your wits be dull.
For I had liefe you did sit downe and whistle,
As reading, not to reede. So ends th' Epistle.

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1 14 Yet fast or come not.] Yet fast nor come not, 1618 etc.

Booke I.

Agains MOMVS.

1 That his Poetrie shall be no fictions, but meere truths.

2 Scant wrate I sixteene lines, but I had newes,
Momus had found one fault, past all excuse,
That of *Epistle* I the name abuse.
No, gentle *Momus*, that is none abuse,
Without I call that *Gospel* that ensues,
But read to carpe, as still hath been thine vse;
Fret out thine heart to search, seeke, sift and pry,
Thy heart shall hardly giue my pen the ly.

2 Against Sextus, *a scorner of Writers.*

3 Of Writers, *Sextus* known a true despiser,
Saith that uppon our writings oft he lookes,
And yet confesseth he growes ne're the wiser.
But *Sextus*, where's the fault? not in our bookes.
No sure, tis in your selfe (Ile tell you why, sir)
Bookes giue not wisedome where was none before.
But where some is, there reading makes it more.

3 Against Lesbia, *both for her patience and impatience.*

4 *Lesbia*, I heard, how ere it came to passe,
That when old *Peleus* call'd thy Lord an Asse,
You did but smile; but when he cald him Oxe,
Straight-waies you curst him with all plagues & pox.
There is some secret cause why you allow
A man to scorne his braine, but not his brow.

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3 2 Saith that uppon] Affirmes, that on 1618 etc. 3 And yet confesseth] And confesseth 1618 etc. 5 why, sir)] wherefore) 1618 etc.

4 Of a poynted Diamond giuen by the Author to his wife, at the birth of his eldest sonne.

5 Deare, I to thee this Diamond commend,
In which, a modell of thy selfe I send,
How iust vnto thy ioynts this circlet sitteth,
So iust thy face and shape my fancy fitteth.
The touch will try this Ring of purest gold,
My touch tries thee as pure, though softer mold.
That metall precious is, the stone is true,
As true, as then how much more precious you?
The Gem is cleare, and hath nor needes no foyle,
Thy face, nay more, thy fame is free from soile.
Youle deem this deere, because from me you haue it,
I deem your faith more deer, because you gaue it.
This pointed Diamond cuts glasse and steele,
Your loues like force in my firme heart I feele.
But this, as all things else, time wasts with wearing,
Where you, my Iewels multiply with bearing.

5 Against Writers that carpe at other mens bookes.

6 The Readers, and the Hearers like my bookes,
But yet some Writers cannot them digest.
But what care I? For when I make a feast,
I would my Guests should praise it, not the Cookes.

6 Of a young Gallant.

7 You boast, that Noble men still take you vp,
That when they bowle or shoot, or hawke or hunt,
In Coach, or Barge, on horse thou still art wont,
To runne, ride, row with them, to dine or sup:
This makes you scorne those of the meaner sort,

---

5 4 fancy] fancies 1618 etc. 7 true,] true 1618 11 deere,] cleere, 1618 deare, 1633.

And thinke your credit doth so farre surmount;
Whereas indeed, of you they make no count,
But as they doe of hawkes and dogges, for sport.
Then vaunt not unto us this vayn renowne,
Lest we both take you vp, and take you downe.

7 To my Lady Rogers, *the Authors wiues mother, how Doctor* Sherwood *commended her house in Bathe.*

8 I newly had your little house erected,
In which I thought I had made good conueiance,
To vse each ease, and to shunne all annoyance,
And prayd a friend of iudgement not neglected,
To view the roomes, and let me know the faults.
He hauing view'd the lodgings, staires, and vaults,
Said all was excellent well, saue here and there.
You thinke he praysd your house. No, I doe sweare,
He hath disgrac'd it cleane, the case is cleere,
For euery roome is either there, or here.

8 Of Lesbia, *a great Lady.*

9 *Lesbia* doth laugh to heare sellers and buyers
Cald by this name, Substantiall occupyers:
Lesbia, the word was good while good folke vsd it,
You mard it that with *Chawcers* iest abusd it:
But good or bad, how ere the word be made,
Lesbia is loth perhaps to leaue the trade.

9 Of one that begd nothing, and had his sute granted.

10 When thou dost beg, and none begs more importunate,
And art deny'd, as none speeds more infortunate,

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7 8 Then vaunt not unto us this vayne renowne,] Then vaunt not thus of this your vaine renowne, 1618 etc.

8 Sherwood] Sherehood 1618 etc.

With one quaint phrase thou doost inforce thy begging,
My mind vnto thy suite in this sort egging.
Alas, sir this? Tis nothing, once deny me not.
Well then, for once content, henceforth bely me not.
Your words so wisely plaste, doe so inchaunt me,
Sith you doe nothing aske, I nothing graunt yee.

10 Another of asking nothing.

11 Some thinke thee *Lynus* of a Fryer begotten,
For still you beg where nothing can be gotten;
Yet oft you say, for so you haue been taught,
Sir, gaunt me this, tis but a thing of nought.
And when indeed you say so, I belieue it,
As nought, vnto a thing of nought I giue it.
Thus with your begging, you but get a mock,
And yet with begging, little mend your stock.
Leaue begging *Lynus* for such poore rewards,
Else some will begge thee in the Court of Wards.

11 Of liberality in giuing nothing.

12 I heare some say, and some belieue it too,
That craft is found eu'n in the clouted shoo:
Sure I haue found it with the losse of pence,
My Tenants haue both craft and eloquence.
For when one hath a suite before he aske it,
His Orator pleades for him in a basket.
Well Tenant well, he was your friend that taught you
This learn'd Exordium, *Master, here cha brought you.*
For with one courtesie and two Capons giuing,
Thou sauest ten pounds in buying of thy liuing.
Which makes me say, that haue obseru'd this quality,
In poore men not to giue, is liberallity.

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11 8 begging, little] begging little, 1618 1625 begging little 1633.
12 12 liberallity.] niggerality. 1618 etc.

12 Of learning nothing at a Lecture, vpon occasion of Dr. Reynolds *at Oxford, afore my Lord of Essex, and diuers Ladies and Courtiers, at the Queenes last beeing there, on these words: Idolum nihil est, An Idol is nothing.*

13 While I at Oxford stay'd, some few months since,
To see, and serue our deare & Soueraigne Prince,
Where graciously her Grace did see and show
The choisest fruits that learning could bestow,
I went one day to heare a learned Lecture
Read (as some said) by *Bellarmines* correcter,
And sundry Courtiers more then present were,
That vnderstood it well saue here and there:
Among the rest, one whom it least concerned,
Askt me what I had at the Lecture learned?
I that his ignorance might soone beguile,
Did say, I learned nothing all the while.
Yet did the Reader teach with much facilitie,
And I was wont to learne with some docilitie.
What learn'd you, Sir, (quoth he) in swearing moode?
I nothing learn'd, for nought I vnderstood,
I thanke my Parents, they, when I was yong,
Barr'd me to learne this Popish Romane tong,
And yet it seemes to me, if you say true,
I without learning learn'd the same that you.
Most true, said I, yet few dare call vs Fooles,
That this day learned nothing at the Schooles.

13 A Paradox of Doomes day.

14 Some Doctors deeme the day of Doome drawes neere:
But I can proue the contrary most cleere,
For at that day our Lord and Sauiour saith,
That he on earth shall scant finde any faith,
But in these daies it cannot be denyde,
All boast of onely faith and nought beside:
But if you seeke the fruit thereof by workes,
You shall finde many better with the Turkes.

14 Against a foolish Satyrist called Lynus.

15 Helpe, friends, I feele my credit lyes a bleeding,
For *Lynus*, who to me beares hate exceeding,
I heare against me is eu'n now a breeding
A bitter Satyr all of Gall proceeding:
Now sweet *Apollos* Iudge, to be his speeding,
For what he writes, I take no care nor heeding,
For none of worth wil think them worth the reeding.
So my friend *Paulus* censures them who sweares,
That *Lynus* verse suits best with *Mydas* eares.

15 Of a faire woman; translated out of Casaneus his Catalogus gloriae mundi.

16 These thirty things that *Hellens* fame did raise,
A Dame should haue that seeks for beuties praise:
Three bright, three blacke, three red, 3. short, 3. tall,
Three thick, three thin, three close, 3. wide, 3. small:
Her skin, and teeth, must be cleare, bright, and neat,
Her browes, eyes, priuy parts, as blacke as Ieat:
Her cheekes, lips, nayles, must haue vermillian hiew,
Her hands, hayre, height, must haue ful length to view.
Her teeth, foote, eares, all short, no length allowes,
Large brests, large hips, large space betweene the browes,
A narrow mouth, small waste, streight ( )
Her fingers, hayre, and lips, but thin and slender:
Thighs, belly, neck, should be full smooth and round,
Nose, head and teats, the least that can be found.
Sith few, or none, perfection such attaine,
But few or none are fayre, the case is plaine.

16 Of a Household fray friendly ended.

17 A man & wife stroue earst who should be masters,
And hauing chang'd between them hous-hold speeches,

The man in wrath broght forth a pair of wasters,—
& swore those 2. shuld proue who ware the breeches.
She that could break his head, yet giue him plasters,
Accepts the challenge, yet withall beseeches,
That she (as weakest) then might strike the first,
And let him ward, and after doe his worst.
He swore that shuld be so, as God should blesse him,
And close he lay him to the surest locke.
She flourishing as though she would not misse him,
Laid downe her cudgell, and with witty mocke,
She told him for his kindnes, she would kisse him,
That now was sworne to giue her neuer knocke.
You sware, said she, I should the first blow giue.
And I sweare I'le neuer strike you while I liue.
Ah flattring slut, said he, thou dar'st not fight.
I am no Larke, quoth she, man, doe not dare me,
Let me point time and place, as 'tis my right
By Law of challenge, and then neuer spare me.
Agreed, said he. Then rest (quoth she) to night,
To morrow at Cuckolds hauen, I'le prepare me.
Peace, wife, said he, wee'le cease all rage and rancor,
Ere in that Harbor I will ride at Ancor.

17 Of Blessing without a crosse.

18 A Priest that earst was riding on the way,
Not knowing better how to passe the day,
Was singing with himselfe Geneua Psalmes.
A blind man hearing him, straight beg'd an almes.
Man, said the Priest, from coyne I cannot part,
But I pray God blesse thee, with all my heart.
O, said the man, the poore may liue with losse,
Now Priests haue learn'd to Blesse without a crosse.

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17 1 masters,] master, 1618 10 surest] sured 1618 etc.

18 Of writing with a Double meaning.

19 A certaine man was to a Iudge complaining,
How one had written with a Double meaning.
Foole, said the Iudge, no man deserueth trouble,
For Double meaning, so he deale not Double.

19 Against Cosmus *a great Briber.*

20 This wicked age of ours complaines of Bribing,
The want of iustice most to that ascribing:
When Iudges, who should heare both with equalitie,
By one side brib'd, to that shew partialitie.
But *Cosmus* in this case doth well prouide,
For euer he takes Bribes, of euery side:
Wherefore on him complaine can no man rightly,
But that he still may sentence giue vprightly.
I first would chuse one that all Bribes doth loath,
I next could vse him that takes bribes of both.

20 Of a Precise Tayler.

21 A Taylor, thought a man of vpright dealing,
True, but for lying, honest, but for stealing,
Did fall one day extremely sicke by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance.
The Fiends of hell mustring in fearfull manner,
Of sundry coloured silke display'd a banner,
Which he had stolne, and wish't as they did tell,
That one day he might finde it all in hell.
The man affrighted at this apparision,
Vpon recouerie grew a great Precision.
Be bought a Bible of the new translation,
And in his life, he shew'd great reformation:
He walked mannerly, and talked meekely;
He heard three Lectures, and two Sermons weekely;

He vowed to shunne all companies vnruly,
And in his speech he vsde none oath, but truely:
And zealously to keepe the Sabboths rest,
His meate for that day, on the e'ue was drest.
And lest the custome, that hee had to steale,
Might cause him sometime to forget his zeale,
He giues his journeymen a speciall charge,
That if the stuffes allowance being large,
He found his fingers were to filch inclin'd,
Bid him but haue the Banner in his minde.
This done, I scant can tell the rest for laughter,
A Captaine of a Ship came three daies after,
And brought three yards of Veluet, & three quarters
To make Venetians downe below the garters.
He that precisely knew what was enuffe,
Soone slipt away three quarters of the stuffe.
His man espying it, said in derision,
Remember, Master, how you saw the vision.
Peace (knaue) quoth he, I did not see one ragge
Of such a colour'd silke in all the flagge.

21 Of one Paulus *a great man that expected to be followed.*

22 Proud *Paulus* late aduanc't to high degree,
Expects that I should now his follower be.
Glad I would be to follow ones direction,
By whom my honest suits might have protection.
But I sue *Don Fernandos* heyre for land,
Against so great a Peere he dare not stand.
A Bishop sues me for my tithes, that's worse,
He dares not venter on a Bishops curse.
Sergeant Erifilus beares me old grudges,
Yea but, saith *Paulus*, *Sergeants* may be Iudges.
Pure *Cinna* o're my head would begge my Lease.

---

21 1 Taylor, thought a man of] Tayler a man of an 1618 Taylor, a man of an 1633.

Who? My Lord—? Man, O hold your peace.
Rich widdow *Lesbia* for a slander sues me.
Tush for a womans cause, he must refuse me.
Then farewell frost: *Paulus*, henceforth excuse me,
For you that are your selfe thrall'd to so many,
Shall neuer be my good Lord, if I haue any.

22 Of a terrible Temporall non-resident.

23 Old *Cosmus* hath of late got one lewd qualitie,
To rayle at some that haue the cure of soules,
And his pure sprite their auarice controules,
That in their liuings is such inequalitie,
That they that can, keepe no good hospitalitie,
And some that would, whose fortune he condoles,
Want meanes: which comes, he sayes, in generalitie,
Because of these same *Totquots*, and Pluralitie;
Affirming as a sentence full discust,
One Clergie man haue but one liuing must.
But he, besides his sundry ciuill offices,
Hath bought in fee, fiue fat Impropriations,
Twelue Patronages rights, or Presentations,
All which he keepes, yet preaches not nor prophesies.
Wel *Cosmus* hold thy tong, else some wil scoffe at this.
Thoud'st haue vs thinke a Priest should haue but one,
Wee'le thinke, nay say, nay sweare thou shouldst haue none.
Ill suites it thee to blame them for *non Residents*,
That giuest thereof such foule and shamefull Presidents.

---

22 11 Lease.] Lease, 1618 etc. 12 Who? My Lord—?] Who my Lord.— 1618 etc.

23 4 can, keepe] can keepe, 1618 1625 can keepe 1633.
12 bought] brought 1618 1625
18 Ill suites it thee, to blame them for *non Residents*,] Il sutes it thee to blame, then for *non-Residents* 1618 1625

23 A Tale of a Rosted Horse.

24 One Lord, 2. Knights, 3. Squires, 7. Dames at least,
My kind friend *Marcus* bade vnto his Feast,
Where were both Fish and Flesh, and all acates,
That men are wont to haue that feast great States.
To pay for which, next day he sold a Nagge,
Of whose pace, colour, Raine, he vs'd to bragge.
Well, Ile ne're care for red, or fallow Deere,
If that a horse thus cookt can make such cheere.

24 Of Madam Dondrages *with her faire brest.*

25 A Fauorite of *Charles* late King of France,
Disporting with the King one day by chance,
Madam *Dondrages* came among the rest,
All bare, as still she vsed, all her brest.
The King would needs haue notice of his Minion;
Of this free Dame what was his franke opinion?
I say, and dare affirme, my liege, quoth he,
That if the crupper like the pettrell be,
None but a king I worthy can account,
Vpon so braue a trapped beast to mount.

25 The Author to his wife, of a womans eloquence.

26 My *Mall*, I mark that when you mean to proue me
To buy a Veluet gowne, or some rich border,
Thou calst me good sweet heart, thou swearst to loue me,
Thy locks, thy lips, thy looks, speak all in order,
Thou think'st, and right thou think'st, that these doe moue me,

---

24 8 If that a horse] And if a horse 1618 etc.

25 9 None but a king I worthy can account,] A King a Loue I worthy can account, 1618 etc.

That all these seuerally thy sute do forder:
But shall I tell thee what most thy suit aduances?
Thy faire smoothe words? no, no, thy faire smooth hanches.

26 Of Peleus *ill-fortune in burying his friends.*

27 Old *Peleus* plaines his fortune and ill chaunce,
That still he brings his friends vnto the graue.
Good *Peleus*, I would thou hadst led the daunce,
And I had pointed thee what friends to haue.

27 To my Lady Rogers, *of breaking her bitches legge.*

28 Last night you laid it (Madam) in our dish,
How that a mayd of ours, whom we must check,
Had broke your bitches legge, I straight did wish
The baggage rather broken had her neck:
You tooke my answer well, and all was whish.
But take me right, I meant in that I said,
Your baggage bitch, and not my baggage mayd.

28 Of Paying.

29 A Captaine late arriu'd from losse of *Sluce*,
Hearing some friend of mine did him abuse,
Vow'd he would pay him when he met him next.
My friend with these great threats nothing perplext,
Prayd that the promise faild not of fulfilling,
For three yeeres past he lent him fortie shilling.

---

26 5 me,] me 1618 etc. 6 forder:] furder: B further: 1618 etc.

27 3 Good] God 1618.

29 The Author, of his own fortune.

Take fortune as it falles, as one aduiseth:
Yet *Heywood* bids me take it as it riseth:
And while I think to doe as both doe teach,
It falles and riseth quite beside my reach.

30 Of the cause of dearth.

I heare our Country neighbors oft complaine,
Their fruits are still destroyd with too much raine:
Some gesse by skill of Starres, and Science vaine,
Some watry Planet in the heauens doth raigne:
No, Sinne doth raigne on earth, the cawse is plaine;
Which if we would repent, and then refraine,
The skyes would quickly keepe their course againe.
Now that with lewdnesse we be luld asleepe,
The heauens, to see our wickednesse, doe weepe.

31 To Sir Hugh Portman, *in supping alone in too much company.*

When you bade forty guests, to me vnknowne,
I came not, though you twice for me did send,
For which you blame me as a sullen friend.
Sir, pardon me, I list not suppe alone.

32 Of Sextus, *a bad husband.*

Had I, good *Sextus*, well considered first,
And better thought on phrases of ciuilitie,
When I said, you of husbands were the worst,
I should haue said, excepting the Nobilitie.

---

31 5 cawse] case 1618 etc.

Well, now, to speak more mannerly and true,
The Nobles, and great States-men, all foreprised,
An husband worse then you, I neuer knew.
Then mend, yet thus in mending be aduised:
Be no good husband, for as some haue thought,
Husbands that will be good, make huswifes nought.

33 Of writing with double pointing. It is said, that King Edward *of Carnaruan lying at Berkly Castle prisoner, a Cardinall wrote to his Keeper,* Edwardum occidere noli, timere bonum est, *which being read with the point at* timere, *it cost the King his life. Here ensues as doubtfull a point, but I trust, not so dangerous.*

34 Dames are indude with vertues excellent?
What man is he can proue that they offend?
Daily they serue the Lord with good intent:
Seld they displease their husbands: to their end
Alwaies to please them well they doe intend.
Neuer in them one shall finde shrewdnes much.
Such are their humors, and their grace is such.

34 To my Lady Rogers.

35 Good Madame, in this verse obserue one point,
That it seemes the Writer did appoint
With smoothest oyle of praise your eares to noynt;
Yet one his purpose soone may disappoint.
For in this verse displacing but a point,
Will put this verse so clearely out of ioynt,
That all this praise will scant be worth a point.

---

33 5 Well, now,] Well, none, 1618 etc.

35 5 displacing] disparting 1618 etc.

35 To her Daughter, vpon the same point, reading the same verse with another point.

36 Dames are indude with vertues excellent?
What man is he can proue that? they offend
Daily: they serue the Lord with good intent
Seld: they displease their husbands to their end
Alwaies: to please them well they doe intend
Neuer: in them one shall find shrewdnesse much.
Such are their humors, and their graces such.

36

37 My *Mall*, the former verses this may teach you,
That som deceiue, some are deceiu'd by showes.
For this verse in your praise, so smooth that goes,
With one false point and stop, did ouer-reach you,
And turne the praise to scorne, the rimes to prose,
By which you may be slanderd all as Shrowes:
And some, perhaps, may say, and speake no treason,
The verses had more rime, the prose more reason.

37 Comparison of the Sonnet, and the Epigram.

38 Once, by mishap, two Poets fell a-squaring,
The Sonnet, and our Epigram comparing;
And *Faustus*, hauing long demurd vpon it,
Yet, at the last, gaue sentence for the Sonnet.
Now, for such censure, this his chiefe defence is,
Their sugred taste best likes his likresse senses.
Well, though I grant Sugar may please the taste,
Yet let my verse haue salt to make it last.

38 Of an accident of saying grace at the Lady Rogers, *who vsed to dine exceeding late. Written to his wife.*

39 My *Mall*, in your short absence from this place,
My selfe here dining at your mothers bord,

Your little sonne did thus begin his grace;
The eyes of all things looke on thee, ô Lord,
And thou their foode doost giue them in due season.
Peace boy, quoth I, not more of this a word,
For in this place, this Grace hath little reason:
When as we speake to God, we must speake true.
And though the meat be good in taste and season,
This season for a dinner is not due:
Then peace, I say, to lie to God is treason.
Say on, my boy, saith shee, your father mocks,
Clownes, and not Courtiers, vse to goe by clocks.
Courtiers by clocks, said I, and Clownes by cocks.
Now, if your mother chide with me for this,
Then you must reconcile vs with a kisse.

39 Of Don Pedro *and his Poetry.*

40 Sir, I shall tell you newes, except you know it,
Our noble friend *Don Pedro*, is a Poet.
His verses all abroad are read and showne,
And he himselfe doth sweare they are his owne.
His owne? tis true, for he for them hath paid
Two crownes a Sonnet, as I heard it said.
So *Ellen* hath faire teeth, that in her purse
She keepes all night, and yet sleepes ne're the worse.
So widdow *Lesbia*, with her painted hide,
Seem'd, for the time, to make a handsome bride.
If *Pedro* be for this a Poet cald,
So you may call one hairie that is bald.

40 A comfort for poore Poets.

41 Poets, henceforth, for pensions need not care,
Who call you beggers, you may call them lyers,
Verses are growne such merchantable ware,
That now for Sonnets, sellers are, and buyers.

---

41 1 henceforth,] hereafter, 1618 1625 hereafter 1633.

41 Against a foolish Satyrist.

42 I read that Satyre thou intitlest first,
And layd aside the rest, and ouer-past,
And sware, I thought, that th' author was accurst,
That that first Satyre had not been his last.

42 An Epitaph in commendation of George Turberuill, *a learned Gentleman.*

43 When rimes were yet but rude, thy pen endeuored
To pollish Barbarisme with purer stile:
When times were grown most old, thy heart perseuered
Sincere & iust, vnstaind with gifts or guile.
Now liues they soule, though from thy corps disseuered,
There high is blisse, here cleare in fame the while;
To which I pay this debt of due thanks-giuing,
My pen doth praise thee dead, thine grac'd me liuing.

43 To the Queenes Maiestie, when shee found fault with some particular matters in Misacmos Metamorphosis.

44 Dread Soueraign, take this true, though poore excuse,
Of all the errors of *Misacmos* Muse,
A hound that of a whelpe my selfe hath bred,
And at my hand and table taught and fed,
When other curres did fawne and flatter coldly,
Did spring and leape, and play with me too boldly:
For which, although my Pages check and rate him,
Yet stil my self doth much more loue then hate him.

44 To the ladies of the Queenes Priuy-Chamber, at the making of their perfumed priuy at Richmond.

The Booke hanged in chaines saith thus:

45 Faire Dames, if any tooke in scorne, and spite
Me, that *Misacmos* Muse in mirth did write,

To satisfie the sinne, loe, here in chaines,
For aye to hang, my Master he ordaines.
Yet deeme the deed to him no derogation,
But deign to this deuice new commendation,
Sith here you see, feele, smell that his conueyance
Hath freed this noysome place from all annoyance.
Now iudge you, that the work mock, enuie, taunt,
Whose seruice in this place may make most vaunt:
If vs, or you, to praise it, were most meet,
You, that made sowre, or vs, that make it sweet?

45 To Master Cooke, *the Queenes Atturney, that was incited to call* Misacmos *into the Starre-chamber, but refused it; saying, he that could giue another a Venue, had a sure ward for himselfe.*

46 Those that of dainty fare make deare prouision,
If some bad Cookes marre it with dressing euill,
Are wont to say in iest, but iust derision,
The meat from God, the Cookes came from the diuell.
But, if this dish, though draffe in apparision,
Were made thus sawst, a seruice not vnciuill,
Say ye that taste, and not digest the Booke,
The Dee'le go with the meat, God with the Cooke.

46 Against Lynus, *a Wryter, that found fault with the* Metamorphosis.

47 *Lynus*, to giue to me a spightfull frumpe,
Said that my writings sauourd of the Pumpe,
And that my Muse, for want of matter, takes
An Argument to write of from the Iakes.
Well, *Lynus*, speake each Reader as he thinks,
Though thou of Scepters wrat'st, and I of sinks,
Yet some will say, comparing both together,
My wit brings matter thence, thine matter thither.

---

45 6 deign] doome 1618 etc.

47 Of Garlick to my Lady Rogers.

48 If Leekes you like, and doe the smell disleeke,
Eate Onions, and you shall not smell the Leeke:
If you of Onions would the sent expell,
Eate Garlick, that will drowne th' Onyons smell.
But sure, gainst Garlicks sauour, at one word,
I know but one receit, what's that? (go looke.)

48 A dish of dainties for the Diuell.

49 A godly Father, sitting on a draught,
To doe as need, & Nature hath vs taught,
Mumbled, as was his manner, certaine prayers:
And vnto him, the Diuell straight repaires,
And boldly to reuile him he begins,
Alleaging, that such prayers are deadly sinnes;
And that it prou'd he was deuoyd of grace,
To speake to God in so vnfit a place.
The reuerend man, though at the first dismayd,
Yet strong in faith, thus to the Diuell said;
Thou damned Spirit, wicked, false, and lying,
Despayring thine owne good, and ours enuying:
Each take his due, and me thou canst not hurt,
To God my prayer I meant, to thee the durt.
Pure prayer ascends to him that high doth sit.
Downe falls the filth, for fiends of hell more fit.

49 Of Don Pedro *his sweet breath.*

50 How ist, *Don Pedros* breath is still perfum'd,
And that he neuer like himselfe doth smell?
I like it not, for still it is presum'd;
Who smelleth euer well, smells neuer well.

50 Misacmos *against his Booke.*

51 The Writer and the matter well might meet,
Were he as eloquent, as it is sweet.

51 Of Cloacina *and* Sterquitius.

52 The Romanes euer counted superstitious
Adored with high titles of Diuinitie,
Dame *Cloacina*, and the Lord *Sterquitius*,
Two persons in their State of great affinitie.
But we, that scorne opinions so pernitious,
Are taught by Truth well try'd, t'adore the Trinitie.
And, who-so care of true Religion takes,
Wil think such Saints wel shrined in A I A X.

52 To the Queene when she was pacified, and had sent Misacmos *thankes for the inuention.*

53 A Poet once of *Traian* begd a Lease,
(*Traian*, terror of Warre, mirror of Peace)
And doubting how his writings were accepted,
'Gainst which he heard some Courtiers had excepted,
He came to him, and with all due submission,
Deliuered this short Verse, with this Petition:
Deare Soueraigne, if you like not of my Writings,
Grant this sweet cordiall to a spirit daunted.
But if you reade, and like my poore enditings,
Then for reward let this small sute be granted.
Of which short Verse, I finde insu'd such fruit,
The Poet of the Prince obtain'd his sute.

53 A Poets Priuiledge.

54 Painters and Poets claime by old enroulement,
A Charter, to dare all without controulement.

---

53 4 excepted,] excepted; 1618 etc. 12 Poet] Poet, 1618.

54 *To* Faustus.

55 *Faustus* findes fault, my Epigrams are short,
Because to reade them, he doth make some sport:
I thanke thee, *Faustus*, though thou iudgest wrong,
Ere long I'le make thee sweare they be too long.

55 *Against* Faustus.

56 What is the cause, *Faustus*, that in dislike
Proud *Paulus* still doth touch thee with a Pike?
It breedeth in my minde a great confusion,
To thinke what he should meane by such allusion.
Trowst thou hee meanes, that thou mightst make a Pikeman?
That cannot be, for that thou art no like man.
Thy crazed bones cannot endure the shocke,
Besides, his manner is to speake in mocke.
Or ist, because the Pike's a greedy Fish,
Deuoures as thou dost many a dainty Dish?
And in another sort, and more vnkinde,
Wilt bite, and spoile those of thy proper kinde;
Or doth he meane thou art a quarrell-piker,
That amongst men, wert neuer thought a striker?
In this he sayes, thou art a Christian brother,
That stricken on one eare, thou turnest tother.
Or doth he meane that thou would'st picke a thanke?
No sure, for of that fault I count thee franke.
How can thy tale to any man be gratefull,
Whose person, manners, face and all's so hatefull?
Then *Faustus*, I suspect yet one thing worse,
Thou hast pickt somwhat else. What's that? a purse?

56 Of *mis-conceiving*.

57 Ladies you blame my verses of scurrilitie,
While with the double sense you were deceiu'd.

---

56 4 allusion.] elusion. 1618 etc. 16 turnest tother.] turnest the other. 1618 1625 turn'st the other. 1633.

Now you confesse them free from inciuilitie,
Take heede henceforth you be not misconceiu'd.

57 How the Bathe is like Purgatory.

58 Whether it be a Fable, or a Story,
That *Beda* and others write of Purgatory:
I know no place that more resemblance hath
With that same Purgatory, then the Bathe.
Men there with paines, doe purge their passed sinnes,
Many with paines, purge here their parched skins:
Frying and freezing are the paines there told,
Here the chiefe paine, consists in heate and cold.
Confused cryes, vapour and smoke and stinke,
Are certaine here: that there they are, some thinke.
There fire burnes Lords and Lowts without respect,
Our water for his force workes like effect:
Thence none can be deliuered without praying,
Hence no man is deliuered without paying.
But once escaped thence, hath sure saluation,
But those goe hence, still feare recidiuation.

58 Of going to Bathe.

59 A common phrase long vsed here hath beene,
And by prescription now some credit hath:
That diuers Ladies comming to the Bathe,
Come chiefely but to see, and to be seene.
But if I should declare my conscience briefely,
I cannot thinke that is their Arrant chiefely.
For as I heare that most of them haue dealt,
They chiefely came to feele, and to be felt.

59 Of Plaine dealing.

60 My writings oft displease you: what's the matter?
You loue not to heare truth, nor I to flatter.

---

58 10 thinke.] thinke 1618.

60 *Against* Paulus.

61 Because in these so malecontented times,
I please my selfe with priuate recreation;
In reading or in sweetest contemplation,
Or writing sometime prose, oft pleasant rimes:
Paulus, whom I haue thought my friend sometimes,
Seekes all he may to taint my reputation:
Not with complaints, nor any haynous crimes,
But onely saying in his scoffing fashion,
These writers that still sauour of the schooles,
Frame to themselues a Paradice of fooles.
But while he scornes our mirth and plaine simplicitie,
Himselfe doth sayle to *Affricke* and to *Ind.*
And seekes with hellish paines, yet doth not finde
That blisse, in which he frames his wise felicitite.
Now which of twaine is best, some wise man tell,
Our Paradice, or else wise *Paulus* hell.

61 *Of* Caius *hurts in the warre.*

62 *Caius* of late return'd from Flemmish warres,
Of certaine little scratches beares the skarres,
And for that most of them are in his face,
With *tant plus beau* hee showes them for his grace.
Yet came they not by dint of Pike, or Dart,
But with a pot, a pint, or else a quart.
But he ne're makes his boast, how, and by whom
He hath receiu'd a greater blow at home.

62 *Of two Welsh Gentlemen.*

63 I heard among some other pretty Tales,
How once there were two Gentlemen of Wales,

---

61 12 to *Ind.*] *Ind.* 1618. 15 man] men 1618.
62 7 whom] whom, 1618.

Of Noble bloud, discended of his House
That from our Ladies gowne did take a Louse.
These two (thus goes the tale) vpon a day,
Did hap to trauell vpon London way;
And for 'twas cumbersome to weare a boote,
For their more ease, they needs would walke afoote.
Their fare was dainty, and of no small cost,
For euery meale they call'd for bak't and rost.
And lest they should their best apparell lacke,
Each of them bore his Wardrobe at his backe.
Their Arrant was, but sore against their wils,
To Westminster to speake with Master *Milles*.
No maruell men of such a sumptuous Dyet,
Were brought into Star-chamber for a Ryot.
These Squires one night arriued at a towne,
To looke their lodgings, when the Sun was downe.
And for the Inne-keeper his gates had locked,
In haste, like men of some account they knocked.
The drowsie Chamberlaine doth aske who's there.
They told that Gentlemen of Wales they were.
How many, quoth the man, is there of you?
Quoth they, Here is *Iohn ap Rice*, *ap Iones*, *ap Hue*,
And *Nicholas ap Steuen*, *ap Giles*, *ap Dauy*.
Then Gentlemen, adue, quoth he, God saue ye.
Your Worships might haue had a bed or twaine,
But how can that suffice so great a traine?

63 To *Master* Maior *of Bathe, that Bathe is like Paradice.*

64 Sir, if you either angry were or sory,
That I haue lik'ned Bathe to Purgatory:
Loe, to re-gaine your fauour in a trice,
I'le proue it much more like to Paradice.
Man was at first in Paradice created,

---

63 3 House] House, 1618 16 into] into the 1618 etc.

Many men still in Bathe are procreated.
Man liu'd there in state of Innocence,
Here many liue in wit, like Innocents.
There sprang the heads of foure most noble streames:
From hence flow springs, not matcht in any Realmes.
Those springs & fruits, brought helpe for each disease.
These vnto many maladies bring ease.
Man, there was monylesse, naked and poore.
Many goe begging here from dore to dore.
Man there did taste the Tree he was forbidden.
Here many men taste fruits, makes them be chidden.
Angels dwell there in pure and shining habit.
Angel-like faces some this place inhabit.
Angels let in all are admitted thither,
Angels keepe in all are admitted hither.
If hymnes wer thear by Adam sung and Heva,
Heer knights and ladies psalmes sing of Geneva.
Many are said to goe to heauen from thence,
Many are sent to heauen, or hell, from hence.
But in this one thing likenesse most is fram'd,
That Men in Bathe goe naked, not asham'd.

64 Of Don Pedro's *debts.*

65 *Don Pedro's* out of debt, be bold to say it,
For they are said to owe, that meane to pay it.

65 Of one that vow'd to dis-inherit his sonne, and giue his goods to the poore.

66 A citizen that dwelt neere Temple-barre,
By hap one day fell with his Soone at Iarre;
Whom for his euille life, and lewd demerit,

---

64 18 Angel-like faces] Angels like faces, 1618 1625 Angels-like faces 1633
21 and 22 are omitted 1618 etc.

He oft affirm'd, he would quite dis-inherit,
And vow'd his goods, and lands, all to the poore.
His sonne what with his play, what with his whore,
Was so consum'd at last, as he did lacke
Meate for his mouth, and clothing for his backe.
O craftie pouerty! his father now
May giue him all he hath, yet keepe his vow.

66 *Of a Precise Cobler, and an ignorant Curat.*

A Cobler, and a Curat, once disputed
Afore a Iudge, about the Queenes Iniunctions,
And sith that still the Curat was confuted,
One said 'twas fit that they two changed functions.
Nay, said the Iudge, that motion much I lothe,
But if you will, wee'le make them Coblers both.

67 *Of* Lynus *Poetrie.*

When *Lynus* thinkes that he and I are friends,
Then all his Poems vnto me he sends:
His Disticks, Satyrs, Sonnets, and Exameters,
His Epigrams, his Lyricks, his Pentameters.
Then I must censure them, I must correct them,
Then onely I must order, and direct them.
I read some three or foure, and passe the rest,
And when for answere, I by him am prest,
I say, that all of them, some praise deserue,
For certaine vses I could make them serue.
But yet his rime is harsh, vneu'n his number,
The manner much, the matter more, doth cumber.
His words too strange, his meanings are too mistick,
But at one word, I best indure his Disticke:

---

66 5 poore.] poore, 1618 etc. 9 now] now, 1618.

And yet, might I perswade him in mine humor,
Not to affect vaine praise of common rumor,
Then should he write of nothing: for indeede,
Gladly of nothing I his verse would reade.

68 Of one that seekes to be stellified being no Pithagorian.

69 An vse there was among some Pithagorians,
If we giue credit to the best Historians:
How they that would obserue the course of Starres,
To purge the vapors, that our cleere sight barrs,
And bring the braine vnto a settled quiet,
Did keepe a wondrous strict and sparing dyet,
Drinke water from the purest heads of springs,
Eate Hearbs and Flowers, not taste of liuing things:
And then to this scant fare, their bookes applying,
They call'd this sparing Dyet, Stellifying.
Then thinkest thou, professed Epicure,
That neuer couldest vertuous paines endure,
That eat'st fat Venson, bowzest Claret Wine,
Do'st play till twelue, and sleepe till after nine,
And in a Coach like *Vulcans* sonne dost ride,
That thou art worthy to be stellified?

69 Against Momus.

70 Lewd *Momus* loues mens liues and lines to skan,
Yet said (by chance) I was an honest man.
But yet one fault of mine, he strait rehearses,
Which is, I am so full of toyes and verses.
True, *Momus*, true, that is my fault, I grant.
Yet when thou shalt thy chiefest vertue vaunt,
I know some worthy Sprites one might entice,
To leaue that greatest Vertue for this Vice.

---

68 12 more,] both 1618 etc.

69 4 barrs,] tarres, 1618 etc.

70 1 loves] loves, 1618. 8 Vertue] Vertue,] 1618.

70 Of Galla, *and her Tawny fanne.*

71 When *Galla* and my selfe doe talke together,
Her face she shroudes with fanne of tawny Fether,
And while my thought somewhat thereof deuiseth,
A double doubt within my minde ariseth:
As first, her skin or fanne which looketh brighter,
And second whether those her looks be lighter,
Then that same Plume wherwith her looks were hidden.
But if I cleer'd these doubts, I should be chidden.

71 To his Wife for striking her Dogge.

72 Your little Dogge that barkt as I came by,
I strake by hap so hard, I made him cry,
And straight you put your finger in your eye,
And lowring sate. I askt the reason why.
Loue me, and loue my Dogge, thou didst reply:
Loue as both should be lou'd. I will, said I,
And seald it with a kisse. Then by and by,
Cleer'd were the clouds of thy faire frowning sky.
Thus small euents, great masteries may try.
For I by this, doe at their meaning ghesse,
That beate a Whelpe afore a Lyonesse.

72 Against a Wittall Broker that set his wife to sale.

73 I see thee sell Swords, Pistols, Clokes, and Gowns,
With Dublets, Slops, & they that pay thee crowns
Doe, as 'tis reason, beare away the ware,
Which to supply, is thy continuall care.
But thy wiues ware, farre better rate doth hold,

---

72 4 sate. I] sate, and 1618 etc.

73 2 crownes] crowns; 1618 crownes, 1633.

Which vnto sundry chapmen's dayly sold.
Her Fayre lasts all the yeere, and doth not finish,
Nor doth her ware ought lessen, or diminish.

73 Of his translation of Ariosta.

74 I spent some yeeres, & months, & weeks, and dayes,
In Englishing the Italian *Ariost.*
And straight some offered Epigrams in praise
Of that my thankelesse paines, and fruitlesse cost.
But while this offer did my spirits raise,
And that I told my friend thereof in boste:
He disapprou'd the purpose many wayes,
And with this prouerbe prou'd it labour lost:
Good Ale doth need no signe, good Wine no bush,
Good verse of praisers, needs not passe a rush.

74 Of Cinna's *Election.*

75 Pvre *Cinna* makes no question he's elect,
Yet lewdly liues: I might beleeue him better,
If he would change his life, or change one letter,
And say that he is sure he is eiect.
An holy, true, and long preserued purity,
May hap, and but perhap breede such securitie.

75 The Author to a Daughter of nine yeere olde.

76 Though pride in Damsels is a hatefull vice,
Yet could I like a Noble-minded Girle,
That would demand me things of costly price,
Rich Veluet gownes, pendents, and chaines of Pearle,
Carknets of Aggats, cut with rare deuice,
Not that hereby she should my minde entice
To buy such things against both wit and profit,
But I like well she should be worthy of it.

---

74 6 boste:] post: 1618 etc.

76 *To the Earle of Essex, of one enuious of* Ariosto *translated.*

77 My Noble Lord, some men haue thought me proud,
Because my *Furioso* is so spred,
And that your Lordship hath it seene and read,
And haue my veine, and paine therein alowd.
No sure, I say, and long time since haue vowd,
My fancies shall not with such baits be fed,
Nor am I fram'd so light in foote or head,
That I should daunce at sound of praises crow'd:
Yes I'le confesse this pleas'd me when I heard it,
How one that euer carpes at others writings,
Yet seldome any showes of his enditings:
With much adoe gaue vp this hungry verdit,
'Twas well he said, but 'twas but a translation.
Is't not a Ramme that buts of such a fashion?

77 *Of a speechlesse woman. To his wife.*

78 A curst wife, of her husbands dealings doubting,
At his home comming silent was and mute,
And when with kindnesse he did her salute,
She held her peace, and lowring sate and pouting,
Which humor that he thought to check with flouting:
He caus'd one secretly to raise a brute
That she lay speechlesse: straight the Bell doth toule,
And men deuoutly giuen, pray'd for her soule.
Then some kinde Gossips made a speciall sute
To visit her, her hard case to condole:
She wondred at the cause: but when she knew it,
From that time forward, so her tongue did role,
That her good man did wish he had been breechlesse,
When first he gaue it forth, that she was speechlesse.
Well then, my *Moll*, lest my mis-hap be such,
Be neuer dumbe, yet neuer speake too much.

78 Of a donne Horse.

79 When you and I, *Paulus*, on Hackneyes hyred,
Rode late to *Rochester*, my Hackney tired:
You that will lose a friend, to coine a iest
Play'd thus on me, and my poore tyred beast.
Marke, in *Misacmos* Horse a wondrous change,
A sudden Metamorphosis most strange.
His horse was bay at rising of the Sunne,
And now you plain, may see his Horse is donn.
Well, Paulus, thus with me you please to sport,
But thus againe, your skoff I can retort.
Your haire was blacke and therein was your glory:
But in two yeeres, it grew all gray and hory.
Now like my Hackney worne with too much trauell,
Mired in the clay, or tired in the grauell.
While two yeere, more ouer your head are runne,
Your haire is neither blacke nor gray, 'tis donne.

79 Of Leda *that plaid at Tables with her Husband.*

80 If tales are told of *Leda* be not Fables,
Thou with thy Husband do'st play false at Tables.
First, thou so cunningly a Die canst slurre,
To strike an Ace so dead, it cannot sturre.
Then play thou for a pound, or for a pin,
High men or low men, still are foysted in.
Thirdly though, for free entrance is no fearing,
Yet thou dost ouerreach him still at bearing:
If poore Almes-ace, or Sincts, haue beene the cast,
Thou bear'st too many men, thou bear'st too fast.

---

79 Heading *Of a donne Horse.*] *Of a dumbe Horse.* 1618 1625 *Of a dun horse.* 1633 1 on Hackneyes hyred,] once Hackneys hired, 1618 etc. 7 His horse was bay] His horseway lay 1618 1625 His horse was gray 1633 8 donne.] downe. 1618 1625 dun. 1633.

80 6 High men or] High men are 1618 7 though,] through, 1618 etc.

Well, *Leda*, heare my counsell, vse it not.
Else your faire game may haue so foule a blot,
That he to lose, or leaue, will first aduenture,
Then in so shamefull open points to enter.

80 Of Soothsaying, to the Queene of England.

81 Might Queenes shun future mischiefe by foretelling,
Then among Soothsayers 'twere excellent dwelling:
But if there be no means, such harms expelling,
Knowledge makes the grief, the more excelling.
Well, yet deare Liege, my soule this comfort doth.
That of these Soothsayers very few say sooth.

81 How an Asse may proue an Elephant.

82 It hath beene said, to giue good spirits hope,
A Knight may proue a King, a Clarke, a Pope.
But our yong spirits disdaining all old Rules,
Compar'd by holy Writ, to Horse and Mules:
'Tis vaine with ancient Prouerbs, to prouoke
To vertuous course, with these such beare no stroke.
Then their old pride, let my new Prouerb dant,
An Asse may one day proue an Elephant.

82 Of a Precise Lawyer.

83 A Lawyer called vnto the Barre but lately,
Yet one that lofty bare his lookes, and stately,
And how so e're his minde was in sinceritie,
His speech and manners shew'd a great austeritie.
This Lawyer hapt to be a bidden ghest,
With diuers others to a Gossips feast.

---

83 5 hapt] hop'd 1618 etc.

Where though that many did by entercourse,
Exchange sometimes from this, to that discourse:
Yet one bent brow, and frowne of him was able,
To gouerne all the talke was at the table.
His manner was, perhaps to helpe digestion,
Still to Diuinitie to draw each question:
In which his tongue extrauagant would range,
And he pronounced Maxims very strange.
First, he affirmd, it was a passing folly,
To thinke one day more then another holy.
If one said Michaelmas, straight he would chide,
And tell them they must call it Michaels tide.
If one had sneezde to say (as is the fashion)
Christ helpe, 'twas witchcraft, & deseru'd damnation.
Now when he talked thus, you must suppose,
The Gossips cup came often from his nose.
And were it the warme spice, or the warme wether,
At least he sneezed twice or thrice together.
A pleasant ghest, that kept his words in minde,
And heard him sneeze, in scorne said, Keepe behinde.
At which the Lawyer taking great offence,
Said, Sir, you might haue vs'd saue reuerence.
I would quoth th'other, saue I fear'd you
Would then haue cal'd saue reuerence witchcraft too.

83 A Prophesie when Asses shall grow Elephants.

84 1 When making harmful gunnes, vnfruitfull glasses,
Shall quite consume our stately Oakes to ashes:
2 When Law fils all the land with blots and dashes,
3 When land long quiet, held concealed, passes.
4 When warre and truce playes passes and repasses,
5 When Monopolies are giu'n of toyes and trashes:
6 When courtiers mar good clothes, with cuts & slashes,

---

83 26 Keepe] Harington uses another word in A.

7 When Lads shal think it free to ly with Lasses,
8 When clergy romes to buy, sell, none abashes,
9 When fowle skins are made fair with new found washes,
10 When prints are set on work, with *Greens & Nashes*,
11 When Lechers learn to stir vp Lust with lashes,
When plainnesse vanishes, vainenesse surpasses,
Some shal grow Elephants, were knowne but Asses.

84 To my Lady Rogers *of her seruant* Paine.

85 Your seruant *Payne*, for Legacies hath sued
Seuen yeeres. I askt him how his matter passes.
He tels how his Testator left not assets.
By which plea him th'executor would elude.
I, in this Lawyers French both dull and rude,
Replide, the plea my learning farre surpasses.
Yet when reports of both sides I had view'd
In *Forma paper*, this I did conclude;
He was left *Paine*, and all his Counsell asses:
Yet you would giue a hundred crownes or twaine,
That you could cleare discharge your seruant ***Paine***.

84 Of one that is vnwilling to lend money.

86 When I but buy two suites of rich apparrell,
Or some faire ready horse against the running,
Rich *Quintus*, that same Miser, slye and cunning,
Yet my great friend, begins to pick a quarrell,
To tell me how his credit is in perill;
How some great Lord (whose name may not be spoken,)
With him for twenty thousand crownes hath broken.
Then, with a fained sigh, and signe of sorrow,
Swearing he thinks these Lords will quite vndoe him,
He cals his seruant *Oliuer* vnto him,

---

85 4 elude.] allude. 1618 etc. 9 *Paine*,] *Pauper*, 1618 etc.

And sends to the Exchange, to take on vse
One thousand pounds, must needs be paid to morrow.
Thus would he blind mine eyes with this abuse,
And thinks, though he was sure I came to borrow,
That now I needs must shut my mouth for shame.
Fie *Quintus*, fie, then when I speak deny me.
But to deny me thus, before I try thee,
Blush and confesse that you be too too blame.

85 Against Promoters.

87 Base spies, disturbers of the publike rest,
With forged wrongs, the true mans right that wrest:
Packe hence exil'd to desart lands, and waste.
And drinke the cup that you made others taste.
But yet the Prince to you doth bounty show,
That doth your very liues on you bestow.

86 Against too much trust.

88 If you will shrowde you safe from all mis-haps,
And shunne the cause of many after-claps:
Put not in any one, too much beliefe:
Your joy will be the lesse, so will your griefe.

87 Of dangerous reconciling.

89 *Dicke* said, Beware a reconciled foe,
For, though he sooth your words, he seekes your woe:
But I would haue my friend late reconciled,
Beware then *Dicke*, lest he be worst beguiled.

88 Of Leda *that saies she is sure to be saued.*

90 Since *Leda* knew that sure she was elected,
She buyes rich clothes, fares well, and makes her boast:

Her corps, the Temple of the Holy Ghost,
Must be more cherrished, and more respected:
But *Leda* liueth still to sinne subjected.
Tell *Leda*, that her friend *Misacmos* feares,
That till she get a mind of more submission,
And purge that corps with Hysope of contrition,
And wash that sinful soule with saltish tears,
Though Quailes she eates, though Gold & Pearle she weares,
Yet sure she doth with damned *Core & Dathan*,
But feed and clad a Synagogue of Sathan.

89 To the Lady Rogers, *of her vnprofitable sparing.*

91 When I to you sometimes make friendly motion,
To spend vp your superfluous prouision,
Or sell the same for coyne, or for deuotion,
To make thereof among the poore diuision;
Straight you answere me, halfe in derision,
And bid me speake against your course no more:
For plenty you doe loue, store is no sore.
But ah, such store is enemy to plenty,
You waste for feare to want, I dare assume it:
For, while to sell, spend, giue, you make such dainty,
Keepe corne and cloth, till rat and rot consume it,
Ler meat so mould, till muske cannot perfume it,
And by such sparing, seeke to mend such store,
Sore is such store, and God offending sore.

90 Against Church-robbers, vpon a picture that hangs where it is worthy.

92 The Germans haue a by-word at this houre,
By *Luther* taught, by Painters skill exprest,
How Sathan daily Fryers doth deuoure,
Whom in short space he doth so well disgest,
That passing downe through his posterior parts,

Of this her husbands vsage in distraining;
Requesting her like curtesies to render,
And to accept such rent as he would tender.
Tall souldiers thence he to the world deliuers,
And out they flie, all arm'd with pikes and darts,
With halberts, & with muskets and caliuers.
According to these *Lutheran* opinions,
They that deuoure whole Churches and their rents,
I meane our fauourites and Courtly Minions,
Void Forts and Castles, in their excrements.

91 A Tale of a Bayliffe distraining for rent. To my Ladie Rogers.

93 I heard a pleasant tale at Cammington,
There where my Lady dwelt, cald The faire Nun,
How one that by his office was Deceiuer,
(My tongue oft trips) I should haue said Receiuer,
Or to speake plaine and true, an arrant Baylie,
Such as about the Country trauell daily,
That when the quarter day was two daies past,
Went presently to gather rents in hast.
And if, as oft it hapt, he brake good manner,
He straight would plead the custome of the Mannor,
Swearing he might distraine all goods and chattell,
Were it in moueables, or else quick cattell.
This Bayliffe, coming to a tenement,
In the Tenants absence, straynd his wife for rent;
In which the beast so pliable he found,
He neuer needes to driue her to the pound.
The Tenant, by intelligence, did ghesse,
The Bayliffe taken had a wrong distresse:
And to the Bayliffes wife he went complaining,

---

92 Heading] How the Devill eates Friers 1615. 9 these] which 1615 this 1618 etc.

She, whether moued with some strange compassion,
Or that his tale did put her in new passion,
Accepts his payment like a gentle wench;
All coyne was currant, English, Spanish, French:
And when she taken had his sorrie pittance,
I thinke, that with a kisse she seal'd the quittance.
When next these husbands met, they chaft, they curst,
Happy was he that could cry Cuckold furst.
From spightfull words, they fell to daggers drawing,
And after, each to other threatned lawing.
Each party seekes to make him strong by faction,
In seuerall Courts they enter seuerall action,
Actions of Battery, actions in the Case,
With riots, routes, disturbed all the place.
Much bloud, much money had been spilt and spent,
About this foolish straining for the rent;
Saue that a gentle Iustice of the Peace,
Willing to cause such foolish quarrels cease,
Preuail'd so with the parties by entreatie,
Of concord both agreed to haue a treatie:
And both refer'd the matter to the Iustice,
Who hauing well obseru'd what a iest is:
To thinke two Cuckolds were so fairely parted,
Each hauing tane the blow, that neuer smarted,
He charged each of them shake hands together,
And when they meet, to say, Good morrow, brother.
Thus each quit other all old debts and dribblets,
And set the Hares head, 'gainst the Gooses giblets.

92 Of casting out Spirits with fasting, without Prayer.

94 A vertuous Dame that for her state and qualitie,
Did euer loue to keepe great Hospitalitie,
Her name I must not name in plaine reciting,
But thus the chiefest instrument in writing,
Was, by Duke *Humfreys* ghests so boldly haunted,
That her good minde thereby was shrewdly daunted.

She sighing said one day to a carelesse Iester,
These ill bred ghests my boord and house so pester,
That I pray God oft times with all my heart,
That they would leaue this haunt, and hence depart:
He that by his owne humor hap'ly ghest,
What manner sprite these smel-feasts had possest,
Told her, the surest way such spirits out-casting,
Was, to leaue prayer awhile, & fall to fasting.

93 Against Itis a Poet.

95 *Itis* with leaden sword doth wound my Muse,
Itis whose Muse in vncouth termes doth swagger,
What should I wish *Itis* for this abuse,
But to his leaden sword, a woodden dagger.

94 Of Wittoll.

96 *Cayus*, none reckned of thy wife a poynt,
While each man might, without all let or cumber,
But since a watch o're her thou didst appoint,
Of Customers she hath no little number.
Well, let them laugh hereat that list, and scoffe it,
But hou do'st find what makes most for thy profit.

---

94 13 her,] him, 1618 1625.
95 3 What] For 1618 1625.

Sir John Haringtons Epigrams

Booke II.

1 To the Lady Rogers, *th'authors wiues Mother.*

97 If I but speake words of unpleasing sound:
Yea though the same be but in sport and play,
You bid me peace, or else a thousand pound,
Such words shall worke out of my childrens way.
When you say thus, I haue no word to say.
Thus without Obligation, I stand bound,
Thus, wealth makes you command, hope me obay.
But let me finde this true another day:
Else when your body shall be brought to ground,
Your soule to blessed *Abrahans* bosome, I
May with good manners giue your soule the lye.

2 Of the Bishopricke of Landaffe.

98 A Learned Prelate late dispos'd to laffe,
Hearing me name the Bishop of Landaffe:
You should say, he aduising well hereon,
Call him Lord *Aff:* for all the land is gone.

3 Of Don Pedro's *Dyet drinke.*

99 *Don Pedro* drinkes to no man at the boord,
Nor once a taste doth of his cup affoord.
Some thinke it pride in him: but see their blindnesse!
I know therein, his Lordship doth vs kindnesse.

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97 1 unpleasing] a pleasing 1618 etc. 10 I] I. 1618 1625.

4 *Of* Leda *and* Balbus.

100 *Leda* was *Balbus* queane, yet might shee haue denide it.
She weds him, now what meanes hath *Leda* left to hide it

5 *Of* Cinna *his Gossip Cup.*

101 When I with thee, *Cinna*, doe dine or sup,
Thou still do'st offer me they Gossips cup:
And though it sauour well, and be well spiced,
Yet I to taste thereof am not enticed.
Now sith you needs will haue me cause alledge,
While I straine curt'sie in that cup to pledge:
One said, thou mad'st that cup so hote of spice,
That it had made thee now a widdower twice.
I will not say 'tis so, nor that I thinke it:
But good Sir, pardon me, I cannot drinke it.

6 *Of* Leda's *Religion.*

102 My louely *Leda*, some at thee repining,
Askt me vnto what sect thou art inclining?
Which doubts shall I resolue among so many,
Whether to none, to one, to all, to any?
Surely one should be deem'd a false accusant,
That would appeach *Leda* for a Recusant.
Her fault according to her former vsing,
Was noted more in taking, then refusing.
For Lent, or Fasts, she hath no superstition,
For if she haue not chang'd her old condition:
Be it by night in bed, in day in dish,
Flesh vnto her more welcome is then Fish.
Thou art no Protestant, thy fals-hood saith,
Thou canst not hope to saue thy selfe by faith.
Well, *Leda*, yet to shew my good affection,
I'le say thy sect is of a double section.
A Brownist louely browne, thy face and brest,
The Families of Loue, in all the rest.

7 *That fauorites helpe the Church.*

103 Of late I wrote after my wanton fashion,
That fauourites consume the Churches rents:
But mou'd in conscience with retraction,
Ile shew how sore that rashnes me repents.
For noting in my priuate obseruation,
What rents and schismes among vs dayly grow:
No hope appeares of reconciliation,
By helpe of such as can, or such as know.
My Muse must sing, although my soule laments,
That Fauorites increase the Churches rents.

8 *Of* Cinna *his courage.*

104 Pvre *Cinna* saith, and proudly doth professe,
That if the quarrell he maintaines be good:
No man more valiant is to spend his bloud,
No man can dread of death, of danger lesse.
But if the cause be bad, he doth confesse,
His heart is cold, and cowardly his moode.
Well, *Cinna*, yet this cannot be withstood,
Thou hast but euill lucke, I shrewdly gesse,
That biding whereas brawles are bred most rife,
Thou neuer hadst good quarrell all thy life.

9 *Of a Lawyer that deseru'd his fee.*

105 *Sextus* retain'd a Sergeant at the Lawes,
With one good Fee in an ill-fauor'd cause.
The matter bad, no Iudge nor Iury plyent,
The verdit clearely past against the Clyent.
With which he chaft, and swore he was betray'd,
Because for him the Sergeant little said:
And of the Fee, he would haue barr'd him halfe.
Whereat the Sergeant wroth, said, Dizzard Calfe,
Thou would'st, if thou hadst wit, or sence to see,
Confesse I had deseru'd a double Fee,
That stood and blushed there in thy behalfe.

10 Of Don Pedro.

106 A Slaue thou wert by birth, of this I gather,
For euer more thou sai'st, my Lord, my Father.

11 Against Lynus *a writer.*

107 I heare that Lynus growes in wondrous choller,
Because I said, he wrote but like a scholler.
If I haue said so, *Linus*, I must grant it,
Yet to regain thy love thus I recant it:
What ere I speake they scholler-ship concerning,
I neuer thought, or meant, that thou hast learning:
But that hereof may grow no more recitall,
I'le teach the how to make mee full requitall.
Say thou to breed me equall spight and doller,
Misacmos neuer writes, but like a scholler.

12 Of Don Pedros *bonds.*

108 *Don Pedro* cares not in what bonds he enter.
Then I to trust *Don Pedro* soone will venter.
For no man can of bonds stand more secure,
Then he that meanes to keepe his paiment sure.

13 Against Cayus *that scorn'd his Metamorphosis.*

109 Last day thy Mistris, *Cayus*, being present,
One hapt to name, to purpose not vnpleasant,
The Title of my mis-conceiued Booke:
At which you spit, as though you could not brooke

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107 4 is missing in 1618 etc. 7 no more] some more 1618 1625 some small 1633. 9 doller,] choller, 1618 etc.

So grosse a Word: but shall I tell the matter
Why? If one names a Iax, your lips doe water.
There was the place of your first loue and meeting,
There first you gaue your Mistris such a greeting,
As bred her scorne, your shame, and others lafter,
And made her feele it twenty fortnights after:
Then thanke their wit, that make the place so sweet,
That for your *Hymen* you thought place so meet.
But meet not Maids at Madam *Cloacina*,
Lest they cry nine moneths after, Helpe *Lucina*.

14 Against an Atheist.

110 That heau'ns are voide, & that no gods there are,
Rich *Paulus* saith, and all his proofe is this:
That while such blasphemies pronounce he dare,
He liueth here in ease, and earthly blisse.

15 Of Cosmus *heyre.*

111 When all men thought old *Cosmus* was a dying,
And had by Will giu'n thee much goods & lands,
Oh, how the little *Cosmus* fell a crying!
Oh, how he beates his brests, and wrings his hands!
How feruently for *Cosmus* health he pray'd!
What worthy Almes he vow'd, on that condition:
But when his pangs a little were allayd,
And health seem'd hoped, by the learn'd Physicion,
Then though his lips, all loue, and kindnesse vanted,
His heart did pray, his prayer might not be granted.

16 Of Faustus, *a stealer of Verses.*

112 I heard that *Faustus* oftentimes reherses,
To his chaste Mistris, certaine of my Verses:

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111 4 wrings] wring 1618 1625.

In which with vse, so perfect he is growne,
That she poore foole, now thinkes they are his owne.
I would esteeme it (trust me) grace, not shame,
If *Dauis*, or if *Daniel* did the same.
For would I thanke, or would I quarrell pike?
I, when I list, could doe to them the like.
But who can wish a man a fowler spight,
Then haue a blinde man take away his light?
A begging Theefe, is dangerous to my purse:
A baggage Poet to my Verse is worse.

17 Misacmos *of himselfe.*

113 Mvse you, *Misacmos* failes in some endeuour.
Alas, an honest man's a Nouice euer.
Fie, but a man's disgrac'd, noted a Nouice.
Yea, but a man's more grac'd, noted of no vice.

18 Of the corne that rained.

114 I handled, tasted, saw it with mine eyes,
The graine that lately fell downe from the skies:
Yet what it tok'ned could I not deuise,
And many doubts did in my minde arise.
At last, I thus resolu'd, it signifies
That this is our sole meane, to mend this dearth,
To aske from heau'n, that we doe lacke on earth.

19 To his wife, at the birth of his sixt Child.

115 The Poet Martiall made a speciall sute
Vnto his Prince, to grant him vnder seale,
Right of three children, which they did impute

---

112 7 pike?] pike, 1618.

A kinde of honour, in their Common-weale.
But for such sute, my selfe I need not trouble,
For thou do'st seale to me this Patent double.

20 *Against Feasting.*

116 Kinde *Marcus*, me to supper lately bad,
And to declare how well to vs he wishes,
The roome was strow'd with Roses, not with Rushes,
And all the cheere was got, that could be had.
Now in the midst of all our dainty dishes,
Me thinke, said he to me, you looke but sad.
Alas (said I) 'tis to see thee so mad,
To spoile the skies of Fowles, the seas of fishes,
The land of beasts, and be at so much cost,
For that which in one houre will all be lost.
That entertainment that makes me most glad,
Is not the store of stew'd, boyl'd, bak't and rost.
But sweet discourse, meane fare; & then beleeue me,
To make to thee like cheere, shall neuer grieue me.

21 *Against* Cosmus *couetousnesse.*

117 *Cosmus*, when I among thine other vices,
That are in nature foule, in number many,
Ask thee what is the reason thee entices,
To be so basely pinching for thy penny?
Do'st thou not call vpon thy selfe a curse,
Not to enioy the wealth that thou hast wonne:
But saue, as if thy soule were in thy purse?
Thou straight reply'st, I saue all for my sonne.
Alas, this re-confirmes what I said rather:
Cosmus hath euer beene a Penny-father.

---

116 3 Roses, not] Roses and 1618 etc.

22 *Against Vintners in Bathe.*

118 If men ought those in dutie to commend,
That questions of Religion seeke to end,
Then I to praise our Vinteners doe intend.
For Question is twixt Writers old and latter,
If wine alone, or if wine mixt with water,
Should of the blessed Sacrament be matter?
Some ancient Writers wish it should be mingled,
But latter men, with much more zeale inkindled,
Will haue wine quite and cleane from water singled.
Our zealous Vintners here, growne great Diuines,
To find which way antiquitie enclines,
For pure zeale mix with water all our wines.
Well, plainly to tell truth, and not to flatter,
I find our wines are much the worse for water.

23 *To Passifie his wiues mother, when shee was angry.*

119 Madam, I read to you a little since,
The story of a Knight that had incurd
The deep displeasure of a mighty Prince:
For feare of which, long time he neuer sturd,
Till watching once the King that came from Chappel,
His little sonne fast by him, with his Gardon,
Entic'd the Infant to him with an apple;
So caught him in his armes, and su'd for pardon:
Then you shall turne your angry frown to lafter,
As oft as in mine armes you see your daughter.

24 *To his wife, of* Poppea Sabynas *faire heyre.*

120 *Mall* once I did, but doe not now enuy
Fierce *Neroe's* blisse, of faire *Poppeas* rayes,

---

118 4 Writers] Writer 1618 etc. 9 quite] pure A. f. 62.
119 *Passifie*] Bassify, 1618 9 to lafter,] from lafter, 1618 etc.

That in his lap, koming her locks would lye,
Each hayre of hers, a verse of his did praise,
But that prais'd beauty, fruitlesse spent her daies.
No yong *Augustus* euer cal'd him Dad.
No small *Poppeas* with their prettie playes,
Did melt their hearts, and melting make them glad:
But thou in this, do'st passe his faire *Sabyna*,
That hast seuen times beene succor'd by *Lucina*.
Thy wombe in branches seau'n, it selfe displayes.
Then leaue I *Nero*, with *Poppeas* heyres:
To ioy, and to inioy thee, and thine heyres.

25 *Against* Lalus *an ill Preacher.*

121 Yong *Lalus* tooke a Text of excellent matter,
And did the same expound, but marre the latter,
His tongue so vainely did and idly chatter,
The people nought but hem, & cough and spatter.
Then said a Knight not vs'd to lye or flatter:
Such Ministers doe bring the Diuels blessing,
That marre vs so good meate, with so ill dressing.

26 *Against* Paulus *an Atheist.*

122 Lewd *Paulus*, led by *Sadduces* infection,
Doth not beleeue the bodies resurrection:
And holds them all in scorne, and deepe derision,
That tell of Saints or Angels apparision;
And sweares, such things are fables all, and fancies
Of Lunatiques or Fooles, possest with franzies.
I haue (said he) trauail'd both neere and farre,
By sea, by land, in time of peace and warre,
Yet neuer met I sprite, or ghost, or elfe,
Or ought (as is the phrase) worse then my selfe.

---

122 1 *Paulus,*] *Lalus*, 1618.

Well, *Paulus*, this, I now beleeue indeede,
For who in all, or part, denies his Creede;
Went he to sea, land, hell, I would agree,
A Fiend worse then himselfe, shall neuer see.

27 Of Galla *going to the Bathe.*

123 When Galla for her health goeth to the Bathe,
She carefully doth hide, as is most meete,
With aprons of fine linnen, or a sheete,
Those parts, that modesty concealed hath:
Nor onely those, but eu'n the brest and necke,
That might be seene, or showne, without all checke.
But yet one foule, and vnbeseeming place,
She leaues uncouered still: What's that? Her face.

28 To one that had meate ill drest.

124 King Mithridate to poysons so inur'd him,
As deadly poysons, damage none procur'd him.
So you to stale vnsauorie foode and durtie,
Are so inur'd, as famine ne're can hurt yee.

29 Of giuing much credit.

125 Of all the Towne old *Codros* giues most credit:
Who he, poore soule! Alas that ere you sed it.
How can he credit much, and is so poore?
Hee's blinde: yet makes he loue to euery whore.

---

123 *Of* Galla] *To* Galla 1618 etc.

30 Of honest Theft. To my good friend Master Samuel Daniel.

126 Proud Paulus late my secrecies reuealing,
Hath told I got some good conceits by stealing.
But where got he those double Pistolets,
With which good clothes, good fare, good land he gets?
Tush, those, he saith, came by a man of warre,
That brought a Prize of price, from countries farre.
Then, fellow Thiefe, let's shake together hands,
Sith both our wares are filcht from forren lands.
You'le spoile the Spaniards, by your writ of Mart:
And I the Romanes rob, by wit, and Art.

31 Against Faustus.

127 In skorne of writers, *Faustus* still doth hold,
Nought is now said, but hath beene said of old:
Well, *Faustus*, say my wits are grosse and dull,
If for that word, I giue not thee a Gull:
Thus then I proue thou holdst a false position,
I say, thou are a man of fayre condition,
A man true of thy word, tall of thy hands,
Of high disent, and left good store of lands,
Thou with false dice and cards hast neuer plaid,
Corrupted neuer Widdow, Wife nor Maid,
And as for swearing none in all this Reame,
Doth seldomer in speech curse or blaspheme.
In fine, your vertues are so rare and ample,
For all our sonnes thou maist be made a sample.
This I dare sweare, none euer said before,
This I may sweare, none euer will say more.

---

127 5 thou holdst] that holds 1618 etc.

32 Of Free will.

128 I know a foolish fellow hath a fashion,
To proue that all is by Predestination,
And teach's, nor man, nor spirit hath free will
In dooing, no, nor thinking good or ill.
I am no Doctor at this disputation,
Nor are deepe questions fit for shallow skill:
Yet I'le renounce, with learn'd men reputation,
If I disproue not this by demonstration:
Ile proue so plaine, as none can it resist,
That in some things, three things do what they list:
The wind, saith Scripture, where it list doth blow,
His tongue talkes what it lists, his speeches showe,
My heart beleeues him as it list, I know.

33 Of a drunken Paracelsian.

129 When *Pilo* other trades of thrift had mist,
He then profest to be an Alcumist,
That's all too much, Chimist you might him call,
And so I thinke twere true, and leaue out all:
He takes vpon him, he can make a mixture,
Of which he can extract the true elixar,
Tinctur of Pearle an Currall he doth draw,
And Quintessence the best that ere you saw,
He hath the rare receit *Aqua Mirabilis*,
Only he wants some drammes *Auri potabilis*,
He doth of nature so the secret ferrit,
That he of euery thing can draw the spirit:
Spirits of wines, spirits of stones and herbes,
Whose names can scant be told with nownes and verbes,
But of all spirits my spirit doth diuine,
His spirit best doth loue the spirit of wine.

---

129 9 rare receit] cure, except 1618 etc. 10 some drammes] drammes 1618 etc. 13 wines,] mynes, 1618 etc. 16 His] My 1633.

34 *Of Misacmos his successe in a suite.*

130 *Misacmos* hath long time a suter beene,
To serue in some neere place about the Queen:
In which his friends to work his better speede,
Doe tell her Highnesse, as tis true indeede,
That hee's a man well borne and better bred,
In humane studyes seene, in stories read,
Adding vnto an industry not small,
Pleasant conceit and memory withall,
And chiefely that he hath been from his youth,
A zealous searcher of Eternall Truth:
Now neuer wonder, he his suite doth misse:
What I haue told you, that the reason is.

35 *A Groome of the Chambers religion in King* Henry *the eights time.*

131 One of King *Henries* Fauorites beganne,
To moue the King one day to take a man,
Whom of his Chamber he might make a Groome,
Soft, sayd the King, before I graunt that roome,
It is a question not to be neglected,
How he in his Religion stands affected.
For his Religion, answered then the Minion,
I doe not certaine know whats his opinion:
But sure he may, talking with men of learning,
Conforme himselfe in lesse then ten days warning.

36 *To Doctor* Haruey *of Cambridge.*

132 The prouerbe sayes, who fights with durty foes,
Must needs be soyld, admit they winne or lose.
Then think it doth a Doctors credit dash,
To make himselfe Antagonist to *Nash.*

---

132 2 soyld] foyld 1618 etc. 4 Nash.] Nash? 1618.

37 An infallible rule to rule a wife. To his wiues mother.

133 Concerning th'wiues hold this a certaine rule,
That if at first, you let them haue the rule,
Your selfe at last, with them shall haue no rule,
Except you let them euer-more to rule. *Probatum est.*

38 Why Paulus *takes so much Tobacco.*

134 When our good Irish neighbours make repaire,
With Lenton stuffe vnto Bridgewaters Faire,
At euery Boothe, and Alehouse that they come,
They call for Herring straight, they must haue some.
Hostis, I pree dee hast tee any Herring?
Yea, sir: O passing meat! a happy Herring.
Herring they aske, they praise, they eate, they buy;
No price of Herring can be held too hie.
But, when among them it is closely mutter'd,
Those Herrings that they bought to sell, are vtter'd,
Then giue them Herring, Poh, away with these:
Pree dee good Hostis, giue's some English Cheese.
Hence I haue learn'd the cause, and see it clearely,
Why *Paulus* takes Tobacco, buyes it dearely,
At Tippling-houses, where he eates and drinks,
That euery roome straight of Tobacco stinks.
He swears tis salue for all diseases bred,
It strengthens ones weake back, comforts the head,
Dulls much flesh-appetite, tis cordiall durable,
It cures that ill, which some haue thought incurable.
Thus while proud *Paulus* hath Tobacco praised,
The price of eu'ry pound, a pound is raised.
And why's all this? because he loues it well?
No: but because himselfe hath store to sell.
But hauing sold all his, he will pronounce
The best of *Cane* not worth a groat an ounce.

---

134 10 bought to sell,] bought, to sell 1618. 26 of] in 1618 etc.

39 *Of a formall Minister.*

135 A Minister, affecting singularitie,
And preaching in the Pulpit of his theame,
Borne with the current of the common streame,
Extolled faith and hope, forgetting charitie.
For while he was most busie in his Text,
He spyde a woman talking with her next,
And straight he crid to her, Dame, leaue thy babbling.
Wherewith the good poore woman shrewdly vext,
Could hold no longer, but fell flat to squabbling:
Beshrew thy naked heart, she doth reply.
Who babbled in this place more? thou, or I?

40 *Of a lawfull wife.*

136 At end of three yeeres law, and sute, and strife,
When Canon lawes, & common both command her,
Cys married thee; now sue them for a slaunder,
That dare deny she is thy lawfull wife.

41 *Against Feasting.*

137 Last day, I was vnto your house inuited,
And on the bord were forty diuers dishes,
Of Sallets, and of flesh & fowles and fishes,
With which (God knowes) I little am delighted.
Before I came, I tooke that you did bid me,
But now, I rather thinke, you did forbid me.

42 *Against* Lynus, *that said the Nobility were decayed.*

138 You *Lynus*, say, that most of our Nobilitie
Are much decayd in valour and in wit:

---

135 4 Extolled] Extolling 1618 etc.
137 5 Before] Became, 1618 1625 Because 1633

Though some of them haue wealth, and good ability,
Yet very few for gouernment are fit.
Foole, seest thou not, that in our stately buildings,
Plaine massy stones the substance doth sustaine,
Yet colloms wreath'd & caru'd, set out with guildings,
Must in high ranke for ornament remaine:
So men of noble birth, the State adorne,
But by the wise, stout, learnd, the sway is borne.

43 To Itis, alias Ioyner, *an vncleanly token, conuayd in cleanly tearmes.*

139 *Torquato Tasso*, for one little fault,
That did perhaps deserue some small rebuke,
Was by his sharp and most vngratefull Duke,
Shut vp close prisoner in a loathsome vault;
Where wanting Pen and Inke by Princes order,
His wit, that wals of Adamant could pierce,
Found meanes to write his mind in excellent verse:
For want of Pen and Inke, with pisse and ordure.
But thy dull wit damn'd by *Apollos* crew,
To dungeon of disgrace, though free thy body,
With pen, nay Print, doth publish like a noddy,
Base taunts, that turn'd vpon thy selfe, are true.
And wanting salt thy wallowish stile to season,
And being of vncouth tearmes a senslesse coyner,
Thou call'st thy selfe vnproperly, a Ioyner,
Whose verse hath quite disseuer'd rime and reason:
Deseruing for such rayling, and such bodging,
For this, *Torquatos* Inke, for that, his Lodging.

44 To his wife.

140 When I to thee my Letters superscribe
Thus, To mine own; *Leda* thereat doth iybe.

---

138 7 caru'd,] staid, 1618 etc.

139 11 noddy,] noddy. 1618 etc. 12 true.] true, 1618 1625 true; 1633.

And aske her why? she saith, because I flatter.
But let her thinke so still, it makes no matter:
If I doe flatter, onely thou canst try,
Suffiseth me, I think I doe not lye.
For, let her husband write so, for my life,
He flattereth himselfe more then his wife.

45 *Sir* Iohn Raynsfords *confession.*

141 *Raynsford*, a Knight, fit to haue seru'd king *Arthur*,
And in Queene *Maries* dayes a demy Martyr:
For though both then, before, and since he turn'd,
(Yet sure, *per ignem hanc*, he might be burn'd.)
This Knight agreed with those of that profession,
And went, as others did, to make confession:
Among some *Peccadilios*, he confest,
That same sweet sinne, that some but deeme a Iest,
And told, how by good helpe of bawdes and varlets,
Within 12. months he had sixe times twelue harlots.
The Priest, that at the tale was halfe astonished,
With graue & ghostly counsell him admonished
To fast, and pray, to driue away that diuell,
That was to him causer of so great euill,
That the lewd spirit of Lecherie, no question,
Stird vp his lust, with many a lewd suggestion:
A filthy Fiend, said he, most foule and odious,
Nam'd, as appeares, in holy writs, *Asmodius*.
Thus, with some Pennance that was ne're performed,
Away went that same Knight, smally reformed.
Soone after this, ensued religions change,
That in the Church bred alteration strange,
And *Raynsford*, with the rest, follow'd the streame.
The Priest went rouing round about the Realme.
This Priest, in clothes disguis'd himselfe did hide,

---

140 6 I think] thou think'st 1618 etc.

Yet *Raynsford*, three yeers after him had spyde,
And layd vnto his charge, and sorely prest him,
To tell if 'twere not he that had confest him.
The Priest, though this Knights words did sore him daunt,
Yet what he could not wel deny, did grant,
And prayd him not to punish, or controule
That he had done for safety of his soule.
No, knaue, quoth he, I will not harme procure thee,
Vpon my Worship here I doe assure thee:
I onely needs must laugh at thy great folly,
That would'st perswade with me to be so holy;
To chastise mine owne flesh, to fast, and pray,
To driue the spirit of Lechery away.
'Sownds, foolish knaue, I fasted not, nor prayd,
Yet is that spirit quite gone from me, he said:
If thou couldst helpe me to that spirit againe,
Thou shouldst a hundred pound haue for thy paine.
That lustie Lord of Lecherie *Asmodius*,
That thou cal'st odious, I doe count commodious.

46 A pretty questions of Lazarus *soule well answered.*

142 Once on occasion two good friends of mine
Did meete at meate, a Lawyer and Diuine:
Both hauing eaten well, to helpe digestion,
To this Diuine, the lawyer put this question:
When *Lazarus* in graue foure dayes did stay,
Where was his soule? in heauen, or hell I pray?
Was it in hell? Thence no redemption is.
And if in heauen: would Christ abate his blisse?
Sir, said the Preacher, for a short digression,
First, answere me one point, in your profession:
If so his heyres and he had falne to strife,
Whose was the land, if he came backe to life?
This latter question mou'd them all to lafter,
And so they drunke one to another after.

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142 3 well,] well 1618 etc. 12 to life?] from life? 1618 etc.

47 Against long suits in Law.

143 In Court of Wards, Kings Bench, & Common place
Thou follow'd hast one sute, this seu'n yeeres space.
Ah wretched man, in mothers wombe accurst,
Thou could'st not rather lose thy sute at furst.

48 Of an importunate prater, out of Martiall.

144 He that is hoarse, yet still to prate doth prease,
Proues he can neither speake, nor hold his peace.

49 Against Ielousie. To my friend.

145 Right terrible are windes on waters great,
Most horrible are tempests on the sea,
Fire mercilesse, that all consumes with heat,
Plagues monstrous are, that Citties cleane decay:
Warre cruell is, and pinching famine curst:
Yet of all ills, the ielouse wife is worst.

50 Against Quintus, *that being poore and prodigall, became rich and miserable.*

146 Scant was thy Liuing, *Quintus*, ten pound cleare,
When thou didst keepe such fare, so good a table,
That we thy friends praid God thou might'st be able,
To spend, at least, an hundred pounds a yeare.
Behold, our boone God did benignly heare.
Thou gotst so much by Fortune fauourable,
And foure friends deaths to thee both kind and deare:
But suddenly thou grew'st so miserable,

---

144 1 prease,] please, 1618 etc.

We thy old friends to thee vnwelcome are,
Poore-Iohn, and Apple-pyes are all our fare.
No Salmon, Sturgeon, Oysters, Crab, nor Cunger.
What should we wish thee now for such demerit?
I would thou might'st one thousand pounds inherit,
Then, without question, thou wold'st starue for hunger.

51 *To my Lady* Rogers.

147 Good Madam, with kind speech & promise faire,
That from my wife you would not giue a rag,
But she should be Exector sole, and heyre.
I was (the more foole I) so proud and brag,
I sent to you against S.*Iames* his Faire,
A Teerce of Claret-wine, a great fat Stagge.
You straight to all your neighbors made a feast,
Each man I met hath filled vp his panch,
With my Red-deere, onely I was no ghest,
Nor euer since did taste of side or haunch.
Well, Madam, you may bid me hope the best,
That of your promise you be sound and staunch,
Else, I might doubt I should your Land inherit,
That of my Stagge did not one morsell merit.

52 *Of* Sextus *mis-hap comming from a Tauerne.*

148 Now *Sextus* twice hath supt at *Sarazens* head,
And both times, homewards, comming drunk to bed:
He by the way his Pantoffles hath lost,
And grieu'd both with the mocke, and with the cost,
To saue such charges, and to shun such frumps,
He goes now to the Tauerne in his Pumps.

53 *How* Sextus *laid claime to an Epigram.*

149 When *Sextus* heard my Rime of Rainsford reeding,
With laughter lowd he cries, and voice exceeding,

That Epigram was mine, who euer made it.
I told him that conceit, from me, he had it.
Ah barbarisme, the blinder still the bolder!
Will *Sextus* ne're grow wiser growing older?
When *Phidias* framed had in marble pure,
Ioues goodly Statue, would a man endure
A Pyoner to challenge halfe the praise,
That from the quarr the ragged stone did raise:
Or should a Carman boast of his desart,
Because he did vnload it from his Cart:
I thinke that *Sextus* selfe would neuer say't.
So in like manner, *Sextus*, that conceit
Was like a rugged stone, dig'd from thy foolish head,
Now 'tis a Statue caru'd by vs, and polished.

54 Of an Alborne Rabbet.

Late comming from the Palace of the best,
(The centre of the men of better sence)
My purse growne low, by ebbe of long expence:
And going for supplyes into the West,
My hoast to whom I was a welcome ghest,
Makes me great cheere, but when I parted thence,
My trustie seruant *William* tooke offence:
(Though now God wot, it was too late to spare)
That in the shot things too high prized are.
And namely for two Rabbets twenty pence.
The Tapster well enur'd to prate and face,
Told they were white, and yong, and fat, and sweet:
New kill'd, and newly come from Alborne chase:
For that good fare, good paiment is most meete.
I willing to make short their long debate,

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149 6 wiser] wise? 1618 etc. older?] older, 1618 etc. 13 say't.] say't,] 1618 etc
150 Heading *Alborne*] *Aborne* 1618

Bade my man pay the reck'ning at his rate:
Adding, I know, a miser of his money,
Giues more then ten pence for an Alborne Coney.

55 *Of hearing Masse.*

151 Men talking, as oft times it comes to passe,
How dangerous 'tis now to heare a Masse;
A valiant Knight swore for a thousand pound,
He would not present at a Masse be found.
A Noble Lord stood by, and hearing it,
Said, Sir, I then should much condemne your wit.
For were you found, and follow'd ne're so nearely,
You gaine nine hundred pound & vpward clearely.

56 *Of a Preacher that sings* Placebo.

152 A smooth-tong'd Preacher that did much affect
To be reputed of the purest sect,
Vnto these times great praises did afford,
That brought, he said, the sunne-shine of the Word.
The sunne-shine of the Word, this he extold,
The sunne-shine of the Word, this still he told.
But I that well obseru'd what slender fruits
Haue growne of all their preaching and disputes,
Pray God they bring vs not, when all is done,
Out of Gods blessing, into this warme sunne.
For sure, as some of them haue vs'd the matter,
Their sunne-shine is but moone-shine in the water.

57 *Of the naked Image that was to stand in my Lo: Chamberlaines Gallery.*

153 Actaeon, guiltelesse vnawares espying
Naked *Diana*, bathing in her bowre,
Was plagu'd with horns, his dogs did him deuoure.

Wherefore take heede, ye that are curious prying,
With some such forked plague you be not smitten,
And in your foreheads so your faults be written.

58 Of the same to the Ladies.

154 Her face vnmask't, I saw, her corps vnclad,
No vaile, no couer, her and me betweene:
No ornament was hid, that beauty had,
I blusht that saw, she blusht not that was seene.
With that I vow'd neuer to care a rush,
For such a beauty, as doth neuer blush.

59 Of Don Pedroe's *threats.*

155 *Don Pedro* thinkes I scorne him in my Rime,
And vowes, if he can proue I vse detraction,
Of the great scandall he will haue his action:
I that desir'd to cleere me of the crime,
When I was askt, said, No, my Lord, I haue not.
Then sweare, said he, Not so, my Lord, I cannot.
Since that I neuer heard newes of this action:
Wherefore, I thinke, he hath his satisfaction.

60 Against brauery.

156 When Romane *Mutius* had in countryes quarrell,
The seruant killed, to the Masters terror:
What time his eye deceiu'd with rich apparell,
Did cause his hand commit that happy error:
The King amaz'd at so rare resolution,
Both for his safety, and his reputation,
Remou'd the fire, and stay'd that execution:

---

153 6 foreheads so your] foreheads your 1618

And for his sake, made peace with all his Nation.
Perhaps it is from hence the custome springs,
That oft in Court Knaues goe as braue as Kings.

61 Of Leda's *vnkindnesse.*

157 Faire *Leda* late to me is growne malicious,
At all my workes in prose or verse repining:
Because my words, she saith, makes men suspitious,
That she is to the Puritanes inclining.
Leda, what ere I said, I did suspect,
Thou wert not pure enough, in one respect.

62 Of an Abbot that had beene a good fellow.

158 An Abbot that had led a wanton life,
And cited now, by deaths sharpe Sumner, sicknesse,
Felt in his soule, great agony and strife,
His sinnes appearing in most hideous likenesse.
The Monkes that saw their Abbot so dismaid,
And knew no lesse his life had been lasciuious:
Yet for his finall comfort, thus they said,
Thinke not, deare Sir, we will be so obliuious,
But that with fasting, and with sacred ringing,
And prayer, we will for you such grace attaine,
That after *requiem* and some Dirges singing,
You shall be freed from Purgatories paine.
Ah, thankes my sonnes, said he, but all my feare
Is onely this, that I shall ne're come there.

63 Against Cinna *a Brownist, that saith he is sure to be saued.*

159 If thou remaine so sure of thine election,
As thou said'st, *Cinna*, when we last disputed,

---

156 1 countryes] countrey 1618 etc. 6 reputation,] reputation: 1618. 10 braue] well 1618 etc.

That to thy soule, no sinne can be imputed:
That thy strong Faith, hath got so sure protection,
That all thy faults are free from all correction.
Heare then my counsell, to thy state well suted,
It comes from one, that beares thee kinde affection,
'Tis so infallible, that no obiection
There is, by which it may be well confuted.
Leaue, *Cinna*, this base earth with sinne polluted.
And to be free from wicked mens subiection,
And that the Saints may be by thee saluted,
Forsake wife, friends, lands, goods & worldly pelfe,
And get a halter quickly, and goe hang thy selfe.

64 *To Master* Bastard, *a Minister that made a pleasant Booke of English Epigrams.*

160 Though dusty wits of this vngratefull time,
Carpe at thy booke of Epigrams, and scoffe it:
Yet wise men know, to mix the sweet with profit
Is worthy praise, not onely void of crime.
Then let not enuy stop thy veine of Rime:
Nor let thy function make thee shamed of it:
A Poet is one step vnto a Prophet:
And such a step, as 'tis no shame to clime.
You must in Pulpit treat of matters serious:
As best beseemes the person, and the place,
There preach of Faith, Repentance, hope and grace,
Of Sacraments, and such high things mysterious.
But they are too seuere, and too imperious,
That vnto honest sports will grant no space:
For these our minds refresh, when those weary vs,
And spurre our dulled spirit to swifter pace.
The wholsom'st meates that are, will breed satietie,

---

160 3 profit] profit. 1618 16 dulled] doubled 1618 etc
17 satietie,] sacietie, 1618 etc

Except we should admit of some varietie.
In musike notes must be some high, some base.
And this I note, your Verses haue intendment,
Still kept within the lists of good sobrietie,
To work in mens ill manners, good amendment.
Wherefore if any thinke such verse vnseasonable:
Their Stoicke mindes are foes to good societie,
And men of reason may thinke them vnreasonable.
It is an act of vertue and of pietie,
To warne vs of our sinnes in any sort,
In prose, in verse, in earnest, or in sport.

65 *Of a kinde vnkinde Husband.*

161 A rich old Lord did wed a rich yong Lady,
Of good complexion, and of goodly stature,
And for he was of kinde and noble nature,
He lou'd to see her goe as braue as may be.
A pleasant Knight one day was so presumptuous,
To tell this Lord in way of plaine simplicitie,
'Tis you, my Lord, that haue this worlds felicitie:
To haue a Dame so yong, so sweet, so sumptuous.
Tush, said the Lord, but these same costly Gownes,
With Kirtles, Carknets, plague me in such sort,
That euery time I taste of *Venus* sport,
I will be sworne, cost me one hundred Crownes.
Now, fie Sir, said his wife, where is your sence;
Though 'tis too true, yet say not so for shame,
For I would wish to cleere me of the blame:
That each time cost you but a hundred pence.

66 *Of* Galla's *goodly Periwigge.*

162 You see the goodly hayre that *Galla* weares,
'Tis certain her own hair, who would haue thought it?
She sweares it is her owne: and true she sweares:

For hard by Temple-barre last day she bought it.
So faire a haire, vpon so foule a forehead,
Augments disgrace, and showes the grace is borrowed.

67 Of Master Iohn Dauies *Booke of Dancing.*
To himselfe.

163 While you the Planets all doe set to dancing,
Beware such hap, as to the Fryer was chancing:
Who preaching in a Pulpit old and rotten,
Among some notes, most fit to be forgotten;
Vnto his Auditory thus he vaunts,
To make all Saints after his pype to daunce:
In speaking which, as he himselfe aduances,
To act his speech with Iestures, lo, it chances,
Downe fals the Pulpit, sore the man is brused,
Neuer was Fryer, and Pulpit more abused.
Then beare with me, though yet to you a stranger,
To warne you of the like, nay greater danger.
For though none feare the falling of those sparkes,
(And when they fall, 'twill be good catching Larkes)
Yet this may fall, that while you dance and skip
With Female Planets, sore your foote may trip,
That in your lofty Caprioll and turne,
Their motion may make your dimension burne.

68 To Paulus.

164 To loue you, *Paulus*, I was well enclin'd:
But euer since you honour did require,
I honor'd you, because 'twas your desire:
But now to loue you, I doe neuer minde.

---

163 7 In speaking which, as] It speaking, which 1618 etc

69 Of Table-talke.

165 I had this day carroust the thirteenth cup,
And was both slipper-tong'd, and idle-brain'd,
And said by chance, that you with me should sup.
You thought hereby, a supper cleerely gain'd:
And in your Tables you did quote it vp.
Vnciuill ghest, that hath been so ill train'd!
Worthy thou art hence supperlesse to walke,
That tak'st aduantage of our Table-talke.

70 Of the commodities that men haue by their Marriage.

166 A fine yong Clerke, of kinne to Fryer *Frappert*,
Prompt of his tongue, of person neat and dappert:
Not deepely read, yet were he put vnto it,
One that could say his seruice, and would doe it.
His markes & haire, show'd him of excellent carriage:
This man one day hap'ned to talke of marriage,
And prou'd not onely, that 'tis honorable,
But that the ioyes thereof are admirable.
He told the tale to me, and other friends,
And straight I learn'd it at my fingers ends.
Which ioyes that you may better vnderstand,
I'le place one on each finger of my hand.
Foure ioyes, he said, on married Priest be cast,
A wife, and friends, and coyne, and children last.
And first the wife, see how at bed, at boord,
What comfort, and what ioyes, she doth affoord.
Then for her friends, what ioy can be more deare,
Then louing friends, dwell they farre off or neare.
A third ioy then it is, to haue the portion,
Well got, and void of strife, fraud or extortion.

---

165 1 thirteenth] thirteene 1618

And fourthly, those sweet Babes, that call one Dad,
Oh, how they ioy the soule, and make it glad!
But now, Sir, there remaines one obseruation,
That well deserues your due consideration.
Marke then againe, I say, for so 'twere meete,
Which of these ioyes are firme, and which doe fleete.
First, for the wife, sure no man can deny it,
That for most part, she stickes most surely by it.
But for thy friends, when they should most auaile you,
By death, or fortunes change, oft times they faile you.
Then for the portion, without more forecast,
Whiles charge encreaseth, money failes as fast,
And last the children, most of them out-liue you,
But ill brought vp, they often liue to grieue you.
Now marke vpon the fingers, who remaine,
The Children and the Wife, onely these twaine.

71 To Marcus *that would borrow.*

167 You sent to me, *Marcus*, for twenty marke:
But to that sute, I would by no meanes harke:
But straight next day, you sent your man in post,
To tell me how a Lord with you would host.
And I must lend, to entertaine this State,
Some Basons, Ewres, and some such other plate.
Are you a Foole? Or thinke you me a foole,
That I should now be set againe to schoole?
Were not my wisedome, worthy to be wondred,
Denying twenty markes, to lend one hundred?

72 To his wife after they had been married fourteen yeere.

168 Two Prentiships with thee I now haue been,
Mad times, sad times, glad times, our life hath seen,

---

166 12 place one on] place on 1618 place them on 1633. 13 be cast,] he casts, 1618 I cast, 1633. 21 one] on 1618 etc.

168 fourteen]foure 1618.

Souls we haue wroght 4.payre since our first meeting
Of which, 2.soules, sweet soules, were to be fleeting.
My workemanship so well doth please thee still,
Thou wouldst not graunt me freedome by thy will:
And Ile confesse such vsage I haue found,
Mine heart yet ne're desir'd to be vnbound.
But though my selfe am thus thy Prentice vow'd,
My dearest *Mall*, yet thereof be not proud,
Nor claime no Rule thereby; ther's no such cause:
For *Plowden*, who was father of the Lawes
Which yet are read and rul'd by his Enditings,
Doth name himselfe a Prentice in his writings,
And I, if you should challenge vndue place,
Could learne of him to alter so the case:
I plaine would proue, I still kept due priority,
And that good wiues are still in their minority:
But far from thee, my deare, be such Audacitie:
I doubt more thou dost blame my dul Capacitie,
That though I trauaile true in my vocation,
I growe yet worse and worse at th' occupation.

73 Of a Bequest without a Legacy.

169 In hope some Lease or Legacy to gaine,
You gaue old *Titus* yeerely ten pound pension.
Now he is dead, I heare thou dost complaine,
That in his will of thee he made no mention.
Cease this complaint that shewes thy base intention.
He left thee more, then some he lou'd more deerely,
For he hath left thee ten pound pension yeerely.

74 Of one that lent money on sure band.

170 When *Lynus* little store of coyne is spent,
And no supply of office or of Rent,

---

168 4 fleeting.] fleeting, 1618 etc. 21 keep] kept 1618 etc.

He comes to *Titus* knowne a wary spender,
A pleasant wit, but no great money-lender,
And prest him very hard for twenty pound,
For which small kindnesse he were greatly bound,
And lest (quoth he) you deeme it my presumption,
If I should offer you my bare assumption,
I sweare All-hallows, I will make repayment,
Yea though I pawne mine Armour and my Rayment,
And for your more assurance, you shall haue
What obligation you your selfe will craue,
Or Bill or Bond your payment to performe,
Recognizance, Statute or any foime.
Now *Titus* by report so well did know him,
That he might scant trust him so far as throw him,
And said he should haue so much at his hands,
Forthwith if he might poynt the forme and bands.
Agree'd, quoth *Lynus* straight, and doth him thanke.
But *Titus* brings a Foorme of foure Inch-Plancke,
Two of the Gard might scantly well it lift,
And ere that *Lynus* well perceiu'd the drift,
Fast to that Foorme he bound him hands and feete:
Then brought the mony forth and let him see't,
And sware till, he his fashions did reforme,
None other bands could serue nor other forme.

75 Of light Merchandize.

171 In Rome a Cryer had a Wench to sell,
Such as in Common Stewes are wont to dwell,
Her name, nor his, I shall not neede to tell.
But hauing held her long at little price,
And thinking thus some chapman to entice,
He clipt her in his armes as nothing nice,
And so he kist her more then once or twice.

---

170 7 my] might 1618 1625 were 1633 23 bound] bindes 1618 binds 1633.
171 5 thus] that 1618 1625 so 1633

What might he gaine, thinke you, by this deuice?
One that before had offered fifty shilling
To giue one fift part, seemed now vnwilling.,

76 *Of father* Peleus *stable.*

172 Old *Peleus* burn'd a Stable to the ground,
Which new to build doth cost three hundred pound:
That's but one Gennets price with him, no force,
A Stable? No: He did but lose a horse.

77 *Of a censurer of English writers.*

173 That Englishmen haue small, or no inuention,
Old *Guillam* saith, and all our workes are barren,
But for the stuffe, we get from Authors forren.
Why, *Guillam*, that same gold thou tak'st in pension,
Which mak's thee loue our Realm more then your own
And follow still our English Court, and campe,
Now that it hath our dearest Soueraignes stampe,
Is English coine, though once'twere *Indian* growne.
Except not then 'gainst English wits, I pray,
You that accept so well of English pay.

78 *Of* Titus *boasting.*

174 A kinde companion *Titus* all his daies,
And till his last, of pleasant wit and tongue;
If he had heard a man his owne strength praise,
Would tell what he would doe when he was yong.
And hauing, with oathes, his speeches bound,

---

172 2 new] now 1618 etc.
173 6 campe,] campe. 1618 etc.
174 2 of] a 1618 etc. 5 bound,] bound: 1618 1625 bound; 1633.

Thus would he speak: I would at twelue score pricks,
Haue shot all day an arrow of a pound,
Haue shot the flight full fortie score and sixe,
I would haue ouer-lifted all the Gard,
Out-throwne them at the barre, the sledge, the stone,
And he that is in wrestling held most hard,
I would in open plaine haue ouerthrowne.
Now, say some by, Was *Titus* e're so strong?
Who he? the weakest man hundreds among.
Why tels he then such lyes in serious sort,
What he could do? Nay, sure 'twas true, though sport.
He said not he could doe. That were a fable.
He said, He would haue done, had he been able.

79 To Doctor Sherwood, *how Sack makes one leane.*

175 I marueld much last day, what you did meane,
To say that drinking Sack, will make one leane:
But now I see I then mistooke you cleane.
For my good neighbour *Marcus* who I tro,
Feares fatnesse much, this drinke hath plyde him so,
That now except he leane, he cannot goe.
Ha, gentle Doctor, now I see your meaning,
Sacke will not leaue one leane, 'twill leaue him leaning.

80 Of swearing first betweene the wife and the Husband.

176 *Cis*, by that Candle, in my sleepe, I thought,
One told me of thy body thou wert nought:
Good husband, he that told you, lyde, she sed,

---

174 14 hundreds] a hundred 1618 etc.

175 3 see I then] see, and then 1618 etc

And swearing laid her hand vpon the bread.
Then eate the bread (quoth he) that I may deeme
That fancie false, that true to me did seeme.
Nay Sir, said she, the matter well to handle,
Sith you swore first, you first must eate the Candle.

81 To his Wife.

177 Because I once in verse did hap to call
Thee by this louing name, my dearest *Mall*,
Thou think'st thy selfe assured by the same,
In future ages, I haue giu'n thee fame.
But if thou merit not such name in veritie,
I meane not so to mis-informe posteritie.
For I can thus interpret if I will,
My dearest *Mall*, that is, my costliest ill.

82 To a prattling Epicure.

178 If thou loue dainty fare at others tables,
Thou must their humor and their houres endure:
Leaue arg'ments, controulings, thwarts and brables.
Such freedome sutes not with an Epicure.

83 Of Don Pedro.

179 The wise *Vlisses* loathing forraine Iarres,
Fain'd himselfe mad, to keepe him from the wars:
But our *Don Pedro* sees our Martiall schooles
Prefer before wise cowards Martiall fooles.
And fearing faining mad will not suffice,
To stay him from the warres, faines himselfe wise.

---

178 *To a prattling Epicure*] *prating* A *pratling* 1633 3 controulings, thwarts and brables] contouling thwarts 1618 controuling thwarts 1633

179 3 sees] seekes 1618 etc. Schooles] schooles, 1618 etc. 4 Prefer] Prefers 1618 1625 Preferres 1633.

84 To Master Bastard, *taxing him of Flattery.*

180 It was a saying vs'd a great while since,
The subiects euer imitate the Prince,
A vertuous Master, makes a good Disciple,
Religious Prelates breede a godly people.
And euermore the Rulers inclination,
Workes in the time the chawnge and alteration.
Then what's the reason *Bastard*, why thy Rimes
Magnifie Magistrates, yet taunt the times?
I thinke that he to taunt the time that spares not,
Would touch the Magistrate, saue that he dares not.

85 Ouids *confession translated into English for Generall* Norreys. 1593.

181 To liue in Lust I make not my profession,
Nor in my Verse, my vices to defend:
But rather by a true and plaine confession,
To make men know my meaning is to mend.
I hate, and am my selfe that most I hate.
I load my selfe, yet striue to be discharged,
Like sterelesse ship vnstai'd, runnes my estate,
Bound by my selfe, I sue to be enlarged.
No certaine shape, my fancies doth enflame:
A hundred causes kindle my affection,
If sober looke doe show a modest shame,
Straight to those eyes my soule is in subiection.
A wanton looke, no lesse my heart doth pierce,
Because it showes a pleasant inclination.
If she be coy like *Sabines* sharpe and fierce,
I thinke such coynesse, deepe dissimulation.
If she be learn'd, I honour gifts so rare,
If ignorant, I loue a milde simplicitie.

---

180 6 chawnge] workes 1618 etc.

If she doe praise my writings, and compare
Them with the best, in her I take felicitie.
If she dispraise my Verses, and their Maker,
To win her liking, I my loue would lend her.
Goes she well grac't? Her gate would make me take her:
If ill, perhaps to touch a man, would mend her.
Is shee well tun'd in voice, a cunning singer?
To snatch a kisse, eu'n thus I feele a will.
Playes she on Lute with sweete and learned finger?
What heart can hate a hand so full of skill?
But if she know with art her armes to moue,
And dance Carantoes with a comely grace,
T'omit my selfe that quickly fall in loue,
Hippolitus would haue *Priapus* place,
Like th'ancient *Heroynes* I count thee tall,
Me thinkes they fill a braue roome in the bed:
Yet comlier sports are found in statures small,
Thus long and short haue aye my liking bred.
If she goe plaine, then what a piece were this?
Were she attyr'd, if braue, I loue her brauery,
Fayre, nut-browne, sallow, none doth looke amisse,
My wanton lust is thrald in so great slauery.
If hayre like Iet, her neck like Ivory couer,
Ledas was blacke, and that was *Ledas* glory.
With yellow lockes, *Aurora* pleas'd her louer.
Loe thus my fancie sutes to euery story:
The Matron graue, the greene yong girle and pritty,
I like for age, for manners vnsuspicious,
In fine, to all in Country, Court and City,
My loue doth presse to proue it selfe ambitious.

86 A witty speech of Heywood *to the Queene.*

182 When good Queen *Mary* with much pain & anguish,
Did on deaths bed in lingring sicknesse languish:

---

181 29 art] heart 1618 etc. 33 *Heroynes*] *Heroyes* 1618 1625 *Heroes* 1633.

Old pleasant *Heywood* came her Grace to visite:
For mirth to such doth oft more good then Phisicke,
Whom, when the gracious Princesse had espyde,
Ah, *Heywood!* here they kill me vp, she cryde:
For, being smotherd quite with too much heate,
Yet my Physicians proue to make me sweat;
But it doth proue so painefull to procure it,
That first Ile die before I will endure it.
Heywood, with cheerefull face, but cheerelesse soule,
Thus her bad resolution did controule.
Sweet Lady, you must sweat, or else, I sweare it,
We shall all sweat for it, if you forbeare it.

87 To my wife, from Chester.

183 When I from thee, my deere, last day departed,
Summoned by Honor to this Irish action,
Thy tender eyes shed teares: but I, hard-harted,
Tooke from those teares a ioy, and satisfaction.
Such for her Spouse (thought I) was *Lucrece* sadness,
Whom to his ruine Tyrant *Tarquin* tempted.
So mourned she, whose husband feined madnes,
Thereby from Troian warres to stand exempted.
Thus then I doe reioyce in that thou greeuest,
And yet, sweet foole, I loue thee, thou beleeuest.

88 Against lying Lynus.

184 I wonder *Lynus*, what thy tongue doth ayle,
That though I flatter thee, thou still doost raile?
Thou think'st, I ly, perhaps thou think'st most true:
Yet to so gentle lyes, pardon is due.

---

182 1 good] old 1618 etc. Anguish,] languish, 1618 etc. 5 gracious] sickly 1618 etc.

A lie, wel told, to some tastes is restoritie;
Besides, we Poets lie by good authoritie.
But were all lying Poetry, I know it,
Lynus would quickly proue a passing Poet.

89 Of lending on Priuy-seales.

185 A friend of mine, to me made mickle mone
About some moneyes lending in the lone;
Alleaging, that to lend, were little griefe,
If of repayment men haue firme beleefe.
But other mens examples make vs dread,
To speed as some in other times haue sped.
For if one faile, who then will care for vs?
Now I, to comfort him, replyed thus,
While God preserues the Prince, ne're be dismayd,
But, if she faile, be sure we shall be payd.

90 In defence of Lent.

186 Ovr belly-gods dispraise the *Lenton* fast,
And blame the lingring daies, and tedious time,
And sweare this abstinence too long doth last,
Whose folly I refute in this my rime.
Methusalem, nine hundred yeares was fed
With nought but herbes, and berries of the field;
Iohn Baptist thirty yeeres his life had led
With Locusts and wild Honey woods did yeeld.
He that the Israelites from Egypt brought,
Where they in slauish thraldome long did dwell,
He home to heau'n the firie Chariot rought;

---

184 5 A lie, wel told, to some tastes is] A lie, wel told to some, tastes il 1618 etc

185 *Of lending on*] *Of lending our* 1618 etc 8 him,] them, 1618 etc.

186 3 last,] last. 1618. 4 rime.] rime, 1618 1625 rime; 1633.

Yea, Christ himselfe, that saues vs all from Hell:
These three, as holy Scripture doth repeate,
In forty daies did neither drinke, nor eate.
Why then should we against this Law repine,
That are permitted euery kind of Fish?
Are not forbid the tastes of costly Wine,
Are not debard of many a daintie dish:
Both Sugar, Ginger, Pepper, Cloues, and Mace,
And Sinnamon, and Spice of euery kind,
And Reysons, Figs and Almonds in like case,
To please the taste, and satisfie the mind:
And yet forsooth, we thinke we should be mard,
If we from flesh but forty dayes be bard.

91 Malum bene positum ne moueas.

187 A Iudge, to one well studied in the Lawes,
That was too earnest in his Clyents cause,
Said, Stir't no more; for as the cause doth sinke
Into my sense, it seemeth like a sinke.

92 Of King Dauid. *Written to the Queene.*

188 Thou Princes Prophet, and of Prophets King,
Growne from poore Pastoralls, and Shepheards fold,
To change the sheephooke to a Mace of gold,
Subduing sword and speare, with staffe and sling:
Thou that didst quell the Beare and dreadful Lyon,
With courage vnappald, and actiue lymmes;
Thou that didst praise in yet induring Himmes
With Poetry diuine the God of *Syon;*
Thou sonne in Law to King & Prince appointed:

---

187 4 sinke.] stinke.] 1618 etc.

188 *Of King* Dauid. *Written to the Queene.*] *To King* Dauid. A 1618 etc. 7 in yet] in it, 1618 etc.

Yet, when that king by wrong did seek thy harme,
Didst helpe him with thy Harp, and sacred charme:
And taught not once to touch the Lords Anointed.
Thou, thou great Prince, with so rare gifts replenished
Could'st not eschew blind Buzzard *Cupids* hookes,
Lapt in the bayt of *Bersabees* sweet lookes:
With which one fault, thy faultles life was blemished.
Yet hence we learne a document most ample,
That faln by fraylty we may rise by faith,
And that the sinne forgiuen, the penance staieth;
Of Grace and Iustice both a sweet example.
Let no man then himselfe in sinne imbolden
By thee, but thy sharpe penance, bitter teares,
May strike into our harts such godly feares,
As we may be thereby from sin with-holden.
Sith we, for ours, no iust excuse can bring,
Thou hadst one great excuse, thou wert a King.

93 Of Monsters. To my Lady Rogers.

189 Strange-headed Monsters, Painters haue described,
To which the Poets strange parts haue ascribed,
As *Ianus* first two faces had assign'd him,
Of which, one look't before, tother behind him:
So men, may it be found in many places,
That vnderneath one hood can beare two faces.
Three-headed *Cerberus*, Porter of Hell,
Is faind with *Pluto*, God of wealth to dwell.
So still with greatest States, and men of might,
Dogs dwell, that doe both fawne, and bark, & bite.
Like Hydras heads, that multiply with wounds,
Is multitude, that mutinie confounds:

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188 12 taught not once] taught, no not 1618 etc. 18 That faln by fraylty we may rise by faith,] Our flesh then strongest is, when weak'st our faith. 1618 etc.

On what seu'n-headed beast the Strumpet sits,
That wears the skarlett, poseth many wits,
Whether seu'n sinnes be meant, or else seu'n hils,
It is a question fit for higher skils.
But then of these, if you can rightly conster,
A headlesse woman is a greater Monster.

94 Of a pleasant Broker.

190 A broker that was hyr'd to sell a Farme,
Whose seat was very sound, fruitful and warme,
Thinking to grace the sales man with the tale,
Said thus: Friends, *Marius* sets this land to sale;
But thinke not this for debt or need to sell:
For as for money he is stor'd so well,
He hath at all times ready in his chest,
And some beside, he hath at interest.
Then were the chapmen earnestly in hand,
To question of the Title of the land:
Why should one sell, say they, that lets to vse?
The Broker driuen to seeke some new excuse,
Did study first, and smyling, thus replide,
His Worships beasts, and sheepe, and Hindes there dyde;
Since which, he neuer could the place abide.
Now though in this the foolish Broker lyde,
Yet the report thereof did so much harme,
That now, poore *Marius* cannot sell his Farme.

95 To the Lady Rogers.

191 To praise my wife, your daughter (so I gather)
Your men say, she resembleth most her father.
And I no lesse, to praise your sonne, her brother,

---

189 14 That wears the skarlett, poseth] That weares the scarfe, sore troubled 1618 etc.

191 *To the Lady* Rogers.] *To the L.* Ro. 1618

Affirme that he is too much like his mother.
I know not if we iudge aright, or erre:
But let him be like you, so I like her.

96 To his wife, in excuse he had call'd her foole in his writing.

192 A man in show that scornes, in deede enuies
Thy feruent loue, and seeks the same to coole,
Findes fault, that in a Verse I call'd thee Foole:
And that it could be kindly tane, denies.
But thou didst kindly take it, then he lyes.
Well, therefore I wish him a wife most wise,
Noble descended from great *De la Poole:*
Learn'd to set her husband still to schoole,
So faire to draw to her all amorous eyes.
Let flattering tongues protest she doth deserue,
That great Commanders her should sue to serue:
Then let him walke and with *Acteons* lucke,
Amid the Herd, say, *Welcome, fellow Bucke.*
Meane while, my *Mall*, thinke thou 'tis honorable,
To be my Foole, and I to be thy Bable.

97 Of the growth of Trees To Sir Hugh Portman.

193 At your rich Orchard, you to me did show,
How swift the Trees were planted there, did grow:
Namely, an Elme, that in no long abode,
Did of a twigge, grow vp to be a loade.
But you would quite condemne your trees of slouth,
Compar'd to our trees admirable grouth.
Our planters haue found out such secret skils,
With pipe and barrell-staues, and iron Mils;

---

193 *To Sir* Hugh Portman] *to Sir* H. Port. 1618 etc.

That Okes, for which none ten yeeres since were willing
To giue ten groats, are growne worth thirty shilling,
At which I waxt so wood, I said in rage,
That thirst of Gold, makes this an Iron age.

98 Against promoting Lynus.

194 Thou, *Linus*, that louest still to be promoting,
Because I sport, about King *Henries* marriage:
Think'st this will proue a matter worth the carriage.
But let it alone, *Lynus*, it is no booting.
While Princes liue, who speakes, or writes & teaches
Against their faults, may pay for speech, and writing:
But being dead, dead men, they say, leaue biting:
Their eyes are seal'd, their armes haue little reaches.
Children they are, and fooles that are afeard,
To pull, and play, with a dead Lyons beard.

99 The Story of Marcus *life at Primero.*

195 Fond *Marcus* euer at *Primero* playes,
Long winter nights, and as long Summer dayes:
And I heard once, to idle talke attending,
The Story of his times, and coines mis-spending.
As first, he thought himselfe halfe way to heauen,
If in his hand he had but got a seu'n.
His Fathers death set him so high on flote,
All rests went vp vpon a seu'n, and coate.
But while he drawes for these gay coats & gownes,
The gamesters from his purse draw all his crownes.
And he ne're ceast to venter all in prime,

---

193 9 willing] willing, 1618 etc.
194 4 booting.] booting, 1618 etc.
195 9 gay] gray 1618 etc.

Till of his age, quite was consum'd the prime.
Then he more warily, his rest regards,
And sets with certainties vpon two cards
On sixe and thirtie, or on seu'n and nine,
If any set his rest, he saith (and mine):
But seeld with this, he either gaines or saues,
For either *Faustus* prime is with three knaues
Or *Marcus* neuer can encounter right,
Yet drew two Ases, and for further spight,
Had colour for it with a hopefull draught,
But not encountred, it auail'd him naught.
Well, sith encountring, he so faire doth misse,
He sets not till he nine and fortie is.
And thinking, now his rest would sure be doubled,
He lost it by the hand, with which sore troubled,
He ioynes now all his stocke, vnto his stake,
That of his fortune, he full proofe may make.
At last both eldest hand and fiue and fifty,
He thinketh now or neuer (thriue vnthrifty.)
Now for the greatest rest he hath the push:
But *Crassus* stopt a Club, and so was flush:
And thus what with the stop, and with the packe,
Poore *Marcus*, and his rest goes still to wracke.
Now must he seeke new spoile to set his rest,
For here his seeds turne weeds, his rest, vnrest.
His land, his plate he pawnes, he sels his leases,
To patch, to borrow, and shift, he neuer ceases.
Till at the last, two Catch-poles him encounter,
And by arrest, they beare him to the Counter.
Now *Marcus* may set vp, all rests securely:
For now he's sure to be encountred surely.

---

195 14 two cards] the cards 1618 etc 16 and saith (and he mine):] saith, and mine: 1618 etc.

100 Lesbias *rule of praise.*

196 *Lesbia*, whom some thought a louely creature,
Doth sometimes praise some other womans feature:
Yet this I do obserue, that none she praises,
Whom worthy fame by beauties merits raises.
But onely of their seemely parts she tels,
Whom she doth sure beleeue, her self excels.
So, *Linus* praises *Churchyard* in his censure,
Not *Sydney*, *Daniel*, *Constable*, nor *Spencer*.

101 Another of Table-talke.

197 Among some Table-talke of little weight,
A friend of mine was askt by one great Lady:
What sonnes he had? My wife (saith he) hath eight.
Now fie, said she, 'tis an ill vse as may be.
I would you men would leaue these fond conditions,
To put on vertuous wiues such wrong suspitions.
Tush, said her Lord, you giue a causelesse blame,
The Gentleman hath wisely spoke, and well:
To reckon all his sonnes perhaps were shame,
His wiues sonnes therefore he doth onely tell.
Behold, how much it stands a man in steede,
To haue a friend answere in time of neede.

102 Of old Haywoods *sonnes.*

198 Old *Haywoods* sons did wax so wild & youthfull,
It made their aged father sad and ruthfull.
A friend one day, the elder did admonish

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196 4 Whom worthy fame by beauties merits raises.] Whom worthy fame, by beauties merits praises. 1618 etc

197 6 To put on] T'enure on 1618 etc.

198 2 ruthfull.] wrathfull. 1618 etc

With threats, as did his courage halfe astonish,
How that except he would begin to thriue,
His Sire of all his goods would him depriue.
For whom, quoth he? Eu'n for your yonger brother.
Nay then, said he, no feare, if't be none other.
My brother's worse then I, and till he mends,
I know, my father no such wrong intends,
Sith both are bad, to shew so partiall wrath,
To giue his yonger vnthrift that hee hath.

Sir John Haringtons Epigrams

Booke III

1 Yong Haywoods *answere to my Lord of Warwicke.*

199 One neere of kinne to *Heywood* by his birth,
And no lesse neere in name, and most in mirth,
Was once for his Religions sake committed,
Whose case a Noble Peere so greatly pittied:
He sent to know what things with him were scant,
And offered frankely to supply his want.
Thankes to that Lord, said he, that wills me good,
For I want all things sauing hay and wood.

2 To the great Ladies of the Court.

200 I haue beene told, most Noble courtly Dames,
That ye commend some of my Epigrams:
But yet I heare againe, which makes me pensiue,
Some of them are, to some of you offensiue.
Those that you like, I'le giue, and aske no guerdon,
So that you grant those you mislike, you pardon.
Both are the fruitlesse fruits of idle houres,
These for my pleasure reade, and those for yours.

3 Of a Lady that giues the cheek.

201 Is't for a grace, or is't for some disleeke,
Where others kisse with lip, you giue the cheeke?

---

199 4 greatly] lately 1618 etc 7 wills] will 1618 etc.
201 Heading *cheek*] *checke* 1618. 2 others] other 1618 etc.

Some note that for a pride in your behauiour:
But I should rather take it for a fauour.
For I to show my kindnesse, and my loue,
Would leaue both lip and cheek, to kisse your Gloue.
Now with the cause, to make you plain acquainted,
Your gloue's perfum'd, your lip & cheek are painted.

4 *Of* Balbus *a Poet.*

202 *Balbus* of Writers reck'ning vp a Rable,
Thinks their names are by him made honorable:
And not vouchsafing me to name at all,
He thinkes that he hath greeu'd me to the gall.
I galled? No, simple fellow, thou art gulled,
To thinke I way the praise of such a dull head.
Those that are guilty of defect, and blame,
Doe neede such testimonials of their fame.
Learne then, vntaught, learn then, you enuious elues,
Books are not praised, that do not praise themselues.

5 *To* Leda.

203 In Verse, for want of Rime, I know not how,
I cald our Bathes the pilgrimage of Saints,
You *Leda* much the praise do disallow,
And thinke this touch your pure Religion taints.
Good *Leda*, be not angry, for God knowes,
Though I did write of Saints, I meant of shrowes.

---

202 5 I galled? No, simple fellow, thou art gulled,] I galled? Simple foole! nor yet gulled, 1618 etc. 6 way the praise of] may thee praise for 1618 etc. 9 then, you enuious elues,] then you enuious elues. 1618 etc.

6 *To* Sextus, *an ill Reader.*

204 That Epigram that last you did rehearse,
Was sharpe, and in the making, neat and tearse,
But thou doost read so harsh, point so peruerse,
It seemd now neither witty nor a verse.
For shame poynt better, and pronounce it cleerer,
Or be no Reader, *Sextus*, be a Hearer.

7 *Of Bathes cure vpon* Marcus.

205 The fame of *Bathe* is great, and still endures,
That oft it worketh admirable cures.
The barren by their vertue haue conceiu'd,
The weake and sick, haue health & strength receiu'd;
And many Cripples that came thither carried,
Go sound from thence, when they a while haue tarried.
But yet one cure on *Marcus* lately showne,
My Muse doth thinke most worthy to make known;
For, while he bathes with Gascoyne wines & Spanish,
Thereby old aches from his lymmes to banish,
Hunts after youthfull company, entycing
Them to the sports of bowling, carding, dycing:
His wantonnesse breeds want, his want enforces
Marcus, by one and one to sell all his horses.
Lo, how the Bathe hath searcht his sicknes roote,
He can, nay more, he must goe thence afoote.

8 *Of a Lady that sought remedy at the Bathe.*

206 A Lady that none name, nor blame none hath,
Came the last yeere with others to the Bathe:
Her person comely was, good was her feature,

---

204 4 It seemd now neither witty nor a verse.] It seemed now neither witty nor verse. 1618 etc.

205 8 make known;] be known; 1618 etc. 14 to sell] sell 1618 etc.

In beauty, grace and speech, a louely creature.
Now as the Lady in the water staid,
A plaine man fell a talking with her maid,
That lean'd vpon the rayle, and askt the reason,
Why that faire Lady vs'd the Bathe, that season?
Whether 'twere lamenesse, or defect in hearing,
Or some more inward euill, not appearing?
No, said the Maid to him, beleeue it well,
That my faire Mistris sound is as a Bell.
But of her comming, this is true occasion,
An old Physician mou'd her by perswasion,
These Bathes haue power to strengthen that debility,
That doth in man or woman breed sterrilitie.
Tush, said the man with plaine & short discourse,
Your Mistris might haue tane a better course.
Let her to Oxford, to the Vniuersitie,
Where yong Physicians are, and such diuersitie
Of toward spirits that in all acts proceede,
Much fitter then the Bathe is for the deede.
No, no, that will not serue, the Maid replide,
For she that Physike hath already tride.

9 To Sir Morris Barkly.

207 Your father gaue me once a Dormant warrant:
But sending at Saint *Iames* tide to the keeper,
My men came backe as from a sleeuelesse Arrant,
And in a boxe, I laid my warrant sleeper.
You Noble Sir, that are his heyre apparant,
Will giue henceforth, I hope, a waking Warrant.

10 Of Faustus *the Fault-finder.*

208 Of all my Verses, *Faustus* still complaines,
I writ them carelesly: and why forsooth?

---

206 24 For she] For her, 1618

Because, he saith, they goe so plaine and smooth.
It showes that I for them ne're beat my braines.
I, that mens errors neuer loue to sooth,
Said, they that say so, may be thought but noddies.
For sample marke, said I, your Mistris bodies,
That sit so square, and smooth down to her raines,
That, that fine waste, that wealth and wit doth waste,
Thinke you her Taylor wrought it vp in haste?
No: aske him, and heele say he took more paines
Then with old *Ellens* double-welted frock,
That sits like an old felt on a new block.
Who cannot write, ill iudge of Writers vaines.
The worke of Taylers hands, and Writers wits,
Was hardest wrought, when as it smoothest sits.

11 Of an ill Physician for the body, that became a worse Surgeon for the soule.

209 A certaine Mountebanke, or paltry Leach,
Finding his Physick furdred not his thrift,
Thought with himselfe to find some further drift.
And though the skill were farre aboue his reach,
He needs would proue a Priest, and falls to preach.
But patching Sermons with a sorry shift,
As needs they must that ere they learne will teach:
At last, some foes so neerely doe him sift,
And of such words and deeds did him appeach,
As from his Liuing quite they did him lift,
And of the Patron straight they begd the gift:
And so the Mountebanke did ouer-reach.
Who when he found he was pursu'd so swift,
Gaue place vnto so sharpe and fierce a breach:
Shutting vp all with this shrewd muttering speach,
Well, though, said he, my Liuing I haue lost,

---

208 9 waste,] waste. 1618 etc.

Yet many a good mans life this losse shall cost.
A stander by, that would be thought officious,
Straight, as an heynous matter of complaint,
Doth with his speech the Iustices acquaint:
Alleaging, as it seem'd, indeed suspicious,
That to the State his meaning was pernitious.
The Leech thus touched with so shrewd a Taint,
Yet in his looke nor answer did, nor faint;
Protesting, that his mind was not malicious.
But if the course that he must take be vicious,
He flat affirmed it was curst constraint:
For, of my Liuing hauing lost possession,
I must, said he, turne to my first profession;
In which, I know too well, for want of skill,
My Medicines will many a good man kill.

12 Of Sir Philip Sydney.

210 If that be true the latten Prouerbe sayes,
Landari a laudatis is most praise;
Sydney, thy works in *Fames* bookes are enrold,
By Princes pennes, that haue thy works extold,
Whereby thy name shall dure to endlesse dayes.
But now, if rules of contrary should hold,
Then I, poore I, were drownd in deepe dispraise,
Whose works base Writers haue so much debased,
That *Lynus* dares pronounce them all defaced.

13 Of impudent Lynus.

211 Not any learning, *Lynus*, no, God knowes,
But thy brute boldnes made some to suppose,
That thou might'st haue been bred in *Brazen-nose*.

---

209 31 a good man kill.] a man kill. 1618
210 1 latten] latter 1618 etc.

A murren on thy pate, 'twould doe thee grace,
So were thine head so arm'd in euery place,
A Steele scull, Copper nose, and Brazen face.

14 Against an vnthrifty Lynus.

212 Many men maruaile *Lynus* doth not thriue,
That had more trades then any man aliue;
As first, a Broker, then a Petty-fogger,
A Traueller, a Gamster, and a Cogger,
A Coyner, a Promoter, and a Bawde,
A Spy, a Practicer in euery fraude:
And missing thrift by these lewd trades and sinister,
He takes the best, yet proues the worst, a Minister.

15 Of Faustus

213 I find in *Faustus* such an alteration,
He giues to *Paulus* wondrous commendation:
Is *Paulus* late to him waxt friendly? No.
But sure, poore *Faustus* faine would haue it so.

16 Of a deuout Vsurer.

214 A Merchant, hearing that great Preacher, SMITH,
Preach against Vsury, that art of byting,
The Sermon done, embrac'd the man forth-with,
Vnto his bord most friendly him inuiting.
A friend of his, hoping some sweet aspersion
Of grace would moue him to some restitution,
Wist him, in token of his full Conuersion,
Release some Debters, held in Execution.
Foole, said he, thinke you Ile leaue my trade?
No: but I thinke this Preacher learn'd and painefull,

Because the more from it he doth perswade,
'Tis like to proue to me more sweet and gainefull.
Was euer Iew of Malta, or of Millain,
Then this most damned Iew, more Iewish villain?

17 Of a reformed Brother.

215 In studying Scriptures, hearing Sermons oft,
Thy mind is growne so plyable and soft,
That though none can attaine to true perfection,
Thy works come neere the words of their direction.
They counsell oft to fast, and euer pray,
Thou louest oft to feast, and euer play:
Sackcloth and Cinders they aduise to vse,
Sack, Cloues, and Sugar, thou wouldst haue to chuse:
They wish our works, and life, should shine like light,
Thy workes and all thy life is passing light,
They bid vs follow still the Apostles lore,
Apostata's thou follow'st euermore.
They bid refresh the poore with Almes-deedes,
Thou rauish dost the poore with all misdeedes.
They promise ioyes eternall neuer wasting,
You merit noyes infernall euerlasting.

18 Of Sheepe turned Wolues.

216 When hearts obdurate make of sin an habite,
High frowning *Nemesis* was wont to send
Beares, Lions, Wolues, and Serpents, to this end,
To spoyle the coasts where so bad folke inhabite.
Now since this age, in habite and in act,
Excels the sinnes of euery former age,
No maruaile *Nemesis* in her iust rage,
Doth like, or greater punishment exact.

---

215 5 They] Thy 1618. 15 promise] promist 1618 1625 promis'd 1633.
216 4 bad] good 1618 etc. 16 harmeful,] harmeful 1618.

And for this cause, a cruell beast is sent,
Not only that deuores and spoyles the people,
But spares not house, nor village, Church nor Steeple,
And makes poore widdowes mourn, Orphants lament.
You muse (perhaps) what beasts they be that keepe,
Such beastly rule as seld was seene before!
Tis neither Beare, nor Lyon, Bull, nor Bore:
But Beasts, then al these beasts, more harmeful, sheep.
Loe then, the mystery from whence the name
Of Cotsold Lyons first to England came.

19 Of Lynus, *borrowing.*

217 When *Lynus* meets me, after salutations,
Courtsies, and complements, and gratulations,
He presseth me, euen to the third deniall,
To lend him twenty shillings, or a royall:
But of his purpose, of his curtsie fayling,
He goes behind my backe, cursing and rayling.
Foole, thy kind speeches cost not thee a penny,
And more foole I, if they should cost me any.

20 Of one Master Carelesse.

218 Where dwels Mr. *Carelesse?* Iesters haue no dwelling.
Where lies he? in his tongue by most mens telling.
Where bords he? there where feasts are found by smelling.
Where bites he? all behind, with all men yelling.
Where bides the man? oh sir, I mist your spelling.
Now I will read, yet well I doe not wot:
But if that I to him shall point his lot,
In Shot-ouer, at Dogs-head in the pot.
For in that signe his head's oft ouer-shot.

---

218 9 head's] head 1618 etc.

21 Against Momus, *in praise of his dogge* Bungey.

219 Because a witty Writer of this time,
Doth make some mention in a pleasant rime,
Of *Lepidus* and of his famous dogge,
Thou *Momus*, that dost loue to scoffe and cogge,
Prat'st among base companions and giue'st out,
That vnto me herein, is meant a flout.
Hate makes thee blinde, *Momus*, I dare be sworne,
He meant to me his loue, to thee his scorne,
Put on thy enuious spectacles and see,
Whom doth he scorne therein, the dogge or mee:
The Dogge is grac't, compared with great Bankes,
Both beasts right famous, for their pretty prankes,
Although in this, I grant, the dogge was worse,
He onely fed my pleasure, not my purse:
Yet that same Dogge, I may say this and boast it,
Hath found my purse with gold when I haue lost it.
Now for my selfe, some fooles like thee may iudge,
That at the name of *Lepidus* I grudge,
No sure: so farre I thinke it from disgrace,
I wisht it cleare to me and to my race:
Lepus or *Lepos*, I in both haue part,
That in my name I beare, this in mine heart.
But, *Momus*, I perswade my selfe that no man,
Will deigne thee such a name, English or Roman,
Ile wage a But of Sack, the best in Bristo,
Who calls me *Lepido* will count thee *Tristo*.

22 Of Faustus.

220 Now *Faustus* saith, long Epigrams are dull.
Lowt, Larks are lothsom when ones panch is full.
Yet whom the short doe please, the long not weary,
I wish them neuer weary, euer merry.

---

219 6 a flout.] aflout. 1618 16 Hath] He 1618 etc. 26 Who calls me *Lepido* will count thee *Tristo*.] Who calls me *Lepid*, I will call him *Tristo*. 1618 etc.

23 *Of summum bonum.*

221 While I of *summum bonum* was disputing,
Propounding some positions, some confuting,
Old *Sextus* sayes that we were all deluded,
And that not one of vs aright concluded.
Knowledge, sayth he, is only true felicity,
Straightwayes a stranger askt me in simplicity,
Is *Sextus* learned? no quoth I, by this light.
Then without light, how iudgeth he so right?
He doth but ayme, as poore men vallew wealth,
The feeble value strength, the sicke man health.

24 *To Mall, to comfort her for the losse of her Children.*

222 When at the window thou thy doues are feeding,
Then thinke I shortly my Doue will be breeding,
Like will loue like, and so my liking like thee,
As I to doues in many things can like thee.
Both of you loue your lodgings dry and warme,
Both of you doe your neighbours little harme,
Both loue to feede vpon the finest graine,
Both of your liuings take but little paine,
Both murmur kindly, both are often billing,
Yet both to *Venus* sports will seeme vnwilling;
Both doe delight to looke your selues in Glasses,
You both loue your own houses as it passes;
Both fruitfull are, but yet the Doue is wiser,
For, though she haue no friend that can aduise her,
She, patiently can take her young ones losse,
Thou, too impatiently doost beare such crosse.

---

221 7 light.] light, 1618.
222 4 thee.] thee, 1618. 7 finest] firmest 1618 etc.

25 *Of the excuse* of Symony.

223 *Clerus*, I heare, doth some excuse alledge
Of his and all his fellowes sacriledge:
As namely, that to some, against their wills,
That men are bound to take the lesse of ills;
That they had rather, no man need to doubt it,
Take Liuings with the lands, than thus without it:
And therefore we must lay this haynous crime,
Not vnto them forsooth, but to the time.
Alas! a fault confest, were halfe amended,
But sinne is doubled that is thus defended.
I know, a right wise saies and beleeues,
Where no Receiuers are, there be no Theeues.

26 *In commendation of Master* Lewkeners *description of Venice, Dedicated to Lady* Warwick. 1595.

224 Lo, here's describ'd, though but in little roome,
Faire Venice, like a Spouse in *Neptunes* armes;
For freedome, emulous to ancient Rome,
Famous for counsell much, and much for Armes:
Whose stories earst written with Tuscan quill,
Lay to our English wits, as halfe conceal'd,
Till *Lewkners* learned trauaile and his skill,
In well grac'd stile and phrase hath it reueald.
Venice, be proud, that thus augments thy fame;
England, be kind, enricht with such a Booke,
Both giue due honor to that noble Dame,
For whom this taske the Writer vnder-tooke.

---

223 2 Of his and all his fellowes] Of his, and other fellowes 1618 etc. doubt it,] doubt, 1618 etc. 6 Take Liuings with the lands, than thu without it:] Take Liuings whole, then such as his wihout: 1618 etc 11 saies] sings 1618 etc.

224 Heading in 1618 etc. *sixt description.*

27 *Of one that gaue a Benefice.*

225 A Squire of good account, affirm'd he meant,
A learned man a Liuing to present:
But yet that Squire, in this did breake the square,
He purposed thereof to keepe a share;
To set two sonnes to schoole, to make them Clarks,
He doth reserue each yeere an hundred markes.
Ah, said the Priest, this card is too too cooling,
I set your sonnes? nay, they set me to schooling.

28 *Of* Faustus *fishing.*

226 With siluer hooke *Faustus* for flesh was fishing,
But that game byting not vnto his wishing,
He said, he did (being thus shrewdly matcht)
Fish for a Roach, but had a Gudgen catcht.
Faustus, it seemes thy luck therein was great,
For sure the Gudgen is the better meat.
Now bayt againe, that game is set so sharpe,
That to that Gudgen, thou mayst catch a Carpe.

29 *To his friend. Of his Booke of* Aiax.

227 You muse to find in me such alteration,
That I, that maydenly to write was wont,
Would now set to a Booke so desperate front,
As I might scant defend by imitation.
My Muse that time did need a strong Purgation,
Late hauing tane some bruse by lewd reports;
And when the Physick wrought, you know the fashion

---

225 1 meant] went, 1618 etc. 3 the square,] no square, 1618 etc. 8 sonnes?' sonnes; 1618.

227 4 imitation.] incitation. 1618 etc.

Whereto a man in such a case resorts:
And so my Muse, with good *decorum* spent
On that base titled Booke, her excrement.

30 Of a Seller of Time.

228 When of your Lordship I a Lease renew'd,
You promis'd me before we did conclude,
To giue me time, namely, twice twelue months day,
For such a Fine as I agreed to pay.
I bade a hundred pound, 'twas worth no more.
Your Lordship set it higher by a score.
Now, since I haue by computation found,
That two yeeres day cost me this twenty pound,
Sir, pardon me, to be thus plainely told it,
Your Lordship gaue not two yeeres day, you sold it.

31 Of the Earle of Essex.

229 Great Essex, now of late incurred hath
His Mistris indignation and her wrath:
And that in him she chiefly dissalouth,
She sent him North, he bent him to the South:
Then what shall Essex do? Let him henceforth,
Bend all his wits, his power and courage North.

32 Of himselfe.

230 Because in this my selfe-contenting vaine,
To write so many Toyes I borrow leasure,
Friends sorrow, fearing I take too much paine,
Foes enuy, swearing I take too much pleasure.
I smile at both, and wish, to ease their griefes,
That each with other would but change beliefes.

---

230 4 swearing] swearing, 1618 6 beliefs.] reliefes. 1618 etc.

30 To Doctor Sherwood, *of Bathe.*

231 Because among some other idle glances,
I, of the Bathes say sometimes as it chances,
That this an onely place is in this age,
To which faire Ladies come in pilgrimage,
You feare such wanton gleekes, and ill report,
May stop great States that thither would resort.
No, neuer feare it, pray but for faire weather:
Such speech as this, will bring them faster thither.

31 Of Marcus *courtesie.*

232 When I some little purchase haue in hand,
Straight *Marcus* kindly offers me his band.
I tell him, and he takes it in great snuffe,
His is a Falling Band, I weare a Ruffe.
But if you maruaile I his helpe refuse,
And meane herein some meaner mans to vse:
The cause is this, I fear, within a weeke,
That he of me like courtesie will seeke.

32 Of one that had a blacke head, and a gray Beard.

233 Though many search, yet few the cause can finde,
Why thy beard gray, thy head continues blacke:
Some thinke thy Beard more subiect to the winde.
Some think that thou dost vse that new-found knack,
Excusable to such as haire doe lacke:
A quaint Gregorian to thy head to binde.
Some thinke that with a combe of drossie Lead,
Thy siluer locks doe turne to colour darke:
Some thinke 'tis but the nature of thy head:

---

232 7 fear,] meane, 1618 etc.

But we thinke most of these haue mist the marke.
For this thinke we, that thinke we thinke aright.
Thy beard and yeeres are graue, thy head is light.

33 Against an old Lecher.

234 Since thy third curing of the French infection,
Priapus hath in thee found no erection:
Yet eat'st thou Ringoes, and Potato Rootes,
And Caueare, but it little bootes.
Besides the beds-head a bottle lately found,
Of liquor that a quart cost twenty pound.
For shame, if not more grace, yet shew more wit,
Surcease, now sinne leaues thee, to follow it.
Some smile, I sigh, to see thy madnesse such,
That that which stands not, stands thee in so much.

34 To his wiues Mother, reprouing her vnconstancie.

235 Last yeere while at your house I hapt to tarry,
Of all your goods, you tooke an Inuentory:
Your Tapistry, your linnen, bedding, plate,
Your sheepe, your horse, your cattle you did rate:
And yet one moueable you did forget,
More moueable then theis, therein to set.
Your wauering minde, I meane, which is so moueable,
That you for it, haue euer beene reproueable.

35 Of a Cuckold that had a chaste Wife.

236 When those Triumvers set that three mans song,
Which stablished in Rome a hellish Trinity,
That all the towne, and all the world did wrong,

---

234 1 curing] carriage 1618 etc. 10 which stands] withstands 1618
235 6 theis,] this, 1618 etc.

Killing their friends, and kinne of their affinity,
By tripartite Indenture, parting Rome,
As if the world for them had wanted roome,
Plotyna wife of one of that same hundred,
Whom *Anthony* prescrib'd to lose their life,
For beauty much, for loue to be more wondred,
Su'd for her Spouse, and told she was his wife.
The Tyrant pleasant to see so faire a suter,
Doth kisse her, and imbrace her, and salute her.
Then makes, nay mocks, a loue too kinde, too cruell:
She must, to saue her husband from proscription,
Grant him one night, her husbands chieftest Iewell:
And what he meant, he shewd by lewd description:
Vowing, except he might his pleasure haue,
No means would serue, her husbands life to saue.
Oh motion! mouing thoughts, no thoughts, but thorns,
Either he dies, whom she esteemes most dearely:
Or she her selfe subiect to thousand scornes.
Both feares doe touch a Noble Matron neerely.
Loe, yet an act, performed by this woman,
Worthy a woman, worthy more a Romane:
To show more then her selfe she lou'd her Spouse,
She yeelds her body to this execution.
Come, Tyrant, come, performe thy damned vowes,
Her single heart hath doubled thy pollution.
Thou pollute her? No, foole, thou are beguiled:
She in thy filthy lap lies vndefiled.
Honour of Matrons, of all wiues a mirror!
I'le sweare with thee, thy husband weares no horne:
Or if this act, conuince mine oath of error,
Twas a most precious one, an Vnicorne.
If ought I know by hearing or by reading,
This act *Lucretias* deed is farre exceeding.

---

236 10 her] his 1618 1625. 19 mouing] louing 1618 etc.

36 *Of the Lady that lookt well to her borders.*

237 A Lady of great Birth, great reputation,
Clothed in seemely, & most sumptuous fashion
Wearing a border of rich Pearle and stones,
Esteemed at a thousand crownes alone,
To see a certaine Interlude, repaires,
To shun the press, by dark and priuat staires.
Her Page did beare a Torch that burnt but dimly.
Two cozening mates, seeing her deckt so trimly,
Did place themselues vpon the stayres to watch her,
And thus they laid their plot to cunny-catch her:
One should as 'twere by chance strike out the light;
While th'other that should stand beneath her, might
Attempt, (which modestie to suffer lothes)
Rudely to thrust his hands vnder her clothes.
That while her hands repeld such grosse disorders,
His mate might quickly slip away the borders.
Now though this act to her was most vnpleasant,
Yet being wise (as womens wits are present:)
Straight on her borders both her hands she cast,
And so with all her force she held them fast.
Villaines, she cryde, you would my borders haue:
But I'le saue them, tother it selfe can saue:
Thus, while the Page had got more store of light,
The coozening mates, for scare slipt out of sight.
Thus her good wit, their cunning ouer-matcht,
Were not these conycatchers conycatcht?

37 *The Hermaphrodite.*

238 When first my mother bore me in her wombe,
She went to make inquirie of the gods,
First of my birth, and after of my tombe.

---

237 6 To shun the press, by dark and priuat staires.] Through a great prease vp a darke paire of staires. 1618 etc. 17 vnpleasant,] displeasant, 1618 etc. 20 And so with] And with 1618 etc. 22 them,] them 1618 1625

All answerd true, yet all their words had ods.
Phoebus affirm'd, a Male childe should be borne:
Mars said it would be female, *Iuno* neither:
But I came forth, alas, to natures scorne,
Hermaphrodite, as much as both together.
Then for my death, *Iuno* foretold the sword:
Phoebus assign'd me drowning for my fate:
Mars threatned hanging, each perform'd their word,
As note how all prou'd true in seuerall rate.
A Tree fast by a brooke I needs would clime,
My sword slipt out, and while no heede I tooke,
My side fell on the point, and at that time,
My foote in boughs, my head hang'd in the brooke:
That I thus borne a Male, a Female, neither,
Dyde drown'd, & hang'd, & wounded all together.

38 Of a sicknesse grew with a Tobacco pipe.

239 Vnto a gentle Gentlewomans chamber,
A Pedler came, her husband being thence,
To sell fine linnen, Lawnes and Muske and Amber.
She franke of fauours, sparing of expense,
So bargain'd with him, ere he parted thence,
That for ten Ells of Holland, fiue of Lawne,
To grant dishonest pleasures, she was drawne.
Next day the man repenting of his cost,
Did studie meanes, to get him restitution:
Or to be paid for that he there had lost,
And thus he puts his thought in execution:
He turnes to her, with settled resolution,
And in her husbands presence vnawares,
He asketh fifty shillings for his wares.
Her husband ignorant what cause had bred it,

---

238 15 at that time,] at that same time, 1618 etc. 12 all]well 1618 etc. 71 Female,] Female 1618.

239 2 A] Her 1618 etc. 5 him,] her, 1618 1625 her 1633. 9re stitution:] resolution: 1618 etc.

My wife, said he, had you so spent your store,
You must with petty chapmen runne on credit?
Now for my Honors sake, doe so no more.
No Sir (quoth he) I meant it to restore.
I took it of him onely for a tryall,
And finde it too high prised by a Royall.
Thus neuer changing countenance, she doth rise
With outward silence, inward anger choking.
And going to her closet, she espies
Tobacco in a pype, yet newly smoking.
She takes the pype, her malice her prouoking,
And laps it in his linnen, comming backe,
And so the Pedler put it in his packe,
And packes away, and ioyes that with his wyle,
He had regayn'd the stuffe, yet gayn'd his pleasure.
But hauing walked scarcely half a mile,
His packe did smoke, and smell so out of measure,
That opening it vnto his great displeasure,
He found by that *Tobacco* pype too late,
The fiery force of feeble female hate.
And seeking then some remedy by lawes,
Vnto a neighbour Iustice he complaines:
But when the Iustice vnderstood the cause,
In her examination taking paines,
And found 'twas but a fetch of womens braines:
The cause dismist, he bids the man beware,
To deale with women that could burne his ware.

39 A good answere of a Gentlewoman to a Lawyer.

A vertuous Dame, that saw a Lawyer rome
Abroad, reprou'd his stay so long from home:
And said to him, that in his absence thence,

---

239 21 by] for 1618 etc.

His wife might want her due beneuolence.
But he to quit himselfe of such disgrace,
Answer'd it thus, with putting of a case.
One owes one hundred pounds, now tell me whether
Is best? To haue his paiment all together:
Or take it by a shilling, and a shilling,
Whereby the bagge should be the longer filling?
Sure, said the Dame, I grant 'twere little losse,
If one receiu'd such payments all in grosse.
Yet in your absence this may breede your sorrow,
To heare your wife for want might twelue pence borrow.

40 Of one that tooke thought for his wife.

241 No sooner *Cynnas* wife was dead and buried,
But that with mourning much and sorrows wearied,
A Maid, a seruant of his wiues, he wedded,
And after hee had boorded her, and bedded,
And in her Mistris roome had fully plast her,
His wiues old seruant waxed his new master.

41 Sir Iohn Rauynsfords *choyce of a man.*

242 *Rainsford*, whose acts were many times outragious,
Had speciall care, to haue his men couragious:
A certaine friend of his one day began,
Vnto his seruice to commend a man,
One well approued, he said, in may iarres,
Whereof in head, armes, hands, remain'd the skarres.
The Knight the man, his markes and manners view'd,
And flat refusing him, did thus conclude:
This is no man for me, but I suppose,
He is a tall fellow that gaue him all these blowes.

---

240 5 to] straight 1618 etc. 6 of] off 1618 etc.
241 4 bedded,] bedded. 1618
242 Heading Raun^{s}fords] Baunsfords 1618. 1 outragious,] outragious 1618 etc. 6 head,] head 1618.

42 *Of* Linus *and his Mistris.*

243 Chaste *Linus*, but as valiant as a Gander,
Came to me yet, in friendly sort as may be:
Lamenting that I rais'd on him a slander,
Namely, that he should keepe a gallant Lady.
Begge me (said I) if I proue such a babie,
To let my tongue, so false and idly wander.
Who sayes that you keepe her, lyes in his throate,
But she keepes you, that all the world may note.

43 *In praise of a Lady and her Musike.*

244 Vpon an Instrument of pleasing sound
A Lady playd more pleasing to the sight.
I being askt in which of these I found
Greatest content, my senses to delight?
Rauisht in both at once, as much as may be,
Said, Sweet was Musike, sweeter was the Lady.

44 *Of Riding-rimes.*

245 Faire *Leda* reads our Poetry sometimes,
But saith she cannot like our Ryding-rimes;
Affirming that the Cadens falleth sweeter,
When as the Verse is plac'd between the Meeter.
Well, *Leda*, leaue henceforth this quarrel-piking,
And sith that one between is to your liking,
You shall haue one betweene; yet some suppose,
Leda hath lou'd both Riding-rime, and Prose.

---

243 7 his throate,] her throate, 1618

244 2 more] More 1618 etc.

45 Of deuout Parents and children.

246 A husband and a wife oft disagreeing,
And either weary of th'other, being
In choller great, either deuoutly prayes
To God, that he will shorten th'others dayes:
But more deuout then both, their sonne and heire
Praies God that he wil grant them both their pray'r.

46 In commendation of two valiant Scottish Knights, that defended their King from the Earle Gowry: *Sir* Thomas Erskin, *Sir* Iohn Ramsey.

247 The Persian Monarch, who by faithfull spyall
Was safe preseru'd from slaues intended slaughter,
By him whose Cousin and adopted daughter
Vnwares he did endow with scepter royall;
When reading in his bed a good while after,
He found in true records that seruice loyall,
Then with most gratefull mind to make requitall,
By large edict o're all his chiefest towne
Of so great merritts he doth make recytall:
And to increase *Mardoches* great renowne,
Vpon his head (such was their vse that season)
He caused to be set his royall Crowne.
But greater should be your reward in reason;
He but reueal'd, but you reueng'd a Treason.

47 In prayse of the Countesse of Darby, married to the Lord Keeper.

248 This noble Countesse liued many yeeres
With Darby, one of Englands greatest Peeres:
Fruitfull and faire, and of so cleare a fame,

---

247 8–9 missing 1618 etc.

That all the British Ile admirde her name.
But this braue Peere, extinct by hastned Fate,
She stayd (ah too too long) in widdowes state:
And in that state, tooke so sweet State vpon her,
All eares, eyes, tongues, heard, saw, & told her honor:
Yet finding this a saying full of veritie,
'Tis hard to haue a Patent of prosperitie,
Shee found her wisest way and safe to deale,
Was to consort with him that keepes the Seale.

48 Of Cosmus, *that will keepe a good house hereafter.*

249 Old *Cosmus* to his friends thus out doth giue,
After awhile, he like a Lord will liue.
After awhile, hele end all troublous suites,
After awhile, retaine some men of qualitie,
After awhile, of riches reape the fruits,
After awhile, keepe house in some formality,
After awhile, finish his beautious building,
After awhile, leaue off his busie buying:
Yet all the while he liues but like a hilding,
His head growes gray with fresh vexations trying.
Well, *Cosmus*, I beleeue your heire doth smile,
To thinke what you will doe after awhile:
For sure, the Prouerbe is more true then ciuill,
Blest is the sonne whose Sire goes to the Diuell.

49 Of neate Galla.

250 The pride of *Galla* now is growne so great,
She seekes to be surnam'd *Galla* the neat,

---

248 Lord Keeper] Lord Chauncellor 1618 etc. 3 fame,] name, 1618 4 That all the British Ile admirde her name.] That all this Region marueld at her fame.] 1618 etc.

249 10 trying.] toyling. 1618 etc.

But who their merits shall, and manners scan,
May thinke the terme is due to her good man.
Ask you, Which way? Methinks your wits are dull:
My Shoomaker resolue you can at full,
Neats Leather is both Oxe-hide, Cow, and Bull.

50 Of reuersing an error.

251 I did you wrong, at least you did suppose,
For taxing certaine faults of yours in Prose:
But now I haue the same in Ryme reherst,
My error, nay your error is reuerst.

51 Of good Sauce.

252 I went to suppe with *Cinna* tother night,
And to say true (for giue the diuell his right)
Though scant of meat we could a morsell get,
Yet here with store of passing sauce we met.
You aske what sauce, where pittance was so small?
This, Is not hunger the best sauce of all?

52 Of a slaunder.

253 On *Lesbya*, *Lynus* raysed had a slander,
For which when as she thought to take an action,
Yet by request she tooke this satisfaction,
That being drunke, his tongue did idly wander:
Came this from *Viderit vtilitas?*
Or else from this, *In Vino veritas?*

---

250 6 Shoomaker] Shoomakes 1618 1625

53 *Of a Lady early vp.*

254 *Lesbya*, that wonted was to sleepe till noone,
This other morning stirring was at fiue:
What did she meane, thinke you, to rise so soone?
I doubt we shall not haue her long aliue.
Yes: neuer feare it, there is no such danger,
It seemes vnto her course you be a stranger:
For why? at dauncing, banquetting, and play
And at Carowsing many a costly cup,
She sate the night before, vntill twas a day,
And by that meane, you found her early vp.
Oh, was it so? why then the case is cleere,
That she was early vp, and ne're the neere.

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254 7 why? at] why, a 1618 1625 why, at 1633.

Sir John Haringtons Epigrams

Booke IV

1 To an ill Reader.

255 The verses, *Sextus*, thou doost read, are mine;
But with bad reading thou wilt make them thine.

2 In lectorem inuidum.

256 Who reades our verse, with visage sowre and grim,
I wish him enuy me, none enuy him.

3 Of Table friends.

257 You thinke his faith is firme, his friendship stable,
Whose first acquaintance grew but at your Table:
He loues your venison, snytes, quailes, larks, not you:
Make me such fare, and take my friendship too.

4 The Authour to his wife, of partition.

258 Some Ladies with their Lords diuide their states,
And liue so when they list, at seuerall rates;
But I'le endure thee, *Mall*, on no condition,
To sue with me a writ of such partition.
Twice seuen yeeres since, most solemnly I vow'd,
With all my worldly goods I thee endow'd.

---

257 Heading] To Sir Hugh Portman A

258 1 states,] state, 1615 etc. 2 rates,] rate, 1615 etc. 6 endow'd.] endow'd, 1615 etc.

Then house, plate, stuffe, not part, but all is thine:
Yet so, that thou, and they, and all are mine.
Then let me goe, and sue my writ of dotage,
If I with thee part house, or close, or cottage.
For, where this is my Lords, and that my Ladies,
There some, perhaps, think likewise of their babies.

5 Of Treason.

259 Treason doth neuer prosper, what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it Treason.

6 Of the warres in Ireland.

260 I prays'd the speech, but cannot now abide it,
That war is sweet, to those that haue not try'd it:
For I haue prou'd it now, and plainely see't,
It is so sweet, it maketh all things sweet.
At home Canarie wines and Greeke grow lothsome:
Here milke is Nectar, water tasteth toothsome.
There without bak't, rost, boyld, it is no cheere.
Bisket we like, and Bonny Clabo heere.
There we complaine of one reare rosted chicke:
Heere viler meat, worse cookt, ne're makes me sicke.
At home in silken sparuers, beds of Downe,
We scant can rest, but still tosse vp and downe:
Heere I can sleepe, a saddle to my pillow,
A hedge the Curtaine, Canopy a Willow.
There if a child but cry, oh what a spite!
Heere we can brooke three larums in one night.
There homely roomes must be perfum'd with Roses:
Here match and powder ne're offends our noses.
There from a storme of raine we run like Pullets:
Heere we stand fast against a showre of bullets.

Lo then how greatly their opinions erre,
That thinke there is no great delight in warre:
But yet for this (sweet warre) Ile be thy debter,
I shall for euer loue my home the better.

7 *Of Women learned in the tongues.*

261 You wisht me to a wife, faire, rich and young,
That had the Latine, French and Spanish tongue.
I thank't, and told you I desir'd none such,
And said, One Language may be tongue too much.
Then loue I not the learned? yes as my life;
A learned mistris, not a learned wife.

8 *The Author of his wife, of the twelue Signes, how they gouerne.*

262 Marke here (my *Mall*) how in this dozen lines,
Thus placed are the twelue celestiall Signes:
And first, the *Ram* beares rule in head and face,
The stiffe-neckt *Bull* in neck doth hold his place,
The *Twins* mine armes and hands do both imbrace,
Then *Cancer* keepes the small ribs and the brest,
And *Leo* back and heart hath aye possest.
Then *Virgo* claimes the entrailes and the panch,
Libra the nauell, reynes, and either hanch.
Scorpio pretends power in the priuy parts,
Both thighes are pierst with *Sagitaries* darts.
Then *Capricorne* to knees his force doth send.
Aquarius doth to legges his vertue lend.
Pisces beneath vnto the feet discend.
Thus each part is possest; now tell me, *Mall*,
Where lies thy part? in which of these? In all.
In all? content. Yet sure thou art more iealous
Of *Leo's* part and *Scorpio's*, then their fellows.

9 *Against Swearing.*

263 In elder times an ancient custome was,
To sweare in weighty matters by the Masse.
But when the Masse went downe (as old men note)
They sware then by the crosse of this same grote.
And when the Crosse was likewise held in scorne,
Then by their faith, the common oath was sworne.
Last, hauing sworne away all faith and troth,
Only God dam'n them is their common oath.
Thus custome kept *decorum* by gradation,
That losing Masse, Crosse, Faith, they find damnation.

10 *Of little pitie.*

264 When noble *Essex*, *Blount* and *Danuers* died,
One saw them suffer, that had heard them tried:
And sighing, said; When such braue souldiers dye,
Is't not great pitie, thinke you? No, said I:
There is no man of sense in all the citie,
Will say, 'Tis great, but rather little pitie.

11 *Of a Booke called the Gentle Craft.*

265 I past this other day through *Pauls* Church-yard,
And heard some reade a booke, and reading laught,
The title of the booke was Gentle Craft.
The proiect was, as by their speech I heard,
To proove among som less important things
That shomakers and sowters had been kings.
But when I markt the matter with regard,
A new-sprung branch it in my minde did graft,
And thus I said, Sirs, scorne not him that writ it:
A gilded blade hath oft a dudgeon haft,
And well I see, this writer roues a shaft

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265 4–6 omitted in 1615 etc. 8 it in my minde did graft,] that in my minde did graft, 1615 etc.

Neere fairest marke, yet happily not hit it.
For neuer was the like booke sold in Poules,
If so with Gentle Craft it could perswade
Great Princes midst their pompe to learne a trade,
Once in their liues to worke, to mend their soules.

12 Of the games that haue beene in request at the Court.

266 I heard one make a pretty Obseruation,
How games haue in the Court turn'd with the fashion,
The first game was the best, when free from crime,
The Courtly gamesters all were in their prime:
The second game was Post, vntill with posting
They paid so fast, 'twas time to leaue their boasting.
Yet oft the gamesters all have been so fair,
That with one Carde one hath been sett a pair.
Then thirdly follow'd heauing of the Maw,
A game without Ciuility or Law,
An odious play, and yet in Court oft seene,
A sawcy knaue to trump both King and Queene.
Then was tres Cozes next a game whose number
The women gamsters at the first did cumber;
For at this game a looker-on might see
If one made not a pair, yet two made three.
Then follow's Lodam, hand to hand or quarter,
At which some maids so ill did keep the Quarter,
That vnexpected, in a short abode
They could nor cleanly beare away their load.
Now Noddy follow'd next, as well it might,
Although it should haue gone before of right.
At which I saw, I name not anybody,
One neuer had the knaue, yet laid for Noddy.
The last game now in vse is Bankerout,
Which will be plaid at still, I stand in doubt,
Vntill, *Lauolta* turne the wheele of time,
And make it come about againe to Prime.

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266 7–8 and 13–16 omitted 1615 etc. 25 Bankerout,] Bankerupt, 1618 etc*

13 *The Author to Queene* Elizabeth, *in praise of her reading.*

267 For euer deare, for euer dreaded Prince,
You read a verse of mine a little since,
And so pronounst each word, and euery letter,
Your gracious reading grac't my verse the better:
Sith then your Highnes doth by gift exceeding,
Make what you read, the better in your reading,
Let my poore Muse your paines thus far importune,
Like as you read my verse, so—read my Fortune.

14 *Of King* Henries *wooing.*

268 Vnto a stately great outlandish Dame,
A Messenger from our King *Henry* came,
(*Henry* of famous memory the eight)
To treat with her in matter of great weight;
As namely, how the King did seeke her marriage,
Because of her great vertue and good carriage.
She (that had heard the King lou'd change of pasture)
Repli'de, I humbly thanke the King, your Master,
And would, (such loue his fame in me hath bred,)
My body venter so, but not my head.

15 *Two witty answers of Bishop* Bonner.

269 *Bonner*, that late had Bishop beene of London,
Was bid by one, *Good morrow Bishop quondam:*
He with the scoffe, no whit put out of temper,
Reply'd incontinent, *Adieu knaue Semper.*
Another in such kinde of scoffing speeches,

---

267 4 gracious reading] Gracious reading, 1615 etc. 8 Like as you read my verse, so—read my Fortune] To leaue to read my verse, and read my fortune. 1615 etc.

Would beg his tippet, needs, to line his breeches.
Not so (quoth he) but it may be thy hap,
To haue a foolish head to line thy cap.

16 *Of* Lynus *borrowing.*

270 *Lynus* came late to me, sixe crownes to borrow,
And sware God damn him, hee'd repai't to morrow.
I knew his word, as currant as his band,
And straight I gaue to him three crownes in hand;
This I to giue, this he to take was willing,
And thus he gaind, and I sau'd fifteene shilling.

17 *A good answere to the Poet* Dant *to an Atheist.*

271 The pleasant learn'd *Italian Poet Dant,*
Hearing an Atheist at the Scriptures iest,
Askt him in iest, which was the greatest beast?
He simply said; he thought an Elephant.
Then *Elephant* (quoth *Dant*) it were commodious,
That thou wouldst hold thy peace, or get thee hence,
Breeding our Conscience scandall and offence
With thy prophaned speech, most vile and odious.
Oh Italy, thou breedst but few such *Dants,*
I would our England bred no Elephants.

18 *Of* Quintus *almes.*

272 When *Quintus* walketh out into the street,
As soone as with some begger he doth meete,
Ere that poore soule to aske his almes hath leasure,
He first doth chafe and sweare beyond all measure,
And for the Beadle all about he sends,

---

271 3 sport,] iest, 1615 etc. 8 prophaned] prophan'd 1615 1618 1625.

To beare him to *Bridewell*, so he pretends.
The Begger quickly out of sight doth goe,
Full glad in heart he hath escaped so.
Then *Quintus* laughes, and thinks it is lesse charges,
To sweare an oath or two, then giue a larges.

19 *Of* Marcus *his drunken feasting.*

273 When *Marcus* makes (as oft he doth) a feast,
The Wine still costs him more then all the rest.
Were water in this towne as deare as hay,
His horses should not long at liuery stay.
But tell me, is't not a most foolish tricke,
To drinke to others healths till thou be sicke?
Yet such the fashion is of Bacchus crue,
To quaffe and bowze, vntill they belch and spue.
Well, leaue it, *Marcus*, else thy drinking health,
Will proue an eating to thy wit and wealth.

20 *A good iest of a Crow.*

274 A Baron and a Knight, one day were walking
On Richmond greene, & as they were in talking,
A Crow, that lighted on the raile by Fortune,
Stood becking, and cry'd *kaw* with noise importune.
This bird, the Baron said, doth you salute,
Sir Knight, as if to you he had some sute.
Not vnto me, the Knight reply'd in pleasance,
'Tis to some Lord he makes so low obeysance.

21 *Of kissing the foote.*

275 A Courtier, kinde in speech, curst in condition,
Finding his fault could be no longer hidden,

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274 1 day were,] day 1618 etc.

Went to his friend to cleere his hard suspition,
And fearing left he might be more then chidden,
Fell to a flattering and most base submission,
Vowing to kisse his foote, if he were bidden.
My foote? (said he) Nay, that were too submisse,
But three foote higher you deserue to kisse.

22 Of a sawcy Cator.

276 A Cator had of late some wild-fowle bought,
And when vnto his Master them he brought,
Forthwith the Master smelling nigh the rump,
Said, Out, thou knaue, these sanour of the pump.
The man (that was a rude and sawcy Lout)
What Sir, said he, smell you them thereabout?
Smell your faire Lady there, and by your fauour,
You fortune may meete with a fulsome sauour.

23 Of a certaine Man.

277 There was (not certain when) a certaine preacher,
That neuer learn'd, and yet became a Teacher,
Who hauing read in Latine thus a Text
Of *erat quidam homo*, much perplext,
He seem'd the same with study great to scan
In English thus; *there was a certaine man.*
But now (quoth he) good people, note you this,
He saith there was, he doth not say there is:
For in these daies of ours, it is most certaine,
Of promise, oth, word, deed, no man is certaine:
Yet by my text you see it comes to passe,
That surely once a certaine man there was.
But yet I thinke, in all your Bible no man
Can finde this text; *there was a certaine woman.*

---

275 7 Nay, that were too] that were too 1615 1618 1625 that were too too 1633
276 8 You] Your 1618 etc.

24 Of Lesbia.

278 Old widdow *Lesbia*, after husbands fiue,
Yet feeleth *Cupids* flames in her reuiue,
And now she takes a gallant youth and trim.
Alas for her, nay, nay, a lass for him.

25 The horne Cinque-apace.

279 Who wishes, hopes, and thinks, his wife is true,
To him one horne, or vnicorne is due.
Who sees his wife play false, and will not spy it,
He hath two hornes, and yet he may deny it.
The man that can indure when all men scorne,
And pardon open faults, hath treble horne;
Who brings fine Courtiers oft to see his bride,
He hath one paire of hornes on either side.
But he that sweares hee did so happy wiue,
He can be none of these, let him haue fiue.

26 Of cursing Cuckolds.

280 A Lord that talked late in way of scorne,
Of some that ware inuisibly the horne,
Said he could wish, and did (as for his part)
All Cuckolds in the Thames, with all his heart.
But straight a pleasant Knight reply'd to him,
I hope your Lordship learned hath to swimme.

27 Of the pillars of the Church

281 In old time they were call'd the Churches pillars,
That did excell in learning and in piety,
And were to youth examples of sobriety,

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278 4 a lass] alas 1615 etc.
281 1 were call'd the] were the 1615 etc.

Of Christ's faire field the true and painefull tillers:
But where are now the men of that society?
Are all those tillers dead? those pillars broken?
No, God forbid such blasphemy be spoken;
I say, to stop the mouthes of all ill-willers,
God's field hath harrowers still, his Church hath pillars.

28 Of Exchange.

282 Old *Caius* sold a wench, to buy a barke.
Yong *Titus* gaue the ship, to haue the slut.
Who makes the better mart, now let vs marke,
Th' one loues to roue, the tother goes to rut.

29 Of Lesbias *kissing craft.*

283 *Lesbia* with study found a meanes in th' end,
In presence of her Lord to kisse her friend,
Each of them kist by turnes a little Whelpe,
Transporting kisses thus by puppies help.
And so her good old Lord she did beguile:
Was not my Lord a puppy all the while?

30 Of sixe sorts of Fasters.

284 Sixe sorts of folkes I find vse fasting dayes,
But of these sixe, the sixt I onely praise.
The sicke man fasts, because he cannot eate.
The poore doth fast, because he hath no meate.
The miser fasts, with mind to mend his store.
The glutton, with intent to eate the more.
The hypocrite, thereby to seeme more holy.
The vertuous, to preuent or punish folly.
Now he that eateth fast, and drinkes as fast,
May match these fasters, any but the last.

31 Of Cinna.

285 Pvre *Cinna* gets his wife a maiden Cooke
With red cheecks, yellow locks, & cheerfull looke.
What might he meane hereby? I hold my life,
She dresseth flesh for him, not for his wife.

32 Of Claudia.

286 *Claudia*, to saue a noble Romans blood,
Was offred by some friends that wisht his good,
A iewell of inestimable price;
But she would not be won by this deuice:
For she did take his head, and leaue the iewell.
Was Claudia now more couetous, or cruell?

33 A rule to Play.

287 Lay down your stake at play, lay down your passion:
A greedy gamester still hath some mis-hap.
To chafe at luck proceeds of foolish fashion.
No man throws still the dice in fortunes lap.

34 Of a drunken Tobacco-taker.

288 When *Marcus* hath carrowst March Beere and Sack,
And that his brains grow dizzy therewithall,
Then of Tobacco he a pipe doth lacke,
Of Trinidade, of Cane, in leafe, or ball,
Which tane a little, he doth spit and smacke,
Then laies him on his bed for feare to fall,

---

287 3 luck] play, 1615 etc.

288 Heading *Tobacco-taker.*] *Tobacconist*, 1618 etc. 3 Trinidade, of Cane,] Trinidade in cane, 1615 etc.

And on Tobacco layes the blame of all.
But that same pipe which *Marcus* braine did lade,
Was of *Medera*, not of Trinidade.

35 Tristis es et felix. Sciat hoc Fortuna caueto.
To a Lady.

289 Froward yet fortunate? if fortune knew it,
Beleeue me, Madam, she would make you rue it.

36 A Salisbury tale.

290 Faire *Sarum's* Church, beside the stately tower,
Hath many things in number aptly sorted,
Answering the yeere, the month, weeke, day & houre,
But aboue all (as I haue heard reported,
And to the view doth probably appeare)
A piller for each houre in all the yeere.
Further, this Church of *Sarum* hath beene found,
To keepe in singing seruice so good forme,
That most Cathedrall Churches haue beene bound,
Themselues *ad vsum Sarum* to conforme:
I am no Cabalist to iudge by number,
Yet that this Church is so with pillers fill'd,
It seemes to me to be the lesser wonder,
That *Sarums* Church is euery hower pill'd.
And sith the rest are bound to *Sarums* vse,
What maruell if they taste of like abuse?

---

289 7 And on Tobacco layes the blame of all.] And poore Tobacco beares the name of all. 1615 etc.

289 Heading] Tristis es & foelix, sciat hoc fortuna Caueto. 1615 etc.

37 Of a faire Shrew.

291 Faire, rich, and yong? how rare is her perfection,
Were it not mingled with one foule infection?
I meane, so proud a heart, so curst a tongue,
As makes her seeme, nor faire, nor rich, nor yong.

38 Of Gods part.

292 One that had farm'd a fat Impropriation,
Vs'd to his neighbours often exhortation,
To pay to him the tithes and profits duely,
Affirming (as he might affirme most truely)
How that the tithes are God Almighties part,
And therefore they should pay't with all their heart.
But straight replyed one amongst the rest,
(One that had crost him oft, but neuer blest),
It is Gods part indeed, whose goodnes gaue it;
But yet oft times we see the Diuell haue it.

39 Of Lalus *simoniacall horse-coursing.*

293 Pvre *Lalus* gat a benefice of late,
Without offence of people, Church, or State;
Yea but aske eccho how he did come by it,
Come buy it? No with oathes he will deny it.
He nothing gaue direct, or indirectly.
Fie, *Lalus*, now you tell vs a direct lye:
Did not your Patron for an hundred pound,
Sell you a horse was neither yong nor sound,
No Turke, no Courser, Barbary, nor Iennit?
Simony? No, but I see money in it.
Well, if it were but so, the case is cleere;
The Benefice was cheape, the Horse was deare.

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292 8 blest),] blest.) 1615 etc.
293 1gat] gate 1618

40 *An addition to the same Epigram.*

294 *Peter* for Westminster, and *Paul* for London,
Lament, for both your Churches will be vndone,
If Smithfield find a fetch forth of a stable,
Lawes to elude, and Lords of Councell table.

41 *Of* Cinna.

295 Fiue yeeres hath *Cinna* studied Genesis,
And knowes not yet what *in Principio* is;
And greeu'd that he is graueld thus, he skips,
Ore all the Bible, to th'Apocalips.

42 *Of bagge and baggage.*

296 A man appointed, vpon losse of life,
With bag and baggage at a time assign'd,
To part a towne; his foule vnweildly wife,
Desired him that she might stay behind.
Nay, quoth the man, Ile neuer be so kind,
As venture life, for such an vgly hag
That lookes both like a baggage and a bag.

43 *Of a womans kindness to her husband.*

297 One that had liued long by lewdest shifts,
Brought to the Court that Corne from cockle sifts,
Starchamber, that of Iustice is the mirror,
Was senten'st there, and for the greater terrour,
Adiudged, first, to lye a yeere in fetters,
Then burned in his forhead with two letters,

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294 4 elude,] delude, 1615 etc.

295 2 not yet what not] what 1615 etc.

And to disparage him with more disgrace,
To slit his nose, the figure of his face.
The prisoners wife with no dishonest mind,
To shew her selfe vnto her husband kind,
Sued humbly to the Lords, and would not cease,
Some part of this sharp rigour to release.
He was a man (she said) had seru'd in warre,
What mercy would a Souldiers face so marre?
What though he were with some few crimes entangled,
Twere pitty that a man should be so mangled.
Thus much said she: but grauely they replied,
It was great mercy that he thus was tried:
His crimes deserue he should haue lost his life,
And hang in chaines. Alas, repli'd his wife,
The grief of his disfiguring is such
His hanging would not grieve me halfe so much:
If you disgrace him thus, you quite vndoe him,
Good my Lords hang him, pray be good vnto him.

44 Of Don Pedro.

298 *Don Pedro* neuer dines without red Deere;
If red Deere be his guests, grasse is his cheere:
I, but I meane, he hath it in his dish,
And so haue I oft what I doe not wish.

45 The Author to his wife.

299 *Mail*, once in pleasant company by chance,
I wisht that you for company would dance,
Which you refus'd, and said, your yeeres require,
Now, Matron-like, both manners and attire.
Well *Mall*, if needs thou wilt be Matron-like,
Then trust to this, I will a Matron like:

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297 15–16, 21–22 omitted 1615 etc.

Yet so to you my loue may neuer lessen,
As you for Church, house, bed, obserue this lesson.
Sit in the Church as solemne as a Saint,
No deed, word, thought, your due deuotion taint.
Vaile (if you will) your head, your soule reueale
To him, that onely wounded soules can heale.
Be in your house as busie as a Bee,
Hauing a sting for euery one but mee,
Buzzing in euery corner, gathering hony.
Let nothing waste, that costs or yeeldeth mony.
And when thou seest my heart to mirth incline,
The tongue, wit, bloud, warme with good cheere and wine,
And that by lawful fancy I am led,
To climb my neast, thy undefiled bed,
Then of sweet sports let no occasion scape,
But be as wanton, toying as an Ape.

46 Of Lelia.

300 When louely *Lelia* was a tender girle,
She hapt to be deflowred by an Earle;
Alas, poore wench, she was to be excused,
Such kindnesse oft is offered, seld refused.
But be not proud; for she that is no Countesse,
And yet lies with a Count, must make account this,
All Countesses in honour her surmount,
They haue, she had, an honorable Count.

47 Of a drunken Smith.

301 I heard that *S M V G* the Smith, for ale and spice
Sold all his tooles, and yet he kept his vice.

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299 19–20 omitted in A, 1615 etc.

48 Of Soothsaying.

302 Might Kings shun future mischief by foretelling,
Then amongst Soothsayers 'twere excellent dwelling;
But if there be no means such harmes repelling,
The knowledge makes the sorrow more excelling.
But this, deare Soueraigne, me comfort doth,
That of these Sooth-sayers, very few say sooth.

49 A good request of a Lawyer.

303 A pleasant Lawyer standing at the barre,
The Causes done, and day not passed farre,
A Iudge to whom he had profest deuotion,
Askt him in grace, if he would haue a motion:
Yes Sir, quoth he, but short, and yet not small,
That whereas now of Sarieants is a call,
I wish (as most of my profession doe)
That there might be a call of Clyents too:
For sure it brings vs Lawyers mickle cumber,
Because of them we find so small a number.

50 Of Friendship.

305 New friends are no friends; how can that be true?
The oldest friends that are, were sometimes new.

51 Of Caius *increase in his absence.*

305 While *Caius* doth remaine beyond the Seas,
And followes there some great important suit,
His Lands bare neither Oates, nor Beanes, nor Pease,
But yet his wife beares faire and full-growne fruit.
What is the cause that brings his Lands sterility,
And his wiues fruitfulnes and great fertility?
His Lands want occupyers to manure them,
But she hath store, & knows how to procure them.

52 *Of a toothlesse Shrew.*

306 Old *Ellen* had foure teeth as I remember,
She cought out two of them the last December;
But this shrewd cough in her raign'd so vnruly,
She cought out tother two before twas Iuly.
Now she may cough her heart out, for in sooth,
The said shrewd cough hath left her ne're a tooth.
But her curst tongue, wanting this common curbe,
Doth more then erst the houshold all disturbe.

52 *To Doctor* Sharpe.

307 Late I tooke leaue of two right noble dames,
And hasted to my wife as I protested:
You will'd me stay awhile, and thus you iested:
You Sir, may please your Wife with Epigrams.
Well said, 'twas Doctor-like, and sharply spoken,
No friendship breakes, where iests so smooth are broken.
But now you haue new orders tane of late,
Those orders, which (as you expound Saint Paul)
Are equall honourable vnto all;
I meane of marriage the holy state,
I hope, in Lent, when flesh growes out of date,
You will, in stead of tother recreation,
Be glad to please your wife with some Collation.

54 *Of the Papists Feasts, and the Brownists Fasts.*

308 A Papist dwelling to a Brownist neere,
Their seruants met, and vanted of their cheere.
And first, the Papists man did make his bost,
He had each festiuall both bak't and rost,
And where (said he) your zealous sort allow,
On Christmasse day it selfe to goe to plow,
We feast, and play, and walke, and talk, and slumber,

Besides, our holy dayes are more in number:
As namely, we do keepe with great festiuity,
Our Ladies, both assumption and natiuity;
S. *Pauls* conuersion, S. *Iohns* decollation,
S. *Laurence* broyld, S. *Swithens* moyst translation,
S. *Peters* chaines, and how with Angels vision
He brake the prision, quite without misprision.
I grant, the tother said, you seeme more gainesome,
But for your sport, you pay too deare a ransome.
We like your Feasts, your Fastings bred our greeues,
Your Lents, your Ember weekes, and holy Eeues.
But this coniunction I should greatly praise,
The Brownists fasts, with Papists holy daies.

55 *Of* Mile *the glutton.*

309 *Milo* with haste to cram his greedy gut,
One of his thumbs vnto the bone had cut:
Then straight it noysed was about by some,
That he had lost his stomack with his thumb.
To which one said, No worse hap fall vnto him:
But if a poore man finde it, 'twill vndoe him.

56 *Of* Fortune.

310 Fortune, men say, doth giue too much to many:
But yet shee neuer gaue enough to any.

57 *Of deuotion and promotion.*

311 I met a Lawyer at the Court this Lent,
And asking what great cause him thither sent,
He said, that mou'd with Doctor *Andr*oes fame,
To heare him preach, he onely thither came:
But straight, I wisht him softly in his eare,
To find some other scuse, else some will sweare,
Who to the Court come onely for deuotion,
They in the Church pray onely for promotion.

58 *Of a painted Lady.*

312 I saw dame *Leda's* picture lately drawne,
With haire about her eares, transparent Lawne,
Her Iuory paps, and euery other part,
So limd vnto the life by Painters Art,
That I that had been long with her acquainted,
Did thinke that both were quick, or both were painted.

59 *Of* Galla's *gallantry.*

313 What is the cause our *Galla* is so gallant,
Like ship in fairest wind, top and top gallant?
Hath she of late been courted by some Gallant?
No sure: How then? *Galla* hath quaft a gallon.

60 *In Cornutum.*

314 *A Thais?* no, *Diana* thou didst wed:
For she hath giuen to thee *Acteons* head.

61 *Of* Paulua, *a Flatterer.*

315 No man more seruile, no man more submisse,
Then to our Soueraigne Lady *Paulus* is.
He doth extoll her speech, admire her feature,
He calls himselfe her vassall, and her creature.
Thus while he dawbes his speech with flatteries plaster,
And calls himselfe her slaue, he growes our Master,
Still getting what he list without controle,
By singing this old song, *re mi fa sol.*

62 *Of* Lynus, *an ill ghest.*

316 Aske you what profit *Kew* to me doth yeeld?
This, *Lynus*, there I shal see thee but seeld;
For as good ghests may take a cottage gratefull,
So such as thou do make a Palace hatefull.

63 *Against* Pius Quintus, *that excommunicated Queene* Elizabeth.

317 Are Kings your Foster-Fathers, Queens your nurses,
Oh Roman Church? Then why did *Pius Quintus*
With Basan bulls (not like one *pius intus*)
Lay on our sacred Prince vnhallowed curses?
It is not health of soules, but wealth of purses
You seek, by such your hell-denouncing threats,
Oppugning with your chaire, our Princes seats,
Disturbing our sweet peace; and that which worse is,
You suck out blood, and bite your Nurses teats.
Learne, learne, to ask your milk, for if you snatch it,
The nurse must send your babes pap with a hatchet.

64 *Of finding a Hare.*

318 A Gallant full of life, and voyd of care,
Yet lov'd all coursing game and bought it deerly,
Came to his friend earst in a morning early,
And ask'd his friend if he would find a Hare?
He that for sleepe more then such sports did care,
Affirm'd that business toucht him nothing neerly,
Said, Goe your waies, and leaue me here alone;
Let them find Hares that lost them, I lost none.

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316 3 For as good] For where good 1615 etc. 4 So such] There, such 1618 1625 There such 1615 1633

318 2–3, 6 omitted 1615 etc.

65 Of Merit, and Demerit.

319 A Knight, and valiant seruitor of late,
Playn'd to a Lord and Councellor of State,
That Captaines in these dayes were not regarded,
That onely Carpet-Knights were well rewarded:
For I, saith he, with all my hurts and maimes,
Get not the recompence my merit claimes.
Good Cousin (said the Lord) the fault is yours,
Which you impute vnto the higher Powers,
For where you should in *Pater noster* pray,
Giue vnto vs our daily bread to day;
Your misdemeanors this petition needs,
Our trespasses forgiue vs, and misdeeds.

66 Of Faustus, *Esquire.*

320 *Faustus*, for taking of a wrong possession,
Was by a Iustice bound vnto the Session:
The Cryer the Recognizance doth call,
Faustus, Esquire, come forth into the Hall.
Out (said the Iudge) on all such foolish Cryers,
Diuels are Carpenters, where such are Squires.

67 Of Peleus *friendship.*

321 When *Peleus* is brought vp to London streets,
By Proces first to answer waighty sutes,
Oh then how kind he is to all he meets!
How friendly by their names he them salutes!
Then one shall haue a Colt of his best race,
Another gets a warrant for a Buck:
Some deeper brib'd, according as their place
May serue his turne, to worke or wish good luck.
But when his troubles all to end are brought
By time, or friendly paines on his behalfe,

Then straight (as if he set vs all at nought)
His kindnes is not now so much by halfe.
Sith then his suites in Law his friendship doubles,
I for his friendships sake could wish him troubles.

68 Of inclosing a Common.

322 A Lord, that purpos'd for his more auaile,
To compasse in a Common with a rayle,
Was reckoning with his friend about the cost
And charge of euery reule, and euery post:
But he (that wisht his greedy humour crost)
Said, Sir, prouide you posts, and without fayling,
Your neighbors round about wil find your rayling.

69 The Author to his wife, of too much stomack.

323 Late hauing been a fishing at the Foord,
And bringing home with me my dish of Trouts,
Your minde that while, did cast some causelesse doubts:
For while that meat was set vpon the boord,
You sullen silent, fed your selfe with powts.
I twice sent for you, but you send me word,
How that you had no stomack to your meat.
Well I fear'd more, your stomack was too great.

70 A witty choice of a Country fellow.

324 A rich Lord had a poore Lout to his ghest,
And hauing sumptuous fare, and costly drest,
Caru'd him a wing of a most dainty Bird;
Affirming seriously vpon his word,
Those birds were sent him from his louing cosen,
And were well worthy twenty markes a dozen.
He that for such great dainties did not care,
Said, I like well your Lordships courser fare:
For I can eat your Beefe, Pig, Goose, and Cony,
But of such fare, giue me my share in mony.

71 To a great Magistrate, in Re and in Spe.

325 Those that for Princes good do take some paine
(Their good to whom of right all paines we owe)
Seeke some reward for seruice good to gaine,
Which oft their gracious goodnesse doth bestow:
I for my trauell, begge not a reward,
I begge lesse by a sillable, a Ward.

72 A comparison of a Booke, with Cheese.

326 Old *Haywood* writes, & proues in some degrees,
That one may wel compare a book with cheese;
At euery market some buy cheese to feed on,
At euery mart some men buy bookes to read on.
All sorts eate cheese; but how? there is the question,
The poore for food, the rich for good disgestion.
All sorts read bookes, but why? will you discerne?
The foole to laugh, the wiser sort to learne.
The sight, taste, sent of cheese to some is hateful,
The sight, taste, sense of bookes to some's vngratefull,
No cheese there was, that euer pleas'd all feeders,
No booke there is, that euer lik't all Readers.

73 A Scottish verse.

327 *Rob*, *Will*, and *Dauy*,
Keepe well thy *Pater noster* and *Aue:*
And if thou wilt the better speed,
Gang no further then they *Creed:*
Say well, and doe none ill,
And keepe they selfe in safety still.

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325 1 good] goods 1615 etc. 2 good] goods 1615 etc.

74 *To beggers of Bookes.*

328 My friend, you presse me very hard,
my bookes of me you craue;
I haue none, but in *Pauls* Church-yard,
for mony you may haue.
But why should I my coyne bestow
such toyes as these to buy?
I am not such a foole I trowe:
forsooth no more am I.

75 *In Paulum Athaium.*

329 Proud Paulus, led by *Sadduces* infection,
Doth not beleeue the bodies resurrection,
But holds them all in scorne and deepe derision,
That talke of Saints or Angels apparision:
And saith, they are but fables all, and fansies
Of Lunaticks, or folkes possest with frensies.
I haue, saith he, trauell'd both neere and farre,
By land, by sea, in time of peace and warre,
Yet neuer met I spirit, or ghost, or Elfe,
Or ought (as is the phrase) worse then my selfe.
Well, *Paulus*, this I now beleeue indeed,
That who in all, or part, denyes his Creed;
Went he to sea, land, hell, I would agree,
A Fiend worse then himselfe, he could not see.

76 *Of doubleFraud.*

330 A fellow false, and to all fraud inured,
In high Starchamber court was found periured,
And by iust sentence iudg'd to lose his eares:
A doome right fit for him that falsly sweares.
Now on the Pillory while he was preaching,
The Gaolor busie for his eares was searching:

But all in vaine, for there was not an eare,
Onely the places hid with locks of haire.
Thou knaue, said he, I will of thee complaine
Vnto the Lords, for cousonage againe.
Why so, said hee? their order me doth binde
To lose mine eares, not you mine eares to finde.

77 Of taking a Hare

331 Vnto a Lawyer rich, a Client poore
Came early in the morning to his doore,
And dancing long attendance in the place,
At last, he gat some counsell in his case;
For which the Lawyer look't to haue beene paid:
But thus at last the poore man to him said,
I cannot giue a fee, my state's so bare:
But will it please you, Sir, to take a Hare?
He that tooke all that came, with all his hart,
Said that he would, and take it in good part.
Then must you runne apace (good Sir) quoth he:
For she this morning quite out-stripped me.
He went his way, the Hare was neuer taken.
Was not the Lawyer taken, or mistaken?

78 The Author to his Wife.

332 Your maid *Brunnetta* you with newes acquaints,
How *Leda*, (whom, her husband wanting issue,
Brought erst to Bath, our pilgrimage of Saints)
Weares her gowne veluet, kirtle, cloth of tissue,
A figur'd Sattin petticote Carnation,
With sixe gold parchment laces all in fashion.
Yet neuer was Dame *Leda* noble borne,
Nor dranke in Gossips cup by Sou'raigne sent,
Nor euer was her Highnes woman sworne,

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332 6 fashion.] fashion, 1615 1618 1625 7 noble] nobler 1615 1618 1625.

Nor doth her husband much exceed in rent.
Then *Mall*, be proud, that thou maist better weare them.
And I more proud, thou better dost forbeare them.

79 Of too high commendation in a meane person.

333 A Scholler once, to win his Mistresse loue,
Compar'd her to three Goddesses aboue,
And said she had (to giue her due desarts)
Iuno's, *Minerua's*, and faire *Venus* parts.
Iuno so proud, and curst was of her tongue,
All men misliked her both old and yong.
Pallas so foule, and grim was out of measure,
That neither gods nor men in her tooke pleasure.
Venus vnchaste, that she strong *Mars* entices,
With yong *Adonis*, and with old *Anchises*.
How thinke you, are these praises few or meane,
Compared to a shrow, a slut, or queane?

80 Of trusting a Captaine.

334 An Alderman, one of the better sort,
And worthie member of our worthiest Citie;
Vnto whose Table diuers did resort,
Himselfe of stomake good, of answeres witty,
Was once requested by a Table friend,
To lend an vnknowne Captaine forty pound.
The which, because he might the rather lend,
He said he should become in statute bound.
And this (quoth he) you need not doubt to take,
For he's a man of late growne in good credit,
And went about the world with Captaine *Drake*.
Out (quoth the Alderman) that ere you sed it,
For forty pounds? no nor for forty pence.
His single bond I count not worth a chip.

I say to you (take not hereat offence,)
He that hath three whole yeeres been in a ship,
In famine, plagues, in stench, and storme, so rife,
Cares not to lye in Ludgate all his life.

81 In Cornutum.

335 What curld-pate youth is he that sitteth there
So neere thy wife, and whispers in her eare,
And takes her hand in her, and soft doth wring her,
Sliding her ring still vp and downe her finger?
Sir, tis a Proctor, seene in both the Lawes,
Retain'd by her, in some important cause;
Prompt and discreet both in his speech and action,
And doth her busines with great satisfaction.
And thinkest thou so? a horne-plague on thy head:
Art thou so like a foole, and wittoll led,
To thinke he doth the businesse of thy wife?
He doth thy business, I dare lay my life.

82 A Tragicall Epigram.

336 When doome of Peeres & Iudges fore-appointed,
By racking lawes beyond all reach of reason,
Had vnto death condemn'd a Queene anointed,
And found, (oh strange!) without allegeance, treason,
The Axe that should haue done that execution,
Shunn'd to cut off a head that had been crowned,
Our hangman lost his wonted resolution,
To quell a Queene of noblenesse so renowned.
Ah, is remorse in hangmen and in steele,

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335 4 her ring] his ring 1615 etc.

When Peeres and Iudges no remorse can feele?
Grant Lord, that in this noble Ile, a Queene
Without a head, may neuer more be seene.

83 Of reading Scriptures.

337 The sacred Scripture treasure great affoords.
To all of seuerall tongues, of sundry Realmes.
For low and simple spirits shallow Foords,
For high and learned Doctors deeper streames,
In euery part so exquisitely made,
An Elephant may swimme, a Lambe may wade.
Not that all should with barbarous audacity,
Read what they list, and how they list expound,
But each one suting to his weake capacity:
For many great Scriptureans may be found,
That cite Saint *Paul* at euery bench and boord,
And haue Gods word, but haue not God the word.

84 The Author to his wife: a rule for praying.

338 My deare, when in your closet for deuotion,
To kindle in your brest some godly motion,
You contemplate, and oft your eyes doe fixe
On some Saints picture, or the Crucifixe;
Tis not amisse, be it of stone or mettle,
It serueth in thy mind good thoughts to settle;
Such images may serue thee as a booke,
Whereon thou maist with godly reuerence looke,
And thereby thy remembrance to acquaint,
With life or death, or vertue of the Saint.
But though I do allow thou kneele before it,
Yet would I in no wise you should adore it.
For as such things well vs'd, are cleane and holy,

---

337 1 Scripture] Scriptures 1615 etc.

So superstition soone may make it folly.
All images are scorn'd and quite dis-honoured,
If the Prototype be not solely honoured.
I keepe thy picture in a golden shrine,
And I esteeme it well, because 'tis thine;
But let me vse thy picture ne're so kindly,
'Twere little worth, if I vs'd thee vnkindly.
Sith then, my deare, our heauenly Lord aboue
Vouchsafeth vnto ours to like his loue:
So let vs vse his picture, that therein,
Against himselfe we doe commit no sinne;
Nor let vs scorne such pictures, nor deride them,
Like fooles, whose zeale mistaught, cannot abide them.
But pray, our hearts, by faith's eyes be made able
To see, what mortall eyes see on a Table.
A man would thinke, one did deserue a mocke,
Should say, Oh heauenly Father, to a stocke;
Such a one were a stocke, I straight should gather,
That would confesse a stocke to be her Father.

85 Poenitentia poenitenda: Of a penitent Fryer.

339 Bound by his Church, and Trentin Catechisme,
To vow a single life, a Cloystered Frier,
Had got a swelling, call'd a Priapisme,
Which seld is swag'd, but with a femall fire.
The Leach (as oftentimes Physicians vse)
To cure the corps, not caring for the soule,
Prescribes a cordiall med'cine from the Stewes,
Which lewd prescript, the Patient did condole:
Yet strong in Faith, and being loth to dye,
And knowing that extremes yeeld dispensation,
He is resolu'd, and doth the med'cine trie:

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338 1 when in] that in 1615 etc. 11 But though I do] Yet do I not 1615 etc. 12 Yet] Nor 1615 etc.

Which being done, he made such lamentation,
That diuers thought he was fall'n in despaire,
And therefore for his confirmation praid.
But when that they had ended quite their prayer,
After long silence, thus to them he said:
I waile not, that I thinke my fact so vicious,
Nor am I in despaire: no, neuer doubt it;
But feeling female flesh is so delicious,
I waile, to thinke I liu'd so long without it.

86 Of a picture with a Ferriman rowing in a tempest, with two Ladies in his boate, whereof he loued one, but she disdained him, and the other loued him, but he not her: now a voice came to his eare, that to saue his boate from beeing cast away, hee must drowne one of the Ladies: in which perplexitie hee speaketh these passions.

340 In troublous seas of loue, my tender bote,
By Fates decree, is still tost vp and downe,
Ready to sinke, and may no longer flote,
Except of these two Damsels one I drowne.
I would saue both: but ah, that may not be:
I loue the tone, the tother loueth me.
Heere the vast waues are ready me to swallow.
There danger is to strike vpon the shelfe.
Doubtfull I swim betweene the deepe and shallow,
To saue th'vngrate, and be vngrate my selfe.
Thus seeme I by the eares to hold a wolfe,
While faine I would eschue this gaping gulfe.
But since loues actions, guided are by passion,
And quenching doth augment her burning fuell,
Adieu, thou Nimph, deseruing most compassion,
To merit mercy, I must shew me cruell.
Aske you me why? oh question out of season!
Loue neuer leisure hath to render reason.

87 *The old mans choice.*

341 Let soueraigne Reason, sitting at the sterne,
And farre remouing all eye-blinding passion,
Censure the due desert with iudgement cleere,
And say, The cruell merit no compassion.
Liue then, kind Nimph, and ioy we two together:
Farewell th' vnkind, and all vnkind goe with her.

88 *In Philautum.*

342 Your verses please your Reader oft, you vaunt it:
If you your selfe doe reade them oft, I grant it.

89 *To an old Batchelor.*

343 You praise all women: well, let you alone,
Who speakes so well of all, thinks well of none.

90 *Of two that were married and vndone.*

344 A fond yong couple, making haste to marry,
Without their parents will, or friends consent,
After one month their marriage did repent,
And su'd vnto the Bishops Ordinary,
That this their act so vndiscreetly done,
Might by his more discretion be vndone.
Vpon which motion he awhile did pause:
At length, he for their comforts to them said,
It had beene better (friends) that you had staid:
But now you are so hampered in the Lawes,
That I this knot may not vntye (my sonne)
Yet I will grant you both shall be vndone.

91 In commendation of a straw, written at the request of a great Lady, that ware a straw Hat at the Court.

345 I vowed to write of none but matters serious,
And lawfull vowes to breake, is great offence;
But yet, faire Ladies hests are so imperious,
That with all Vowes, all Lawes they can dispence:
Then yeelding to that all-commanding Law,
My Muse must tell some honour of a straw.

Not of *Iack Straw*, with his rebellious crew,
That set King, Realme, and Lawes at hab or nab,
Whom Londons worthy Maior so brauely slew,
With dudgeon daggers honorable stab,
That his successors for that seruice loyall,
Haue yet reward with blow of weapon royall.

Nor will I praise that fruitlesse straw or stubble,
Which built vpon most precious stones foundation:
When fiery tryalls come, the builders trouble,
Though some great builders build of such a fashion,
To learned *Androes*, that much better can,
I leaue that stubble, fire, and straw to scan.

Nor list I with Philosophers to range,
In searching out, (though I admire the reason)
How simpathising properties most strange,
Keepe contraries in straw, so long a season.
Yce, snow, fruits, fish, moist things, & dry & warme,
Are long preseru'd in straw, with little harme.

But let all Poets my remembrance wipe
From out their bookes of Fame, for euer during,
If I forget to praise our Oaten pipe,
Such Musicke, to the Muses all procuring:

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345 2 is great] a great 1615 etc. 19 nor] now 1615 etc. 25 wipe] wipe, 1615 1618 1625.

That some learn'd eares preferr'd it haue before
Both Orpharyon, Violl, Lute, Bandore.
Now if we list more curiously examine,
To search in straw some profitable points,
Bread hath beene made of straw in time of famine,
In cutting off the tender knotted ioynts:
But yet remaines one praise of straw to tell,
Which all the other praise doth farre excell.
That straw, which men, & beasts, & fowles haue scorned,
Hath beene by curious Art, and hand industrious
So wrought, that it hath shadowed, yea adorned
A head and face of beauty and birth illustrious.
Now praise I? No, I enuy now thy blisse,
Ambitious straw, that so high placed is.
What Architect this worke so strangely matcht?
An yuory house, dores rubies, windowes touch,
A gilded roofe, with straw all ouerthatcht.
Where shall pearle bide, when grace of straw is such?
Now could I wish, alas, I wish too much,
I might be straw-drawne to that liuely Tuch.
But herein we may learne a good example,
That vertuous Industry their worth can raise,
Whom slanderous tongs tread vnder foot & trample.
This told my Muse; and straight she went her waies:
Which (Lady) if you seriously allow,
It is no toy, nor haue I broke my vow.

92 In Romam.

346 Hate, and debate, Rome through the world hath spread,
Yet *Roma Amor* is, if backward read.
Then is't not strange Rome hate should foster? No:
For out of backward loue, all hate doth grow.

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345 44 dores rubies, windows touch,] dores, rubies, windowe touch 1615 1618 1625 doores, wals, windowes tuch,1633. 46 grace] place 1615 etc.

Epigrams Hitherto Unpublished

My Lady Rogers *Epitaphe.*

347 Death, to make vaunt of his prepostrous powre,
First tooke away one grandchild, then his brother,
Till wayting late for his long lingred howre,
Hee sent to them their mother's aged mother.
And thus hee thinks to be owr conqueror thought,
That hath owr babes and parents thus exilde.
But, Death, hee liues that hath owr ransom wrought,
And of this triumph thou art quyte beguild.
Their soules in hands of god from death are free;
Their flesh must rise agayne to conquer thee.

Of Lynus.

348 Lynus, when he is fresh (which is but seld),
Fayns himselfe drunk and walks as yf he reeld,
Laughs and talks lowd when better men speak soft,
To th'end that being drunk (which happens oft)
His frends may say to saue his reputacion,
"Hee ys not drunk, forsooth 'tis but his fashion."
Oh wondrous witt! Yet sure I rather had
Bee deemed somtymes drunk, then allways mad.

To James *the VI King of Scotland. The Dedicacion of the copy sent by Cap. Hunter.*

349 Joy to the present, hope of future ages,
Bright Northern starre, whose oryent lyght infused,
In sowth and west, stayed myndes that stood amused,
Accept a present heer of skribled pages,
A work whose method ys to be confused,
A work in which my pen yt self engages
To vse them right that have the world abused.
Yf I whear sin ys wrought, pay shame for wages,
Let your ritch grace hold my poor zeall excused;
Enormous acts move modest mindes to rages,
Which strayght a tart reproofe well gev'n asswages,
And dewly gev'n yt cannot be refused.
We do but poynt out vices and detect them;
Tis you, tis you, great prince, that must correct them

Of Don Pedro's *Pennyworth in a ritch suit of hanginge.*

350 *Don Pedro* bought within three hundred pound
A sute of arras hanging passing ritch,
Larded with gold and silk in every stitch;
A marv'lous pennyworth doubtles he hath found.
Why? Were they worth it? Was their goodnes such?
No, nothing lyke, nor hardly halfe so much.
Yet was the pennyworth great. Then thus I rede it:
He never payes for that he takes on credit.

To my good friend Sir Hugh Portman. *Of succession.*

351 My good friend *Lynus* still ys vndermining
To know my minde in matter of succession;
And though by law it is a flat transgression
To tell which way affection is enclyning,
He sayth such law of conscience was oppression,

That all frank mindes of whatsoear profession
Against this law have shown a flat repyning.
I thus reply, "I never vse devining;
As for the prince that pleadeth now possession,
My sowle hath ever blest without disguising;
Wherfore to speak of any sonn arysing
I hold it vayn while our deer sonn ys shining;
And had I powr I should be enterprysing
To stay this sonn with Josuah from declining.
But sith the fates ar stayd by no devising,
When her live's thread shall faile with long vntwining,
I wish the future age with peace may bring
No enfant, nor no Queen! whome then? a Kinge."

Of one that had gotten a benefice and after sought for a belly piece

352 A country preacher aged toward fifty,
In all his life nor wanton nor vnthrifty,
Came once to me and made an ernest motion
To have a widdow thought at my devotion
By mean her lyving lying in my mannor,
Was held by widdoes state, as is the manner.
He told me first a learned tale of marriadge,
Save I perhaps have lost some in the carriadge:
But this he provd by many learned clauses,
How marriadge is allowd men for two causes:
As namely first for honest procreation,
Next to avoyd dishonest fornication;
And that late writers, men of passing piety
Have fownd a third cause, mutuall society.
This sayd, he told me how he this suit attempte..
Not that to carnall lust he was much tempted,
Nor that he should by this enrich his purse,
But that his yeers required now a nurse.
"A nurse, said I, "Oh head of wisdom skarse.

Thou seekst a nurse, but thou wouldst have (an).”
Cannot great Clarcks that hold such ghostly places,
Decline *vxores* in the gendring cases?

A Paradox. To Cinna *the Brownist.*

353 Pure *Cinna* deemes I hold a paradox,
Not to be prov'd but vnto stones and stox,
That Brownists ar vnto the papists neerer
Then Protestaunts: tis cleer, thear's nothing cleerer.
First, *Cinna*, often I have herd thee grawnt
The Popes cheefe opposit's a Protestaunt:
Now then, to try the distance trew, compare
And make relligion either rownd or square:
Yf it be rownd, as in thease careless dayes
Yt runneth rownd (more pitty) many waies,
Place Protestaunts and Papists East and West,
And place the Brownist whear he list to rest:
Except that hee the circle quite will miss,
Hee neerer still vnto the Papist ys.
If square it be, as sewr as now tis faring,
About relligion never was more squaring.
Nor farder out of square I think twas never,
Nor fewr that to bring't in square indever,
Place th' opposites at two poynts most opposed,
And then agayn this secret ys disclosed:
For either they be quite beside all square,
Or neerer to the Papists still they are:
But be they nere so neer they need beware;
Both sides will dawnger them except they turn them:
The Protestants will hang, the Papists burn them.

Of a devout damsell.

354 A neighbour myne, an honest, learned Curat,
Preaching on day according to his function,
Said that their harts wear hard and too obdurat

That in their conscience never feel compunction;
Of which, to make som playner explanaction,
With varied phrase (as schollers have the trick)
He usd som words of like signification,
A feeling, a remorse, a sting, a prick.
A zealous maid heard him with great attention,
And being pregnant of conceit and witt,
Calld oft to minde the wordes he last did mencion,
Which most, as seemd, did in her conscience stick.
All melancholy from the Church she went,
And comming home she laid her on her bedd,
And vnto those that wear to see her sent,
And askt what did ayl her, thus she sedd,
"The sarmon in my conscience made me sick
To heer our parson preaching of a (compunction).

To his Wife. Of Women's vertues.

355 A well learnd man, in rules of life no Stoyk,
Yet one that careles Epicures derided,
Of weomens vertues talking, them devided
In three, the private, Ciuill, and Heroyke.
And what he said of theise, to tell you briefly,
He first began discoursing of the priuate,
Which each playn cuntry huswife may ariue at
As homely, and that home concearneth chiefly.
The fruit, malt, hops, to tend, to dry, to vtter,
To beat, strip, spin, the woll, the hemp, the flax,
Breed poultry, gather honey, try the wax,
And, more then all, to haue good cheese and butter.
The next a step, but yet a lardge step higher,
Was ciuill vertue fitter for the Citty,
With modest lookes, good cloths, and answeres witty,
Those baser things not done, but guided by her.
Her idle tymes and ydle coyne she spends
On needle works, and when the season sarvs
In making dainty Junketts and Consarvs,

To welcom in kynd sort his dearest frends.
But far aboue them all, he most extolled
The stately Heroyns whose noble minde
Itself to those poore orders cannot bynde,
Anomelous, that still liue vncontrold.
Theis intertayn great Princes; theis haue learned
The tongs, toys, tricks, of Rome, of Spayn, of Fraunce;
Thease can Correntos and La Voltas daunce,
And though they foote it false, tis near discearned,
The vertues of theis Dames are so transcendent.
Themselues are learnd, and their heroyke spirit
Can make disgrace an honor, sin a merit.
All pens, all praysers are on them dependent.
Well, gentle wife, thou knowst I am not stoycall,
Yet would I wish, take not the wish in evill,
You knew the priuate vertue, kept the civill,
But in no sort aspire to that Hearoycall.

Of certain puritan wenches.

356 Six of the weakest sex and purest sect
Had conference one day to this effect,
To change that old and popish name of preaching.
And first the first would have it called teaching;
The second, such a vulgar terme despysing,
Said it wear better call it cathecising;
The third, not full so learnd yet foole as wise,
Told that her husband calld it exercise.
The fourth, a great Magnificats corrector,
Said she allowd them best that calld it Lector.
"Nay," said the fift, "Our brethern, as I heere,
Do call it speaking in North Hampton sheere."
"Tush," said the sixt, "Then standing wear more fitt,
Sith preachers seldom in the pulpit sitt."
Now though this word was worst, yet not withstanding,
I know not why, but all likt best of standing.

Of a Zealous Ladye.

357 Two Alldermen, three Lawiers, five Phisitions,
Seavn Captains, with nine Poets, ten Musitians,
Woo'd all one wencth. She, waying all condicions
By which she might attayn to most promotion
Did take a preest at last for pure devotion.

To Mr. Bastard, *the minister that writes the pleasant Epigrams.*

358 Had you been known to me ear you wear maryd,
I should have wisht that single you had taryd.
Yet of your spryte my sperit ys so awfull,
I dare not say soch marriage ys vnlawfull.
Nor dare I say men of soch holy function
Should castrat quite themselvs from such coniunction.
Nor dare I much owr Saviour's speeches skann,
To whome twas spoken, "Take it they that cann."
Nor dare I say the word would work more good
Yf preachers wallowd less in flesh and blood.
Nor dare I say such livyngs wear provided
With crosier staves, not distaves, to be guided.
Yet least I might be deemd among the dastards,
I dare say this: "Thy children shall be bastards.'

That the clergy be great builders now as well as of old.

359 Was that a pryde in preests, or was yt piety?
Had those more zeall, or wer they more presumptuos
To build soch Colledges for their society,
With abbyes well endowd and Churches sumptuos?
If that wear pride, have ours too much humility?
If theirs wear zeall, have ours no godly mocion?
Yes! I can proove that ours both have abillity,
And that they build much more with more devocion.
With stone, yea, with free stones, they rear of building,

Worlds pretty, mycrocosmous, little ones,
With temples tymbred well, and some have guilding.
Shrines not of dead men's but of lively bones;
Thease buildings walk, oh! works worth admyracion,
And each beares sirname of their archytector.
And as yt ought Love layd the first foundacion,
But Love read in St. Luke with Ovid's lector.
Well, sith this building from those old one varyes,
Som men could wish such builders had no quaryes.

The censure of a Lady in Ireland of the overthrow at Blackwater.

360 Two dames of two beleefs, the old and later,
Talkt of the loss late taken at Blackwater.
The Catholique affirmd she could not know
The hidden cause of that curst overthrow.
The tother, that professed greater purity,
Said that the cause was hidd in no obscurity;
"For God, said she, "strengthened the Rebells arme,
Because the Papists in our campe doe swarme,
Whose erring fayth and great abhominacion
Ys cause no doubt of our great desolacion."
"Oh, witty reason," tother strayght replyde,
"Wear they not all Papists on tother side?"

Of Moyses.

361 Most worthy Prophet, that by inspiration
Did tell of heav'n and earth and seas creation,
That first deserudst the name of Sacred Poet,
Now so prophand, that fooles on fooles bestow it,
Thou for they peopls' liberty and good
Didst scorne the tytle of the Royall blood;
Thou that, by grace obtayned from thy God,
From rocks deryvedst Rivers by thy rod,

And in that rodd's true reall alteration
Didst show vndoubted transubstantiation;
Thou that dist plague all Egipt with their prince,
That ten such plagues were nere before nor since;
Thou that didst, by thy makers spetiall grace,
Speak with him in the mountayn face to face,
And there receaudst of him ten hy Behests,
In stony bookes, for our more stony brests;
Thou that twise forty dayes tookst no repast,
And gau'st two samples of one Lenton fast;
Thou that in Zeale, reuenge didst take so sore
Vpon that damned crew, Dathan and Core,
And at another tyme in rightfull yre
Consumedst some with sword and some with fyre;
Obtayn my pardon, if (vntoward scholler),
I proue in nothing like thee but in choller.
And now giue leavue vnto my awfull Muse
To tell one fault of thine in mine excuse;
For though I needs must graunt my foolish wrath
Those lawes to breake sometimes me caused hath,
I breake but one and one, none for the nonce;
Thou in they wrath dist breake them all at once.

Against Leda *for carping.*

362 Last day dame *Leda* reeding in my ryme
How Moyses in his anger brake the tables,
"What! Have we byble stories ioynd with bables?
Oh sacriledg! Vnexcusable cryme!
And oh!" saith she, "the manners! oh the tyme
That feares not to confownd our fayth with fables!
Now fy, for shame on writers so prophane!"
But fly from shame; pure *Leda* ys mistane;
For he that me to speak and write enables
Knows that mine humble hart my Muse acquaints
With none but reverent thoughts of all his saints,
Who, though on earth they subiect wear to passion,

In heav'n they feele no passion but compassion.
Whearfore surcease, *Leda*, thy vain complaints;
Not saints but shrowes ar subiect vnto skorns.
For sample, *Leda*, now Ile say but this:
Thy Husband like to Moyses picture ys,
For Moyses ever painted ys with hornes.

Of Bedas *opinion of Purgatory.*

363 Pure *Cinna* sayth that Beda ys a lyer,
Because he writes there ys a purging place
In which men after death must stay a space
And so be sav'd yet, as yt wear by fier.
This question ys to deep for our decision,
But yet to charge a writer with a fable,
Whom all our ellders held so venerable,
I think such person worthy of derision.
But, *Cinna*, that twixt us be no devision,
Thus far I think we might agree togeather,
Those that beleeve yt not shall near go thether.

Against excesse in Womans Apparrell.
To my Lady Rogers.

364 Our zealous preachers that would pride repress
Complain against Apparrells great excess;
For though the laws against yt are express,
Each Lady like a Queen herself doth dress,
A merchaunts wife like to a barronness.
But yet preests wives, yf I aright do guess,
Offend no lawes heerin nor more nor less;
For whie? No written law, proclaimd or printed,
Hath our preests wives for their apparrell stinted.

Of the names Papist, Brownist, and Zwinglian.

365 Pure Lynus Papistry layes to my chardge,
And that my verse bewraies my thoughts, he saith.
I by deniall could myself discharge,
Yet least some think then I denyde my fayth,
Ev'n in my purest thoughts protest do I
A christian Catholique to live and dy.
As for theise names, Papist and Hugonot,
Brownist and Zwinglian, that but factions feede,
I skorn; but christian Catholique, I note
That in the scripture named, this in the creed.
But, Lynus, either I my mark have mist,
Or thou of theise may yet choose what thou list.

Of Galla. To his Wife.

366 Brave *Galla* late a lofty prelate wedding,
Sumptuous at boord but sumptuous more at bedding,
Out of her pride by all men much abhord,
When she will name her husband, saith her lorde.
Ys this a pride? Tis grace I rather guesse;
Sara did say no more, *Galla* no less.
Yet when she sayes so next, thus much say I,
Let Papist none nor Puritan be by,
For while, "My lord, my husband," she doth clatter,
Tone will deny that first, tother the latter.

Against on extream flatterer that preached at Bath on the Queens day the fortieth yeer of her raign.

367 You that extoll the bliss of this our nation,
And lade our ears with stale and lothsome praise
Of forty yeares sweet peace and restfull dayes,
Which you advance with fayned admiration,

Much better would it sewt your high vocation
To beat down that your flattring tongues do raise,
And rather seeke som words of commination
For tymes abounding with abhomination.
Say that Gods wrath against us is provoked,
And tell us tis to us the scripture saies,
"I forty yeers have brookt this generation."
And said, "Theis people have not known my wayes."
For law with lust, and rule with rape is yoked,
And zeall with schisme and Symony is choked.

Of an Heroicall answere of a great Roman Lady to her husband.

368 A grave wise man that had a great ritch Lady,
Soch as perhaps in theis dayes found thear may be,
Did think she playd him false and more then thynk,
Save that in wisdom he therat did winck.
Howbeit one time disposde to sport and play
Thus to his wife he plesantly did say,
"Sith Straungers lodge their Arrowes in thy quiver,
Deer dame, I pray you yet the cause deliver,
If you can tell the cause and not dissemble,
How all our chilldren me so much resemble."
The Lady blusht but yet this awnser made,
"Though I have usd some traffic in the trade,
And must confess, as you have toucht before,
My bark was somtime steerd with forren ore,
Yet stowd I no mans stuff but first perswaded
The bottom with your ballast full was laded.

To my Wife

369 Your mother layes yt to me as a cryme
That I so long do stay from you sometime,
And by her fond surmise would make you feare
My loue doth grow more cold, or less sinceare.

But let no causles doubts make you beleeue
That being false that being trew would greeue.
I, when I goe from thee the furthest distance,
Do in my soule, by my true loues assistance,
In steed of sweet imbracements, doue like kisses,
Send kindest thoughts and most indeered wishes.
Then letters, then kind tokens pass, and then
My busie Muse imployes my ydle pen.
Then memory in loues defence alledges
Seavn organ pipes, our loues assured pledges.
Alas, how many liue still with their wiues,
Yet in true kindnes absent all their liues.
Absence is true loues sauce, and serues to whet it;
They neuer lou'd whom absence makes forget it.

Of Cleargy men and their liuings.

370 In auntient tyme old men observed that
The cleargie men wear lean, their livings fatt;
But in theise daies the case is alltred clean;
The cleargie men ar fatt, their livings lean.
I searching finde this cause that chaunge to breede:
Now they feed fast; then they did fast and feede.

That Misacmos and Lynus are like.

371 I marveill, *Lynus*, of thy foolish blindnes,
That of all men, with me willt have vnkindnes;
Whearas we two, to speak without dissembling,
In many things are very much resembling.
Thou boasts, and trewlie mayst, of some nobillitye,
I without boast can boste of trew gentillitye.
I of complexion black but somwhat ruddy,

---

369 14 Seavn] Nine A Seavn B.

Thou somwhat fayrer yet perhapps more bluddy.
At Cambridge thou somtimes thy horse hast bayted,
At Cambridge I somtimes in schooles was bayted.
Thou often art alone in dumps and muses,
And I as oft alone am with the Muses.
I borrow of all I may to mend my sence,
Thou borrowest all thou canst for thine expense.
I rob som I do reed with praise for guardon,
Thou robst som thou dost meet in hope of pardon.
Many men will trust me for all they'r worth,
Any man may trust thee for all th'art worth.
I bear the prime of my witts wealth about me,
Thou wearst the prime of all thy wealth about thee.
Only in one conceit thou dost not like me,
In which I wish I never may be like thee:
I pray for forren peace; thou, civill warfare;
For I have somwhat, thou hast nought to care for.

Of the parsons parte

372 Whether it wer by chaunce, or els by arte,
You find our verse in number so well couched
That each tenth stanza may seeme the parsons parte,
Marking the matters that therein ar touched.
But sure I am some parsons are so curst
That, though tis theirs and I bestow it freely,
Yet they of all will like that part the worste,
Yea, though you search from Salsbury to Ely.
For in all parsons this a fault is known:
To lust for others good and loath their owne.

To the earle of Essex when he lay at Greys and protested to lyve retyred.

373 Oft Reeding acts admird of Charles the fyft,
Mine envious mind and captious in condicion
In his lives course discovered hath one drift

Convincing him of infinite ambycion.
For having ioynd th' Imperiall crowne to Spaine
(This grown by birth, that graunted by election),
After Conquests great he did attayn,
Getting both Indies vnder his subiection;
Sick of ambicion, that disease incurable,
Like Alexander, that more worlds would gayn,
Finding his kingdoms great but nothing durable,
Yet of an endless thirst he had to raign;
Playnly to proove he higher still aspired
He quite renownct all these and livd retyred.

Of two frayll saints.

374 One of the foolish family of love
That of their sure election stand so glorious
They think that ev'n their sinns are meritorious,
Did earst a sister to his pleasure move,
Alledging, sith no sinn their soules could taint,
They might begett som prophett or a saint.
She graunted, or at least she not denide,
To give to his foule lust full satisfaction.
Yet in the midst of their venereous action,
Rapt in her flesh with zeall of sprite, she cride,
"How would the wicked and ungodly scoff it
If they should finde vs saints getting a prophett."

How England may be reformed.

375 Men say that England late is bankrout grown;
Th'effect to manifest, the cause vnknown.
Ritch Tresorors 'thath had, and wary keepers,
Fatt Judges, Councellors in gayn no sleepers;
Collectors, auditors, receavers many,
Searchers and Customers all for the peny.

As for the Churchmen, they both pray and pay;
Soluat Ecclesia, so the courtiers pray.
Might some new officer mend old disorder?
Yes, one good *Stewart* might sett all in order.

Of two religions.

376 One by his father kept long time to schoole,
And prooving not vnlearned nor a foole,
Was earst by him demaunded one occasion
Which was the sounder Church in his perswasion,
If this Church of *Geneua* late reformed,
Or that old Catholick that theis have skorned.
Both do cyte doctors Councells, both alleadge,
Both bost the word truths everlasting pleadge.
"Then say, my sonn," quoth he. "Fear no controule.
Which of the two is safest for my soule?"
"Sure," quoth the sonn, "a man had needs be crafty
To keepe his soule and body both in safty.
But both to save, this is best way to houlde:
Live in the new, dy yf you can in th'olde.

Of Sympathy.

377 Yf, as some thinke, the sympathie of minds
Ys token of sweet love and kinde accorde,
Great sympathies and in most divers kinds
Ar between *Lesbia* and her noble Lorde.
If he to goe from home can take occasion,
Full glad ys he and doth therat reioyce:
As glad ys she and addeth her perswasion,
Nor would she have him stay to have her voyce.
Sad he returns and seeld but by compulsion;
For three dayes fish and guests ar thought unsavory.
As sad is she; her heart feels great convulsion;
His presence checks her mirth, her sport, her bravery.
After he hath a while at home been biding,

He chafes, he sweares, nor meat nor drink is toothsome;
As fast his loving Lady falls to chiding,
As fast she swears all cates to her are loathsome.
He shames sometimes at her new made complexions,
He fears least she should spy his secret sallyings;
She shames no less at his known imperfections,
She doubts no less lest he descry her dallyings.
On hownds and hawks he frankly spends his crowns,
And horses and such purtnances of sports;
As much she spends on kertles and on gowns
And on som ruffen that to her resorts.
Their prairs ar like, their vows but short and small;
If so it be with vocall pray'r or mentall;
Each praies to se the tothers funerall,
But neither greatly cares of dirg or trentall.
This in their ioy, their sorrow, and their wrath,
Their shame, their fear, their bounty, and their prayre,
All their whole life so great resemblance hath
The make a matchless match, a peerless payr.
Sweet simpathy, I know not who the devill
Should well agree yf theis agree but evill.

Of Lynus the writer.

378 Thow, *Lynus*, thinks thy selfe a great endyter,
And now of late thow raisest high thy lookes,
Because the stationers doe sell thy bookes.
But shall I tell thee trew? Thou art no writer;
Thou blottest papers. Only they doe write
Whose writings men of worth reede with delight.

Of Sextus witt.

379 To have good witt ys *Sextus* thought by many;
But sure he hides it all; he shows not any.

Of Thais and Clerus.

380 Fayr *Thais* skarce had a widdow been a weeke,
When *Clerus* came a match with her to seeke;
And to sett forth more statly his approach,
He hyred men and horses and a coach.
But as he was dismounting at her gate,
The porter told he came one hower to late,
For she was newly married that forenoone.
"Farewell!" quoth *Clerus*. "Then I came to soone."

How Faustus lost not his Labor.

381 When yow, fond *Faustus*, in an idle sute
Had quite consumd long tyme in little frute,
Though yow confest yow had your labour lost,
Yet yow gaind witt therby, yow made your bost.
But yf yow would indeed examin duly
Your gains and losse, and then account them truely,
Thus to transfer those words it would be fitt:
You gain'd the travell but you lost the witt.

To his wife in excuse of his Absence.

382 *Mall*, in mine absence this is still your song:
"Come home, sweet hart, you stay from home to long."
That thou lou'st home, my Loue, I like it well,
Wives should be like thy Tortas in the shell.
I loue to seeke, to see, learn, know, be known;
Men nothing know, know nothing but their own.
"Yea, but," you say to me. "home homely is,
And comely therevnto." And what of this?
Among wise men, they deemed are but Momes
That allwayes are abiding in their homes.
To haue no home, perhaps it is a curse;
To be a Prisoner at home 'tis worse.

Of a pure preaching phisition.

383 The zealous preacher, *Lalus*, as they tell,
Doth practise phisick now: tis wondrous well,
For first he taints souls with erronious spell,
And then his druggs give quick dispatch to hell.
God keepe my friends and all of our affinity
Free from his phisique, far from his devinity.

Of Goats milk and cows milk. Between a phisition and a Lady
To my Lady Rogers.

384 A learned Lady of no mean condition
Question'd one day with a more learnd phisition,
Affirming 'twas but error or presumption
That men praescribe to patients in consumption,
As they that mark it oftentimes shall note,
Somtime an Asses milke, somtimes a gote.
"But I," said shee, "for my parte doe allow
Better then both theis milks that of [a] Cow,
As having sweeter flesh and finer feeding,
And therfore better bloud and humors breeding."
The learned Leach incombred thus and troubled,
For she her words and reasons still redoubled,
"Madam," quoth he, "'tis not so good by halfe,
Except the patient hap to be a calfe."

Misacmos of himselfe that loves to be worst
in the company

385 When I from schooles came to the citty first,
My Syre advisde me warely to chuse
All such as for compannions I would vse
So if I could as I might be the worst.
For why? The graver and the wiser sorte
Men like their chief compannions do esteeme,
And such they doe their inclination deeme,

And theirs ys known with whome they do consorte.
Now while I thought I had som praise deserved,
To daunt my pride heerin, I have been tolde
Faustus as strict as I this rule doth holde;
Nay, more; he cannot break it yf he would.

Of one that kept open house at Christmas.

386 This Christmas *Paulus* for his reputation
To keepe an open house makes proclamation;
To which (to make it noted) he annexes
Theis generall words: for all of both the sexes.
If *Paulus* meaning be but as he writes,
He keepes house only for Hermaphrodites.

An Epitaph on Mr: John Ashley *sometimes Mr: of the Iewells to her Majestie. Sent to his virtuos widdow and his worthy sonne Sr:* John Ashley.

387 Loe heer in Ashes, worthy *Ashley* lies,
A Iewell to his prince, her Iewells master,
His Corps heer shrinde in tutch and allablaster,
His soule vntowtht mounts ore the marble skies;
Once happie here in courte by princes eyes,
Eyes whose aspect defend from all disaster;
Thrice happy now in heav'nly Hierarchies,
Wher his soule crownd sees his all seeing master.
By birth a squire, a Bazon by his roome,
Now is a kingdome given him by his toome.

To Mr: Iohn Dauys.

388 My deer friend *Davys*, some against vs partiall
Have found we steall some good conceits from Martiall;
So though they graunt our verse hath some Acumen,
Yet make they fooles suspect we skant ar trew men.

But *Surrey* did the same, and worthy *Wyatt,*
And they had praise and reputation by it.
And *Heywood*, whome your putting down hath raised,
Did vse the same and with the same is praised.
Wherfore yf they had witt that soe did trace vs,
They must again for their own creddits grace us;
Or else to our more honour and their greevs
Match vs at least with honorable theevs.

To my Lady Rogers *that she loued not him, yet she loued his wife.*

389 You tell among your many auntient Saws,
Which you haue learn'd of writers of renown,
That loue is heavy, still discending down;
And yet in this your self doe break loues laws,
For still on *Mall* you fawn, on me you frown.
I feel th'effect, yet cannot finde the cause.
Your loue, which draws to her, from me withdraws.
But if your loue be either verb or noun,
I'le proue clear by an vnexspected clawse,
You then should loue me first. Nay, neuer wonder,
For let the Harrolds set our places down,
I hope when *Mall* and I be least asunder,
Your daughters place is not aboue but vnder.

To his wife. Of loue without lust.

390 Thou tellst me, *Mall*, and I beleeve thee must,
That thou canst loue me much with little lust;
But while of this chaste loue thou dost devise,
And lookst chaste babies in my wanton eyes,
Thy want of lust makes my lust wanton-wyse.
Then think, but say't no more; for, if thou dost,
Trust me I find an aptnes to mistrust;
I cannot loue thee long without my lust.

Of a Lenton dinner.

391 I din'de by hap at *Sextus* house this spring,
Where, though himselfe far'd sumptuous like a king,
With Patridge, quayles, and Ven'son all in ryott,
There was but little store of Lenton dyett;
For fish of sea or river was there none
Saving the king of fishes or poore Iohn;
Wherewith content at last to mend my cheere,
I calld to have a cupp of strong march beere.
It came and to tell trew and not to halte,
'Twas strong of Hopp and water, not of malte;
Yet twas march beer indeed, who ever made it;
The sonn was but in *Taurus* when we had it.
And take this one note more to mend my tale:
Though 'twear not stale, yet did it looke like stale.
Well, lett my witt be matcht with a march hare
When ear I march so farr for so ill fare.

To one of her Majesties Phisitions in praise of the King of Scotts phisition that was knighted.

392 To swage some daungerous humors dayly surging
Each spring or fall for feare her health have harme,
You cause our Queen vse letting bloud and purging;
And many times, no great occasions vrging,
Blood Royal spins from scepter bearing Arme.
But late in North by treason most contagious,
When traytors hart his traytrous hands did arme,
With doubled weapon and with devlish charme,
To kill that oryent king with hart outragious,
And turn his spring to fall (oh haynous guilt).
His learnd phisition, awnswering that allarme,
With valient hand and with an hart coragious,
While letting others bloud his owne was spillt,
Deserv'd and gott the gilded spurr and hillt.

To one Mr: Fitzgefferies with a Reward of French crowns for a booke he gave this Author in Latten verses.

393 Yow write your purse wasts and consumes your stock
By reason of the crowing of some cock,
At which the Lyons Whellps take such offence
As yow suppose that reason drives them thence;
Wherfore to remedy so shrewd abuses
I without lyons send yew Flower de Luses.
Thus crost and guarded well with armes of France
The devill in your purse shall never dance.

Of Christs cote.

394 Our reverent ellders had one speciall note
That trew relligion should throughout the reame
Be kept like to our saviours wearing coate,
All of one peece and void of any seame.
How comes then this devision so extreame,
Ready to teare out one an others throte?
Who stird such waves in this still running streame,
Able to sinck St: Peeters tottring bote?
Ist not a schisme? No, say not so: beware;
But we have allmost worn the coate thredbare.

Of Lending money.

395 *Titus* lent *Lynus* money on his bande,
But ear that *Lynus* set therto his hande,
He was precise in setting down the place
For which the Scrivner had but left a space.
This done, they parte. In time the tyme expires;
Titus at place praefixt his crowns requiers;
But all that day of *Lynus* was no news,
No letter, man, nor friend yt to excuse.

"Well, well," quoth *Titus* with a skornfull frowne,
"Was this his care to have his place sett downe,
To be more sure, forsooth, to think vppon it?
Nay, nay, but to be sure to keepe him from itt."

Misacmos of his Muse. To Sir Iohn Ashley.

396 My Muse is like king *Edwards* Concubine,
Whose mind did to devotion so encline
She duly did each day to church resort,
Saue if she wear intyst to *Venus* sport.
So would my Muse write grauely nere the latter;
She slips somtimes into some wanton matter.

Of Lynus.

397 Poore *Lynus* plaines that I of late forgett him,
And saith hee'l be my guest if I will lett him.
But I so liked him last time I mett him
That Ile be sure do all I can to lett him.

In prayse of two worthy Translations, made by two great Ladies.

398 My soule one only *Mary* doth adore,
Only one *Mary* doth inioy my hart;
Yet hath my Muse found out two *Maryes* more
That merit endlesse praise by dew desart;
Two *Maryes* that translate with divers arte
Two subiects rude and ruinous before;
Both having nobless great and bewties store,
Nobless and bewty to their works imparte;
Both have ordaynde against deaths dreadfull darte
A Sheeld of fame enduring evermore.
Both works advance the love of sacred lore,
Both helpe the soules of sinners to convarte.
Their learned payn I prayse, her costly almes;
A Colledge this translates, the tother Psalmes.

To the orient king praying that to neuer see him occident by any Accident.

399 Antiquitye distinguisht hath long since
Two sevrall fashions of Monarchall raigne:
A tyrant one, tother a lawfull prince,
Which by theis rules may be discerned playn.
The lawfull prince his subiects deems as sonns,
And toward them myldly himselfe behaves;
The Tyrant headlong in his fancy runs,
His will their law, his subiects counts his slaves.
Well said: yet some I knowe to fear had rather
A gentle master then a crewell father.

Of trying spiritts. A passage between two persons of great calling.

400 A Catholick had conference of late
With one of our great Prelates of the state,
Lamenting that the Church with schisme turmoyled
Had eake her buillding and revenews spoylled.
"Foole," said the prelat, "why ar yow molested
That near ar like therein to be revested?
If we retayn a portion though but small,
What's that to yow, for yow have lost it all?
"Yet," said the tother, "we doe wish in harte
That you might keepe it all, not spill a parte.
Now *Sollomon* be Iudge, I wish none other;
Which is the harlott, which the lawfull mother?
This side saith, 'Spare my childe alyve and take it.
Lett it not perrish though I must forsake it.'
She, feelling no remorse of grace nor nature,
Saith, 'Neither thine nor mine, but *dividatur*.'"

To his Wife against Women recusants.

401 The great *Asuaerus* to his royall feast
Envited *Vasti*, his beloved Queene;
But she not then disposed to be seene

Refused to come; which did him so molest
That straight, as if this had a treason beene,
Yt was aggreede his Lordes and peeres betwene
To banish her for breaking his behest.
For thus resolved that cownsell sage and wise,
That though her face was fare, her portion ample,
Yet by so dangerous eminent example
All *Persian* ladies might their Lords despise.
Wherefore, my deerest *Mall*, I thee advise
Ensew not *Vasties* sample but detest her,
And rather follow her successor *Esther*.

To his wiues mother.

402 When with your daughter (Madam) you be chattring,
I find that oft against me you incense her;
And then forsooth my kindnes all in flattring,
My loue is all but lust; this is your censure.
Tis not my flattring her moues you hereto;
Yt is bycause I will not flatter you.

Of good Exhortation.

403 When *Faustus* is reprooved for his folly,
And warnd how such misdeeds draw on damnation,
He vows in show repentant seeming holly
Not lightly to regarde good exhortation;
But in a trice, like to the bore and dogg,
To former filth and vomitt he returns,
And from his conscience casts all care and Clogg,
Still practising some lewd vngratious turns.
Faustus observs his vow, and take him rightly,
Not to regarde good exhortation lightly.

Of a Lady that left open her Cabbinett.

404 A vertuose Lady sitting in a muse,
As many tymes fayr vertuous Ladies vse,
Leaned her Ellbow on one knee full harde,
The other distaunt from it halfe a yarde.
Her knight, to tawnt her by a privy token,
Said, "Wife, awake, your Cabbinet stands open."
She rose and blusht and smylld and soft doth saye,
"Then lock it yf yew list: yow keepe the kaye."

Of Praelates that ought to be more Pontificall.

405 Great Praelates named wear in former dayes
Pontifices and had revennues large,
Because they buillt strong bridges and high wayes,
And kept them well repayred at their charge.
But now white apron strings tye vpp their purses;
Now Cowncells those oulde Customes doo abridge;
Simon his babes super entends and nurses;
Scant one among an hundred buillds a bridge.
Yf those wear prowde, their pride hath had a fall;
But I would theise were more *pontificall.*

Of repayring bridges.

406 A Squire hight *Bridges* of good reputation
Gave in his will nere halfe an hundred pounde
Onely to keepe a bridge in reparation.
Are not too few such men in our dayes founde?
To few? No. Many soe. That is our shame,
For every man seekes to advance his Name.

Of a Lady that goes priuate to the Bath.

407 *Lesbia*, you seeme a straunge conceyted woman
That, though thy bed to many one is common,
Yet private still yow goe into the Bathe.
We doubt your bewty some great blemish hath:
Either your brests hang bagging downe your sides;
Or else your flesh which your apparrell hides
Is with some vgly Morphew fowly tainted,
With which yow would not have vs made acquainted;
Or els your skin is black whear tis not painted.
"Not so, nor so," you say. I must mistake it,
And that yow show indeede most lovely naked.
Then know thus doctors say of Cupid's schoole,
"Thow hast one greater blemish: th'art a foole."

To my Lady Rogers.

408 Among the mortall sins in number seauen
That shut against our soules the gates of heav'n,
You still do say that Letchery is wurst,
Most loathd of Saynts, and most of God accurst.
But Madam either you are ill advisd,
Or in your youth you were ill catechisd;
For thus learnt I of my good ghostly father,
And by his works as well as words I gather,
Those sinns are least, as all the learned teach,
Where love and charity haue smallest breach;
Those sins of which we soonest do repent vs
For those a pardon soonest shal be sent vs.
Now Letchery (as showes the common sentence)
Begins with loue and endeth with repentance;
Besides all those that take delight therein
Finde it a liuely not a deadly sinn.
Then let this question be no more disputed;
You see how playn your error is confuted.
But bee't agreed thus you and me betwix,
Yt is the greatest sin of seaven, saue six.

To his Wife.

409 My *Mall*, if any fortune to accuse me
(As to accusing all the world is bent)
That I in lawes of wedlock do abuse me,
And secretly doe live incontinent,
Incontinent thus to thy thought excuse me:
Think envy doth for spite such lies invent;
Then note their sex and guesse at their intent.
Yf they be men, think like themselvs they take me;
Yf women, think that so they fain would make me.

Of Pawlus wife and Cayus chilldren.

410 One sware to me that *Pawlus* hath a wife,
Yet was he never maried all his life.
Now from this tale the reason plain I gather
How *Cayus* gets no barns, yet is a father.

Of only fayth.

411 Pure *Cinna* evermore disputing saith
That Christians saved are by only faith.
But heerin *Cinnas* speeches are abusive,
To foyst vnto our fayth a worde exclusive;
For we do finde, marking the scriptures scope,
Sallvation comes by grace, love, fear, and hope.
Wherefore, when *Cinna* speakes fayth saveth only,
Tell him *Misacmos* saith he speaketh onely.

Of Lesbia's censure of my verses.

412 When some good vertuous strayne my verse inritches,
Lesbia, whose ear for wanton matter itches,
Strait way findes faults and sayes it sutes but odly
To have a wanton poett write so godly.

Thus as Musitians that, to please some Riggs,
On sober Lute and Harpe play wanton Iiggs,
So we that grasd on high *Pernassus* valley,
To please such dames soe long have usde to dally,
That, if we tuch on goodnes and on god,
Though verse be evn, the matter semeth od.
Well, Ile be evn with them, for by their will
I see they wish I would be wanton still.

Of a pregnant pure sister.

413 I learnd a tale more fitt to be forgotten
How late a holy maide of lovs society
Was by a preacher graue with child begotten;
And when the birth drew near in great anxiety
Amid the pangs she praid with passing piety
That, sith a learned man did over reach her.
The childe she bore at least might prove a preacher.
A childe was born, and, when the throes were past,
She askt what god had sent her at the last.
The midwife made this answer, half in lafter,
"Yow may," said she, "a preacher bear heerafter,
For sure this can be none, god bless the baby;
But for a preacher heer a pullpit may bee."

Of his Wiues pye feast, to which
he invited a Knight and a Lady.

414 My wife, at other times like other shrows,
Yet once a year ('tis well tis once a year)
Is kinde to me and then a fest bestows
Of dishes not farr fett nor costing deere;
The chiefe of which are pyes, not pies that chatter,
But pies of which skant twenty fill a platter.
Now, sir, I yow invite and she your Ladie
To this same feast of hers, more kinde than ample,

Where wellcom is best fare, and wher it may be
Your *Phoenix* may of mine take such example,
As now the wether lowring is enclyned,
It may grow fair when as they two have dined.

Of a preacher and his Hourglass.

415 Pure *Lalus* loves the Church but lothes the steeple.
He speaking on a day vnto the people
To th'end he might beware how time did passe,
He usd, as many doe, an hower glasse.
He entred to an ernest disputation
To prove that works are needless to sallvation,
St. Iames his doctrine he doth quite deface;
Of *Paule* and Ebrios he brings many a place,
Which while he cites and sifts with mickle cunning,
Out ran the glasse but his tongue still was running.
The people, with his tedious tatle cloyde,
Shrank one and one and left the chappell voide.
Well, *Lalus*, least they serve yow so hereafter,
Run yow out first and let the glass run after;
But while yow make *St. Paule* fall out with *Ieames*,
Yow trouble ours and all our neighbour reames.

To my Lady Killdare.

416 Fayr noble Lady, late I did rehearse
A story of a straw to yow in verse;
For which to grace me with our gracious prince,
My memory I heer yow praised since.
But, Madame, I would take yow more my frend
Yf yow would my forgettfullness commend.
It is no fault, I would not blush to graunt it;
And, for tis true, I need not blush to vawnt it;
That thing that lighly is forgott by no man,
That that bides firm in minde of evry woman,
Evn that I vow I near remember long.
What's that? Yf yow will gess aright: 'tis wrong.

Of Sextus page.

417 Good *Sextus*, thinke not me to yow iniurious
To say that in one choice thow art too curious,
In choosing of thy page, in which eleccion
Thou specially respectest their complexion.
Be not so curious, for the fairest skinns
Give oft occasion to the fowlest sinns.

Of one that could not abide the crosse.

418 Yow terme it superstition fowle and grosse
To signe a childe in baptisme with the crosse,
And say your Iudgment so much doth abhorr it
That you condem the Church of *England* for it.
I know not, *Cinna*, why yow hate that signe,
But thats an evill signe; beware that signe.

A good awnswer of D. Dale to the Queene.

419 One lately master of the Queens requests,
That wisely could mix serious things with Iests,
Came to her grace one day in winters weather,
Clad in a cloake and bootes of tanned lether.
The queen doth check him in a gratious sporte
For comming to her presence in such sorte,
To place of state, of cleanlines and bravery,
To come in bootes vnsightly and vnsavery.
But he of ready awnswer not to seeke
Answerd her highnes in theis words or like,
"Tis not my bootes that breedes this iust offence
So to displease your highnes dainty sense,
But tis theis bills that yeild a savor strong
That stay vnsigned in my hand so long."

Of don Pedro.

420 Don *Pedro* loves not me, I grow so scottish;
Misacmos loves not him, he growes so sottish.
Once he did like me well, so he did vow;
Then I was ev'n with him; so I am now.

In commendation of his right vertuos cosen the Lady Hastings maried to Mr. Iustice Kinsmell.

421 Fair flower of *Harington*, renowned, rare
Sara, whom Venus envies for her face;
Trew *Saras* kinde that calld her husband lord,
And livde obedient and in sweet accorde;
A *Sara* did her husbands age so cheer
He grew a father at an hundred yeer.
Looke yow to doe all this? Then looke well to it,
For by your looke I looke that yow should do it.

Of a grave preacher that studied in his bed.

422 A parson of stayd years and honest carriadge,
New ioyned to a modest maid in marriadge,
Yet followd still his booke with payne exceeding,
And oft at night in bed he would be reeding.
She, though she did not much allow his fashion,
Yet to performe the like in her vocation,
Calls for her linen turn vpp to her bedd
One night: and while he reeds, she spinneth thred;
Which he reprooving, for the noyse and motion
Disturbed both his study and devotion:
"Sure, sir," said she, "I think as much he sinneth
That reedeth out of time as she that spinneth."
This speech the matter all to mirth did turne.
He turns a leafe, she turns away the Turne.
Was this a shrewd? No, sure, a happy turn.

Of the obiects of his satire.

423 My Lorde, though I by yow am often prest
To know the secret drift of mine entent
In these my pleasent lynes, and who are meant
By Cinna, Lynus, Lesbia, and the rest,
Yet pardon though I graunte not your request;
Tis such as I thereto may not assent.
What man would ask a woman he possest
Who was the father of her second daughter?
For though she lov'd him, yet so brode a Iest
Would make her blush to speake a good while after.
Theis rymes are mungrells gott on witt and lafter,
My muse the nurse that bread them at her brest;
The witt, ashamd 'twas occupide so lewdly
By Ryballds, fayn would have their names supprest,
Save her young Imps father themselves so shrewdly
That who gat some of them may soone be guest.
But as some Irish dame that false hath plaide
Will not confess her fact for threats or force,
Till death approching makes her soule afrayd
And toucheth her sick hart with sad remorse:
Then wishing she the truth had vttred rather,
She doth her wanton deallings all discover,
And makes her chilldren know and call one father
That none had earst suspected for her lover:
So if my wanton Muse dy penitent,
Perhaps she then may tell yow whome she ment.

Of his Muse.

424 I near desearvd that gloriows name of Poet;
No Maker I, nor do I care who know it.
Occasion oft my penn doth entertayn
With trew discourse; let others Muses fayn.
Myne never sought to set to sale her wryting;
In part her frends, in all her selfe delighting,

She cannot beg applause of vulgar sort,
Free born and bred, more free for noble sport.
My Muse hath one still bids her in her eare;
Yf well disposd, to write; yf not, forbear.

A gratulatory Elegy of the peaceable entry of King Iames gev'n to his Maiestie at Burlegh 1603.

425 Come, triumphe, enter Church, courte, citty, towne;
Heere Iames the sixt, now Iames the first proclaymed.
See how all harts ar healld that earst wear maymed:
The peer is pleasd, the knight, the clarck, the clowne;
The mark at which the mallcontent had aymed
Ys mist; succession stablisht in the crowne.
Ioy, protestaunt; papists be now reclaymed;
Leave, puritan, your supercilliows frowne,
Ioyn voice, hart, hand; all discorde be disclaymed.
Make all one flock by one great sheppard guided.
No forren woolfe can force a fould so fenced.
God for his house this *Steward* hath provided,
Right to dispose what earst was wrong dispenced.
But in my loyall love and long prepensed,
With all, yet more than all, reioyce do I
To conster *Iames primus et non vi.*

An Elegy written at the same tyme for the wellcome of Queen Ann into England.

426 Great Queen, belov'd and blest in heav'n and earth,
By human favor and by grace devine,
Like peacefull olive and like fruitfull vine,
Yow banish dreadfull war and barren dearth,
To bear kings born and born of kingly berth,
Whose lygnage much, whose issue more, shall shine,
Restoring Englands now long faynting merth,

And raysing vp their hopes that did decline.
Let England be your sea of blisfull pleasure
Whear yow like ship full fraught with balme and wine
With sweetly swelling sayles may swimm at leasure,
And stemm all tydes that at your course repine;
Chaste vessell, whose deer fraught we prise and measure
More than 10 Carricks lade with Indies tresure.

The authors farewell to his Muse written at Eaton 1603 the 14th of April.

427 Sweet wanton Muse, that, in my greatest griefe,
Wast wont to bring me solace and reliefe.
Wonted by sea and land to make me sporte,
Whether to camp or court I did resorte:
That at the plow has been my wellcom guest,
Yea to my wedlock bed hast boldly prest;
At Eton now (where first we met) I leave thee,
Heer shall my sonn and heire of me receave thee.
Now to more serious thoughts my soule aspyers,
This age, this minde, a Muse awsteare requires.
Now for those fayned joyes true joyes do spring,
When I salute my sovraigne lord and king.
Now we may tell playn truth to all that ask,
Our love may walke bare-faste without a mask.
My future age to realme and king I vow,
I may no time for wanton toyes alow.
Ever I wish, and only, him to serve,
Only his love ever I would deserve.
If he be pleasd war to proclayme with Spaine,
With such a prince I'le follow wars agayne.
If his great wisdome th' auncient peace renews,
How fayn of peace would I reporte the news.
List he give lawes to th'Irish, now well tamed,
I could give sound advises, and unblamed.
To build some statelie house is his intention,
Ah, in this kinde I had too much invention!

Will he suppress those that the land oppress,
A foe to them, myselfe I still profess.
List he to write or study sacred writte;
To heere, reade, learn, my breeding made me fitt.
What he commaunds, I'le act without excuse,
That's full resolvd: farewell, sweet wanton Muse!

In praise of Coryat.

428 Thou glorious Goose that kept'st the Capitoll
Afford one quill, that I may write one storie yet
Of this my new-come Odcome Friend, *Tom Coryet*,
Whose praise so worthy wits and pens inroll
As (with good cause) his custome is to glory it:
So farre am I from iudging his a sory wit,
Aboue earth, seas, ayre, fire, Ile it extoll
To *Cinthias* spheare, the next beneath the starres.
Where his vast wit, and courage so audacious
Of equall worth in time of peace, and warres,
(As *Rolands* erst) encombring rooms capacious
Lie stored some in hogsheads, some in iarres.
This makes the learn'd of late in forren parts
Find *Phoebes* face so full of wennes and warts.

NOTES

The following MS. sigla are used: A indicates British Museum Additional MS. 12,049; B indicates Cambridge University Library Additional MS. 337.

1. *Snites:* snipes. A. p. 2.
2. *Meere:* absolute, downright. A. p. 2.
3. A. p. 3.
4. A. pp. 3-4.
5. *Touch*: touchstone, a hard black marble used as a test for gold. Try, prove. Harington's eldest son, John, was born 1589. *Miscellanea Genealogical et Heraldica*, ed. J. J. Howard, IV (1884), 191. See also Venn, *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, I, 310. A. p. 4; B. p. 2.
6. The source is Martial, IX, 81. Jonson's *Epicoene*, 1609, contains the lines:

> Our wishes, like to those make public feasts,
> Are not to please the cookes tastes, but the guests.

Prologue, 7–8. A. p. 5.
7. A. p. 6.
8. *Conueiance:* cunning management. A. p. 6; B. pp. 2–3.
9. The word *occupy* had an obscene meaning. Cf. Jonson, *Epigrams*. No. 117, and *2 Henry IV*, II. iv. 150–153. "These villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy, which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted." A. p. 7.
10. The source is Martial, III, 61. A. pp. 7–8.
11. A. p. 8.
12. Source is Martial, V, 18. A. p. 8.
13. This visit of Queen Elizabeth occurred in 1592. Harington's brother, Francis, "was sometime student to this Doctor Reynolds." (*Tract on the Succession*, 113; similar statement in "A Supply" in *Nugae Antiquae*, 1779, I, 180). Doctor Reynolds became President of Corpus Christi College in 1598. For Harington's entertaining account of the Queen's visit, see *Nugae Antiquae*, 1779, I, 156–158; 173. Reynolds is called "*Bellarmines correcter*" because he wrote *Responsio ad apologiam Cardinalis Bellarmini* [Cardinal Robert Bellarmine], of which the oldest copy in the British Museum is dated 1610. A. p. 9.
14. A. p. 10.
15. A. p. 10.
16. Not in A. Pp. 11 and 12 are blank.
17. *Cuckolds hauen.* "Cuckolds' Haven or Cuckolds' Point was a spot on the Surrey side of the Thames a little below Rotherhithe Church and near to the present Thames Railway Tunnel. The place was formerly distinguished by a tall pole with a pair of horns at the top. It was under this title that *Eastward Hoe* was revived [by Nahum Tate] and acted in 1685." F. E. Schelling, "*Eastward Hoe*" *and* "*The Alchemist*" (Belle Lettres Series), 1909, 154. A p. 13.
18. Reprinted with slight changes in *A Thousand Outlandish Proverbs* (1640; edition of 1817, p. 186), and in *Wit Restored* (1655; 1658; edition of 1817, pp. 230–231). Harington was a bitter enemy of the Puritans.
19. A. p. 15.
20. A. p. 16.
21. A. pp. 17–18.
22. Cf. Martial, II, 32. A. p. 18.

23. *Totquots*, general dispensations. A. p. 19.
24. The source is Martial, X, 31. A. p. 20.
25. A. p. 20.
26. A. p. 21; B. pp. 3–4.
27. A. p. 21.
28. *Whish:* hushed, silent. A. p. 22; B. p. 4.
29. A. pp. 22–23; also in 1615, Sig. D4.
30. A. p. 24.
31. A. p. 25.
32. The source is Martial, XI, 35. Sir Hugh Portman was M. P., 1597, and Sheriff, 1590 and 1600. (Collinson, *History of Somersetshire*, I. xxxii ff.). He was the son of Sir Henry Portman, of Orchard Portman, near Taunton. He died in 1603. (F. W. Weaver, *Visitations of the County of Somerset*, 63). Sir Hugh, writes Harington, was a "rich man, a wise man, a builder, and especially a bachelor." (*An Apology*, 1814, p. 37). A. p. 26.
33. A. pp. 5–6.
34. In Marlowe's *Edward II* Mortimer sends the ambiguous message *Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est* (V. iv. 8). Marlowe found the line in Holinshed. *Edward II* was entered in the *Stationers' Register* under the date July 6, 1593. There is no specific evidence of the year of its composition, but it is commonly assigned to 1590–1591. A. p. 27.
35. A. p. 27.
36. A. pp. 27–28.
37. A. p. 28.
38. A. p. 29.
39. A. pp. 33–34; B. p. 5.
40. Suggested by Martial II, 20. A. pp. 34–35.
41. A. p. 35.
42. A. p. 35.
43. Turberville was living in 1594. Harington praises him in *Orlando Furioso* (1591), ed. 1634, 39. A. pp. 35–36.
44. *The Metamorphosis of Ajax* appeared in 1596. A. p. 36.
45. A. p. 36.
46. A. p. 37.
47. A. p. 37.
48. A translation of a Latin epigram by Sir Thomas More. In *Ajax* (p. 38), Harington prints More's epigram and his own translation. A. pp. 37–38; B. p. 6.
49 This epigram is printed with a picture in *Ajax* (pp. 33–34). Harington adds: "I remember in my rhyming days, I wrote a short elegy upon a homely emblem; which, both verse and emblem, they have set up in Cloacina's chapel, at my house, very solemnly. And I am the willinger to impart it to my friends, because I protest to you truly, a sober gentleman protested to me seriously, that the conceit of the picture and the verse was an occasion to put honest and good thoughts into his mind." A. p. 38.
50. The source is Martial, II, 12, A. p. 38.
51. A. p. 38.
52. A. p. 39.
53. A. p. 39.
54. A. p. 39.
55. A. p. 40.
56. A. pp. 40–41.
57. A. p. 46.
58. A. pp. 46–47.
59. A. p. 47.
60. In B, it is entitled "*To a great Lady.*" The source is Martial, VIII, 76. A. p. 47; B. p. 29.
61. A. pp. 49–50.
62. A. p. 50.

63. Harington adds a marginal note, A. p. 51: "this ep. may begin heere [i. e. 17] thus, Two squyers of Wales arrived at a towne." It is so printed in the edition of 1615, Sig. F2v.
64. Cf. Ep. 58. A. pp. 52-53.
65. The source is Martial, II, 3. A. p. 53.
66. A. p. 3.
67. A. p. 5.
68. A. p. 7.
69. *Stellified:* made into a star, glorified. The first eight lines of this epigram are to be found in A. p. 10; p. 11 is blank.
70. Harington included this in his "Supply" (1608) with the comment, "I wrote [it] ten yeeres since to Dr. Eedes," Dean of Worchester. *Nugae Antiquae*, 1779, I, 232. A. f. 70.
71. Fans of feathers were common.
"When a plum'd fanne may shade the chalked face." (Joseph Hall, *Virgidemiarum*, IV, 4). See also Steevens' *Shakespeare*, I, 273. A. p. 15.
72. A. p. 16; B. p. 3.
73. A. pp. 18-19; also 1615, Sig. D2v.
74. A. p. 21.
75. A. p. 22.
76. *Carknets:* collars or necklaces of gold or set with jewels. NED. *s. v.*, carcanet. The source is Martial, XI, 27. Harington had five daughters. Frances was married in 1606, Jane in 1613, Ellina or Helena in 1620, Elizabeth in 1634. Mary, the fifth daughter, was baptised in 1600, and buried in 1605. Helena was baptised in 1591. Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses*, II, 641–2; *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, III (1880), 316. A. p. 22.
77. Harington seldom uses the sonnet form. A. p. 23.
78. A. pp. 24–25; B. pp. 4–5.
79. A. p. 25.
80. *Sincts:* fives. A. pp. 28–29.
81. A. p. 29; B. f. 25.
82. A. p. 30.
83. A. pp. 30–31.
84. A. p. 31.
85. A. p. 32; B. p. 5.
86. The source is Martial, II, 44. A. pp. 32–33.
87. *Promoter*, a professional accuser, a common informer. The source is Martial, *On the Public Shows*, 4. This epigram is included in the notes following Book XVII of *Orlando Furioso* (1634), 135. A. p. 33.
88. The source is Martial, XII, 34. Part of this epigram is printed in "A Supply" in *Nugae Antique* (1779), I, 204. A. p. 33.
89. A. p. 34.
90. A. p. 34; also in edition of 1615. Sig. E3.
91. A. p. 40; B. pp. 6–7.
92. A. p. 42; also in edition of 1615, Cv.
93. *Cammington* is usually written Cannington. A marginal note in Harington's handwriting in the copy of *The Metamorphosis of Ajax* (1596) that he sent to Thomas Markham reads, "The Lady Rogers: called, in her young days, the fair nun of Cannington." (*Ajax*, 1814, 21). The last two lines of this epigram are a proverbial formula. Harington, in *Orlando Furioso*, book XLIII, stanza 136, writes:

> "Yet will I do to thee no further wrong,
> But pardon thee, and thou shalt me forgive,
> And quite each other, all old debts and driblets,
> And set the hares head against the goose gyblets."

In a marginal note he adds, "Driblets used for petty recknings. A Proverbe used in English." The same expression occurs in *A Trick to Catch the Old One* (*Middleton's Works*, ed. Dyce, II, 78) and in Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday* (*Representative English Comedies*, ed. Gayley, III, 37). A. pp. 43–45; B. pp.7–9.

94. *Duke Humfrey.* "The phrase of dining with Duke Humphrey . . . originated in the following manner: Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, though really buried at St. Alban's, was supposed to have a monument in old St. Paul's from which one part of the church was termed *Duke Humphrey's* walk. In this, as the church was then a place of the most public resort, they who had no means of procuring a dinner, frequently loitered about, probably in hopes of meeting with an invitation, but under pretense of looking at the monuments." (*Nares' Glossary*, ed. Halliwell and Wright, London, 1905.) The middle aisle of St. Paul's is called the Duke's gallery in Dekker's *Gull's Hornebook*. See also Hall's *Virgidemiarum*, Book III, Satire 7, and Haughton's *Englishmen for My Money*, ed. A. C. Baugh, Philadelphia, 1917, line 883. A. p. 45.

95. A. p. 50.

96. The source is Martial, I, 73. A. p. 53.

97. A. p. 55; B. pp. 10–11.

98. Gervase Babington, of whom Harington wrote in "A Supply" in *Nugae Antiquae*, 1779, I, 150, was translated from Landoff to Exeter in 1594, and to Worcester in 1597. A. p. 53.

99. Suggested by Martial, II, 15. A. p. 54.

100. The source is Martial, I, 74. A. p. 54.

101. The source is Martial, IV, 69. A. p. 54.

102. A. pp. 54-55.

103. A. p. 53.

104. A. pp. 55–56.

105. *Dizzard:* stupid. The source is Martial, VIII, 17. A. p. 56.

106. The source is Martial, I, 81.

> A servo scis te genitum blandeque fateris,
> cum dicis dominum, Sosibiane, patrem.

"Dominus" was employed not only as a title of respect, but as a term for a master of slaves. A. p. 58. This epigram is included in *Orlando Furioso*, 1634, 382.

107. A. p. 58.

108. A. p. 58.

109. A. pp. 58–59.

110. The source is Martial, IV, 21. This epigram is included in *Orlando Furioso*, 1634, 277. A. p. 59.

111. The source is Martial, XII, 90. A. p. 59.

112. A. p. 60.

113. A. p. 60.

114. A. pp. 60–61.

115. Cf. Martial, II, 91. A. p. 61; B. p. 11. It is impossible to date this epigram, for the Kelston Registers do not record the baptisms of all of his eleven children.

116. A. p. 61.

117. A. p. 62.

118. A. p. 62.

119. A. pp. 62–63; B. p. 11.

120. A. p. 63; B. p. 12.

121. A. pp. 63–64.

122. A. pp. 64–65.

123. The source is Martial, III, 87. A. p. 65.

124. The source is Martial, V, 76. A. p. 66.

125. The source is Martial, III, 15. A. p. 66; also in edition of 1615, Sig. C2.
126. A. p. 66–67.
127. A. p. 67.
128. A. p. 68.
129. *Paracelsian:* alchemist. A. pp. 69–70.
130. A. p. 70.
131. A. pp. 70–71; B. p. 26.
132. Harington writes in his *Ajax:* "The old proverb, as well as emblem . . . doth admonish us not to contend with base and ignominious persons:

'Hoc scio pro certo, quod si cum stercore certo
Vinco ceu vincor, sempor ego maculor.'"

Edition of 1814, 35. A. p. 72.
133. In *Ajax*, Harington writes, "For the shrewd wife read the book of Taming a Shrew, which . . . made a number of us so perfect, that now every one can tame a shrew in our country, save he that hath her." (Ed. of 1814, 95). *The Taming of a Shrew* is one of 129 plays that Harington included in his library. Br. Mu. Addit MS. 27632, f. 43; printed by Furnivall in 7 *Notes and Queries* (1890), IX, 382. A. p. 72.
134. A. pp. 72–73.
135. A. pp. 73–74.
136. The source is Martial, V, 75. A. p. 74; also in ed. of 1615, Sig. C3v.
137. A. p. 75.
138. A. p. 75.
139. A. pp. 75–76.
140. A. p. 76; B. pp. 13–14; in ed. of 1615, Sig. C-Cv.
141. A. p. 76–78.
142. A. p. 78; ed. of 1615, Sig. Vv.
143. The source is Martial, VII, 65. A. p. 78.
144. The source is Martial, VI, 41. A. p. 79.
145. A. p. 79.
146. *Poore-Iohn:* a kind of fish, salted and dried; it was cheap and coarse. The source is Martial, I, 99. A. p. 79.
147. The source is martial, IX, 48. A. pp. 79–80; B. p. 14.
148. A. p. 80.
149. A. pp. 80–81.
150. *Alborne*, a sixteenth-century spelling of auburn, nearly white; whitish. NED. *s.v.*, auburn. *Alborne Coney* means prostitute. A. p. 81.
151. A. p. 82.
152. A. p. 82.
153. A. pp. 82–83.
154. A. p. 83.
155. A. p. 83.
156. *Brauery:* elaborate dress. Cf. 364. A. p. 84; ed. 1615, Sig. F3.
157. A. p. 84.
158. A. p. 85.
159. A. pp. 85–86.
160. Thomas Bastard, *Chrestoleras; Seven bookes of Epigrammes*, 1598. He was chaplain to Charles Blount, Earl of Devonshire. A. pp. 87–88.
161. A. p. 88; ed. 1615 F3v.
162. The source is Martial, VI, 12. It is included in *Orlando Furioso*, 1634, 265. Wearing periwigs became the fashion about the middle of the sixteenth century. In Elizabeth's time many were sandy-colored out of com-

pliment to her. The satirists inveighed against the custom, and Shakespeare mentions it. *Much Ado*, II, iii, 36; *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. iv. 194. A. pp. 89–89.

163. Cf. 219, 388. *Orchestra* by Sir John Davies, the author of *Nosce Teipsum*. *Orchestra* was entered *S. R.*, June 25, 1594, but it was not published until 1596. A. p. 89.

164. The source is Martial, II, 55, A. p. 89.

165. The source is Martial, I, 27. A. p. 90.

166. A. pp. 90–91.

167. The source is Martial, IV, 15. A. p. 91.

168. The date of Harington's marriage is September 6, 1583. *Somerset Parish Registers*, ed. W.P.W. Phillimore, VI, 94. A. p. 93; B. pp. 14–15.

169. The source is Martial, IX, 9. A. p. 94.

170. A. pp. 94–95.

171. The source is Martial, VI, 66. A. p. 95; ed. 1615, Sig. F3.

172. A. p. 95.

173. A. pp. 95–96.

174. A. p. 96; ed. 1615, Sig. E2v.

175. Cf. Harington's *The Englishmans Doctor, or The Schoole of Salerne*, 1607

> Canary and Modera, both are like
> To make one lean indeede (but wot you what)
> Who say they make one leane wold make one laffe
> They meane, they make one leane upon a staffe.

A.pp. 96–97.

176. Cf. *A C. Mery Talys*, No. 56; *Much Ado*, IV. i. 278–285. Included in John Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter, the English Parnassus*, 1662, 286. A. p. 97; ed. 1615, Sig. D3v.

177. A. p. 97; B. p. 15.

178. The source is Martial, IX, 10. A. p. 98.

179. A. p. 98; ed. 1615, Sig. D.

180. Cf. 160. A. p. 99.

181. *Norrys*. Sir John Norris. A. pp. 99–101.

182. A. pp. 101–102; B. p. 26.

183. Harington left with Essex, 1599. A. p. 103; B. p. 16.

184. Cf. *An Apologie of Poetrie, Orlando Furioso*, Sig. ¶4. A. p. 102.

185. To meet the expense incurred in repulsing the Spanish Armada, Queen Elizabeth borrowed from 2416 of her subjects a total of about £75,000. In 1589 the loan was called for by circular letters addressed to the wealthiest of her subjects, under sanction of the Privy Seal. The amount demanded was not always paid readily or punctually, and in some cases not at all. Harington was one of the thirteen residents of Somersetshire who were assessed £50 each; three residents of the county were assessed for £100 each. *The Names of those Persons who subscribed toward the Defence of this Country at the time of the Spanish Armada, 1588, and the amounts each contributed*, ed. T. C. Noble, London, 1886. *Notes and Queries for Somerset*, I, 37. A. pp. 102–103.

186. A. pp. 103–104; B. p. 27.

187. *Malum*, etc. is an old proverb. A. p. 104.

188. A. p. 109; B. pp. 24–25.

189. A. pp. 109–110.

190. The source is Martial, I, 85. A. pp. 111–112.

191. For Harington's quarrels with his brother-in-law, Edward Rogers, see Introduction. A. p. 112; B. p. 17.

192. Cf. 183. A. pp. 112–113; B. pp. 17–18.

193. Cf. 32. The term "iron age" is derived from Juvenal XIII, 28 ff.

R. M. Alden, *The Rise of Formal Satire in England.* Harington in 1591 thought a distich from Ovid appropriate:

> "Aurea nunc vere sunt secula, plurimus auro
> Venit honos, auro concilatur amor:
>
> In English thus,
>
> This may indeed, be call'd the age of gold,
> For honour, love and all, for it is sold."

Orlando Furioso, 167. A. p. 114.

194. A. pp. 114–115.

195. Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV, v. 104; *Henry VIII.*, V, 1, 7. Nares: "Mr. Daniel Barrington, in the *Archaeologi*, vol. 8, 132: 'Each player had four cards dealt to him, one by one; the seven was the highest card in point of number that he could avail himself of, which counted for 21; the six counted for 18; the five for 15; the ace for the same; but the two, three, and four for their respective points only. The knave of diamonds was commonly fixed upon for the *quinola*, which the player might make what card or suit he thought proper; if the cards were of different suits, the highest number was the *primero* (or prime); but if they were all of one colour, he that held them won the flush.'" A. pp. 115–116.

196. *Censure*, judgment. A. p. 115.

197. A. pp. 116–117.

198. Jasper and Ellis Heywood, the sons of John Heywood, "were for a time very wild to the great grief of their father." Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses*, 1813, V, 663. A. p. 117.

199. Jasper Heywood was a zealous Jesuit, and in 1584 was imprisoned in the Tower. T. W. Bolwell, *Life and Works of John Heywood*, 1921, 66; Warton's *History of English Poetry*, 1824, IV, 213. A. p. 118.

200. A. pp. 125–126.

201. The source is Martial, II, 21. A. p. 130; ed. 1615, Sig. B3.

202. " . . . I wrote of a certaine Poetaster some yeeres past, who left me out of the bead-roul of some riming-paper blotters that he called Poets." *Nugae Antiquae*, 1779, I, 196. A. p. 130; ed. 1615, Sig. Ev.

203. A. p. 131.

204. A. p. 132.

205. A. p. 136.

206. A. pp. 136–137.

207. A. p. 117.

208. A. p. 118.

209. A. pp. 118–120.

210. A. p. 121.

211. A. p. 121.

212. *Petty-fogger.* "A legal practitioner of inferior status, who gets up or conducts petty cases; *esp.* in an opprobrious sense, one who employs mean, sharp, cavilling practices; a rascally attorney." NED. *s.v.*, Pettifogger. *Cogger*, cheater. A. f. 121.

213. A. p. 122.

214. This epigram is supposed by Collier to date from 1592. Collier's Dodsley, VIII, 243–245; cited by Tucker Brooke, *P.M.L.A.*, XXXVII (1922), 385. A. p. 122.

215. A. pp. 122–123.

216. *Cotsold Lyons.* "A sheep was jocularly called a *Cotsold* or *Cotswold*

ion, from the extensive pastures in that part." *Nares' Glossary*, ed. Halliwell and Wright, 1905. *s.v.* Cotsale. A. pp. 124–125; ed. 1615, Sig. Fv.

217. A. p. 126; ed. 1615. Sig. C4v.

218. A. p. 126.

219. Cf. 163, 388. *A Witty Writer*, Sir John Davies, author of *Nosce Teipsum*, wrote this epigram:

> Peace, idle Muse, have done! for it is time,
> Since lousie Ponticus enuies my fame,
> And sweares the better sort are much to blame
> To make me so well nowne for my ill rime:
> Yet Bankes, his horse, is better knowne than he.
> So are the Cammels and the westerne hogge,
> And so is Lepidus his printed Dog.

Grosart, *Works of Sir John Davies*, 347–348. Davies' epigrams were written before 1596. They are quoted in *Ajax*, 1596, ed. 1814, 42, and in Bastard's *Chrestoleros*, 1598, II, 15. They were in print in 1599. Tucker Brooke, *P.M.L.A.*, XXXVII (1922), 398. The "printed Dog" is to be seen on the elaborate title-page of Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, 1591, 1607, 1634. Harington writes of this dog in the notes on *Orlando*, 349, 373, and in an interesting letter to Prince Henry (1608) he tells many stories of this remarkable animal. *Nugae Antiquae*, 1779, II, 121–125. A. pp. 126–127.

220. A. p. 127.

221. A. pp. 127–128.

222. A. p. 128; B. f. 19.

223. In Harington's *Supply* (1608), written for Prince Henry, he writes of Richard Fletcher, Bishop of London: "What shall I say for him? *Non erat hoc Hominis vitium sed temporis?* I cannot say so, for your Highness knowes I have written otherwise in a Book of mine I gave you Libri 3. numero 80." *Nugae Antiquae*, 1779, I, 29. The reference is to A. p. 129.

224. This epigram follows the "Address to the Reader" before *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice*. It was translated by Lewes Lewkener, Esquire, from the Italian of Cardinal Gasper Contareno. Cf. Spenser's sonnet prefixed to the same book. *Works of Spenser*, Globe Edition, 608. "That noble Dame" is the Lady Anne, Countess of Warwick, to whom Lewkener's translation is dedicated. A. p. 129.

225. A. p. 130.

226. A. p. 131.

227. A. p. 131.

228. A. p. 134.

229. A. p. 134.

230. A. p. 135; ed. 1615, Sig. D3.

231. A. pp. 139–140.

232. A. p. 140.

233. A. p. 140.

234. A. pp. 140–141.

235. A. p. 141; B. p. 20.

236. A. pp. 141-142; ed. 1615, Sig. D.

237. A. pp. 145–146.

238. The heading in A is as follows: "The Hermphrodite translated out of Latten done formerly by one Kendall: & after in *Albions England* lib. 2: cap: 10:" A. p. 153. It is the first epigram in Timothe Kendall's *Flowers*

of Epigrammes, 1577. Spenser Society Publ., 1874, 17. Kendall attributes it to "Pvlix an auncient Poet." It is also in ed. 1615, Sig. E2.

239. A. pp. 154–156; ed. 1615. Sig. C2.

240. A. p. 158.

241. A. p. 174; ed. 1615. Sig. C.

242. A. p. 190.

243. A. p. 164.

244. A. p. 146–147.

245. A. p. 168.

246. A. p. 173.

247. In 1582, William Ruthven, first Earl of Gowrie, with other nobles seized James. For this act of treason, the first Earl of Gowrie was executed in 1584. (*Cambridge Modern History*, III, 550.) Gowrie's sons, in 1600, attempted to assassinate James, but John Ramsey and Thomas Erskine prevented and killed them. (Camden, *Annals of Elizabeth*, 1635, 529). A. pp. 172–173.

248. Lady Alice Stanley, widow of Ferdinando Stanley, fifth Earl of Derby, married, in 1600, Thomas Egerton, Lord Chancellor Ellesmere. Lady Stanley was a daughter of Sir John Spenser, of Althorp, Northamptonshire, whom Harington addressed in *The Metamorphosis of Ajax* as follows: "You have a learned writer of your name, make much of him, for it is not the least honour of your honourable family." (*An Apology*, ed. 1814, 30). A. p. 173.

249. A. p. 166.

250. A. p. 174.

251. A. p. 174.

252. Reprinted in *A Thousand Outlandish Proverbs*. 1640; ed. 1817, 186. A. ff. 176–177.

253. Reprinted with slight changes, in *A Thousand*, etc., 146. A. p. 174.

254. *ne're the neere*: never the nearer. *Near* is the comparative of nigh (A.-S. *neah*). Cf. Abbott, § 478. A. p. 168.

255. The source is Martial, I, 38. Reprinted in *A Thousand Outlandish Proverbs*, 1640; ed. 1817, 198. A. p. 61; ed. 1615, Sig. A4.

256. The source is Martial, I, 40. A. p. 74; ed. 1615, Sig. A4.

257. The source is Martial, IX, 14. A. p. 3; ed. 1615, Sig. A4.

258. Harington was married September 6, 1583. *Somerset Parish Registers*, VI, 94. The date of this epigram is 1597. A. p. 143; B. pp. 20–21; ed. 1615, Sig. A4.

259. A. p. 110; ed. 1615, Sig. A4v.

260. *Sparuers*. A sparver is the canopy or wooden frame at the top of a bed. *Bonny Clabo:* sour buttermilk. Cf. Jonson, *New Inn*, I. i. 70. "Bonny-clabber in Ireland means thick milk. Irish bainne [pronounce, *bonny*] milk, and *clabair*, anything thick or half-liquid." Skeat and Mayhew, *s.v.* bonny-clabber. Harington was in Ireland with the Essex expedition in 1599. A. pp. 107–108; B. pp. 16–17; ed. 1615, Sig. A4v.

261. A somewhat similar epigram Grosart attributes to Sir John Davies. (*Complete Works of Sir John Davies*, 1869, 352). Harington's epigram, in abbreviated form, appears in *A Thousand Outlandish Proverbs*, 1640, ed. 1817, 163. A. p. 4; ed. 1615, Sig. B.

262. A. pp. 41–42; B. p. 7; ed. 1615, Sig. B.

263. Reprinted anonymously in *Wit Restor'd*, 1658, 189. A. pp. 152–153; ed. 1615, Sig. Bv.

264. A. p. 166; ed. 1615, Sig. Bv.

265. Thomas Deloney's *The Gentle Craft*, 1598, from which Thomas Dekker borrowed the plot of his *Shoemakers' Holiday*. A. p. 92; ed. 1615, Sig. C3v.

266. A discussion of these games is to be found in K. L. Bates' edition

of Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (Belle Lettres Series), 1917, 130–134. Cf. Epigram 195. A. pp. 187–188; ed. 1615, Sig. B2.

267. This epigram is included, with the following comment, in Harington's "Breefe Notes and Remembraunces," *Nugae Antiquae*, 1779, II, 209–229. The entry is undated. "My Lorde of Essex is . . . my friende, and that not in bad sorte. He bides me lay goode holde on her Majesties bountie, and aske freely; I will attende tomorrowe, and leave this little poesie behinde her cushion at my departinge from her presence." Epigram 267 follows, signed "From your Highnesse saucy Godson." II, 216–217. A. p. 181; ed. 1615, Sig. B2.

268. A. p. 108; ed. 1615, Sig. B2v.

269. These two witticisms are included in his "Supply or Addition," *Nugae Antiquae*, 1779, I, 19. A. p. 24; ed. 1615, Sig. B2v.

270. The source is Martial, I, 75. A. pp. 151–152; ed. 1615, Sig. B2v.

271. A. pp. 29–30; ed. 1615, Sig. B2v.

272. A. p. 5; ed. 1615, Sig. B3.

273. A. p. 64; ed. 1615, Sig. B3.

274. A. p. 106; ed. 1615, Sig. D2v.

275. Reprinted in *A Thousand Outlandish Proverbs*, 1640, ed. 1817, 116. A. p. 20; ed. 1615, Sig. B3v.

276. A. p. 176; ed. 1615, B3v.

277. Reprinted in *A Thousand Outlandish Proverbs*, 1640, ed. 1817, 28. A. pp. 192–193; ed. 1615, Sig. B3v.

278. A. p. 176; ed. 1615, Sig. B4.

279. Not in A. Ed. 1615, Sig. B4.

280. A. p. 68; ed. 1615, Sig. B4.

281. A "piller" is one who "pills" or robs. A somewhat similar epigram appears in *A Thousand Outlandish Proverbs*, 1640, ed. 1817, 164. John Weever has as an epigram playing on the word "pillar." *Epigrammes in the Oldest Cut and Newest Fashion*, 1599; ed. 1911, 70. A. p. 74; ed. 1615, Sig. B4.

282. A. p. 66; ed. 1615, Sig. B4v.

283. The source is Martial, XII, 93. A. p. 15; ed. 1615, Sig. B4v.

284. Not in A. Ed. 1615, Sig. B4v.

285. A. p. 16; ed. 1615, Sig. B4v.

286. A. p. 162; ed. 1615, Sig. F3v.

287. Included in his "Treatise on Playe," written before 1603; *Nugae Antiquae*, 1779, II, 188. "These olde verses," he writes, are "patched by me togeather owt of I know not what olde wryters." Chapman's translation of Virgil's "Epigram of Play" contains the line "At play put passions down, as moneys are." *The Poems and Minor Translations of George Chapman*, 1875, 152. A. p. 26; ed. 1615, Sig. C.

288. A. pp. 59–60; ed. 1615, Sig. C.

289. The source is Martial, VI, 79. B. p. 3; ed. 1615. Sig. C.

290. Cf. Ep. 281. A. pp. 120–121; ed. 1615, Sig. Cv.

291. The source is Martial, I, 64. A. pp. 81–82; B. p. 14; ed. 1615, Sig. C2.

292. A. p. 178; ed. 1615, Sig. C2v.

293. A. p. 188; ed. 1615, Sig. C2v.

294. A. p. 188; ed. 1615, Sig. C3.

295. A. p. 113; ed. 1615, E4v.

296. A. p. 156; ed. 1615, Sig. C4v.

297. A. pp. 189–190; ed. 1615, Sig. C3v.

298. A. p. 69; ed. 1615, Sig. C4.

299. A. pp. 177–178; B. p. 24; ed. 1615, Sig. C4.

300. A. p. 147; 1615, Sig. C4v.

301. Cf. Henry Hutton, *Satyricall Epigrams*, 1619, Ep. 8. Percy Society, 1842. Not in A. Ed. 1615, Sig. C4v.

302. B. p. 25; ed. 1615, Sig. E3.
303. A. p. 184; ed. 1615, Sig. E4v.
304. The source is Martial, I, 54. A. p. 84; B. p. 27; ed. 1615, Sig. Dv.
305. The source is Martial, *Suppos.* 5. A. p. 23; ed. 1615, Sig. Dv.
306. The source is Martial, I, 19. Not in A. Ed. 1615, Sig. Dv.
307. A. p. 170; ed. 1615, Sig. D2.
308. Not in A. Ed. 1615, Sig. D2.
309. Not in A. Ed. 1615, Sig. D2v.
310. The source is Martial, XII, 10. Not in A. Ed. 1615, Sig. D2v.
311. *Androes.* Lancelot Andrewes (1555–1626). In 1589 he obtained the living of St. Giles', Cripplegate, and was made chaplain ordinary to the queen. He became Bishop of Chichester in 1605, of Ely in 1609, and of Winchester in 1618. Harington elsewhere praises him. *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, II, 189–195. Cf. Ep. 345. A. pp. 135–136; ed. 1615, Sig. D2v.
312. Suggested by Martial, I, 109. Not in A. Ed. 1615, Sig. D3.
313. A. p. 52; ed. 1615, Sig. D3.
314. A. pp. 67–68; ed. 1615, Sig. D3.
315. Not in A. Ed. 1615, Sig. D3v.
316. The source is Martial, II, 38. A. p. 49; ed. 1615, Sig. D3v.
317. Cf. a Martin Marprelate pamphlet, *Pap with a Hatchet*, 1589, attributed to John Lyly. F. E. Schelling, *English Literature during the Lifetime of Shakespeare*, New York, 1910, 114. Queen Elizabeth was excommunicated in 1570. A. p. 6 contains a Latin epigram signed by Sir John's brother, Francis. Epigram 317 is an almost literal translation. A. p. 113; B. p. 29–30; ed. 1615, Sig. D3v.
318. A. p. 161; ed. 1615, Sig. D4.
319. A. pp. 181–172; ed. 1615, Sig. D4.
320. A. p. 15; ed. 1615, Sig. D4v.
321. Not in A. Ed. 1615, Sig. D4v.
322. Not in A. Ed. 1615, Sig. D4v.
323. A. p. 159; B. p. 22; ed. 1615, Sig. E.
324. A. p. 165. ed. 1615. Sig. E.
325. A. p. 139; ed. 1615, Sig. E.
326. A. p. 43; ed. 1615, Sig. E.
327. Not in A. Ed. 1615, Sig. F4.
328. The source is Martial, IV, 72. A. p. 26; ed. 1615, Sig. Ev.
329. Not in A. Ed. 1615, Sig. Ev.
330. A similar epigram appears in Kendall, *Flowers of Epigrammes*, 1577, Spenser Society, 1874, 95. Kendall translated it from Bruno. In an altered form it is reprinted in *A Thousand Outlandish Proverbs*, 1640, ed. 1817, 51. A. pp. 163–164; ed. 1615, Sig. E2.
331. A. pp. 160–161; ed. 1615, Sig. E3v.
332. A. p. 123; B. pp. 18–19; ed. 1615, Sig. E2v.
333. A. p. 157; ed. 1615, Sig. E3.
334. A. pp. 47–48; ed. 1615, Sig. E3v.
335. The source is Martial, V, 61. A. p. 14; ed. 1615, Sig. E4
336. In his *Tract on the Succession* he includes this epigram with a further expression of his pity for Mary, Queen of Scots, and his indignation at the injustice of her trial. He urges his readers to "transferre all that good conceit you had of or towardes her to her more noble son, to whome by all lawes of nature and nations it is due by inheritance." *Tract on the Succession*, 119–120. This epigram was written before December 19, 1600, for it is included among the epigrams that he sent Lady Jane Rogers at that time. Cambridge University Library, Add. MSS. 337, p. 29. A. pp. 110–111; B. p. 29; ed. 1615, Sig. E4.
337. A. pp. 113–114; B. p. 18; ed. 1615, Sig. E4v.

338. A. pp. 48–49; B. pp. 9–10; ed. 1615, Sig. F.
339. A. pp. 171–172; ed. 1615, Sig. Fv.
340. A. pp. 185–186; ed. 1615, Sig. F2.
341. A. p. 186; ed. 1615, Sig. F2.
342. Not in A. Ed. 1615, Sig. F3.
343. Not in A. Ed. 1615, Sig. F3.
344. A. p. 106; ed. 1615, Sig. F3.
345. Addressed to "Lady Killdare," A. p. 178. Frances Howard, the daughter of the Lord Admiral and the widow of Lord Kildare, who died in 1597, became, in May, 1601, the wife of Cobham. *Androes*, cf. Ep. 311. A. pp. 178–181; ed. 1615, Sig. F4.
346. Not in A. Reprinted in *A Thousand Outlandish Proverbs*, 1640, ed. 1817, 132.
347. *Prepostrous*, inverting the natural order of things. Lady Jane Rogers died in January, 1601. A. p. a.
348. A. p. a.
349. *Amused*, distracted, bewildered. Harington sent James some verses and an elaborate lantern as a New Year's gift, 1603. James' acknowledgment, dated April 3, 1603, appears in *Nugae Antiquae*, 1779, II, 231. A. p. 1.
350. A. p. 26.
351. Cf. Ep. 32 and note. A. pp. 56–67.
352. A. p. 57.
353. A. pp. 65–66.
354. A. pp. 68–69.
355. *Vtter*, put on sale. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, V, i. 67. A. pp. 71–72; B. pp. 12–13.
356. *Magnificats corrector:* presumptuous faultfinder. NED (*s. v.*, Magnificat) cites Elyot (1533): "Accomptyng to be in me no lyttell presumption, that I wylle in notynge other mens vices correct Magnificat." No later use of the expression is there recorded. It is used in the same sense by Harington elsewhere, and by Gabriel Harvey. See G. Gregory Smith, *Elizabethan Critical Essays*, I, 117; II, 29, and note. A. pp. 83–84.
357. A. pp. 84–85.
358. Cf. Ep. 160. A. pp. 92–93.
359. A. pp. 97–98.
360. In 1597 a skirmish took place in Blackwater between the Irish rebels and the English troops. Among the slain were "two foster brothers of the Earle of Kildare, whose death hee tooke so heavily, that hee dyed of griefe within a few dayes after." The English sustained heavy losses there in 1598. Camden, *Annales of Elizabeth*, third edition, 1635, 483, 501. A. p. 99.
361. A. pp. 104–105; B. p. 28.
362. Cf. Sir Thomas Browne, "Of the Picture of Moses with Horns," *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, Book V, chapter 9. A. p. 105; B. p. 28.
363. A. pp. 106–107.
364. Cf. 156. A. p. 108.
365. A. p. 111.
366. A. p. 120.
367. A. pp. 123–124.
368. A. p. 125.
369. A. p. 132; B. pp. 19–20.
370. A. pp. 132–133.
371. A. p. 133.
372. A. p. 134.
373. Essex was executed February 21, 1601. A p. 135.
374. *Family of love:* a religious association founded in Holland about 1550. The sect was attacked by Middleton in his comedy, *The Family of Love*. A. pp. 137–138.

375. This appears, slightly altered and not in Harington's autograph, in MS. Ashmole 781, p. 134. It is printed at the end of his *Tract on the Succession to the Crown*, p. 123, where it is dated December 18, 1602. A. p. 139.
376. A. p. 143.
377. A. pp. 143–145.
378. A. p. 145.
379. A. p. 146.
380. A. p. 146.
381. A. p. 147.
382. A. pp. 147–148. B. p. 21.
383. A. p. 148.
384. A. p. 148.
385. A. p. 149
386. A. p. 149.
387. *Tutch.* "Often used for any costly marble; properly the *basanites* of the Greek, a very hard black granite. It obtained the name *touch* from being used as test for gold. It was often written *tutch* or *tuch.*" Skeat and Mayhew, *s. v.* touch. A. pp. 149–150.
388. Cf. 126, 163, 219, and notes. Davies, the author of *Orchestra*, *Nosce Teipsum*, and many epigrams, was knighted in 1603. The following epigram appears in *The Complete Poems of Sir John Davies*, Fuller Worthies' Library, p. 333:

> Haywood, that did in Epigrams excell,
> Is now put down since my light Muse arose,
> As buckets are put downe into a well,
> Or as a schoole-boy putteth downe his hose.

An allusion to this epigram occurs in *Ajax*, 1596, 41. "This Haywood, for his proverbs and epigrams, is not yet put down by any of our country, though one [Marginal note, M[aster] Davies] doth indeed come near him, that graces him the more in saying he puts him down." Thomas Bastard, in *Chrestoleros*, 1598, Book II, Epigram 15, writes:

> *Heywood* goes downe saith *Dauie*, sikerly,
> And downe he goes, I can it not deny.
> But were I happy, did not fortune frowne
> Were I in heart, I would sing *Dauy* downe.

A. pp. 150–151.
389. A. p. 152; B. pp. 21–22.
390. A. p. 152; B. p. 22.
391. *Poore Iohn.* "A kind of fish, salted and dried. It was cheap and coarse." Halliwell, *s. v.* Poor-John. A. p. 153.
392. Marred by omissions. A. p. 156.
393. Charles Fitzgeffrey, *Affaniae*, 1601. *Flower de Luses.* Coins bearing the cross and the *flower-de luce*, the heraldic lily, the armorial emblem of France. A. pp. 156–157.
394. A. pp. 158–159.
395. A. p. 159.
396. A. p. 160; B. p. 30.
397. A. p. 160.
398. Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, translated the Psalms. A. p. 161.
399. A. p. 162.
400. A. pp. 162–163.
401. A. p. 163.
402. A. p. 164; B. p. 23.
403. A. p. 165.

404. Included in *Wit Restor'd in Several Select Poems not formerly publish'd*, 1658; ed. 1817, 182. A. pp. 165–166.
405. A. pp. 166–167.
406. A. p. 167.
407. A. pp. 168–169.
408. A. pp. 169–170; B. p. 23.
409. *Fortune*, happen. So used by Shakespeare only once. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, V. iv. 169. A. p. 170.
410. A. pp. 170–171.
411. A. p. 171.
412. *Riggs:* wantons. Halliwell, *s. v.* rig. A. p. 171.
413. A. pp. 174–175.
414. *Farr fett:* lit. far-fetched—cunningly devised. Onions, *s. v.*, farfet. A. p. 177.
415. *Reames:* realms. *Realm* was pronounced like *ream* (of paper), and quibbled upon. A. p. 182.
416. Cf. 345. A. pp. 182–183.
417. A. p. 183.
418. A. p. 183.
419. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, IV, 12, 27. A. pp. 183–184.
420. A. p. 184.
421. The sister of Lord Harington of Exton, and the widow of Francis Lord Hastings, who died in 1595. A. pp. 184–185.
422. *Turne:* spinning wheel. A. pp. 190–191.
423. A. pp. 193–194.
424. A. p. 205.
425. A. p. 216.
426. A. pp. 216–217.
427. A Latin version with the English title is included in A. pp. 217–218. The English version here printed is taken from Park's edition of *Nugae Antiquae*, 1804, 333–334. Park's copy was made from the original, which was sent to King James, and which in 1802 was in the University Library, Edinburgh.
428. One of some sixty mock-encomiastic poems prefixed to Thomas Coryate's *Crudities*, 1611; ed. 1776, I, Sig. D7v–D8. Coryate was born at Odcombe in Somersetshire.

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